SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1223 00412 1571

3 1223 00412 1571
SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

BOOK NO.
B M78 307a
ACCESSION
150050

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST

Form 16 30M-6-29

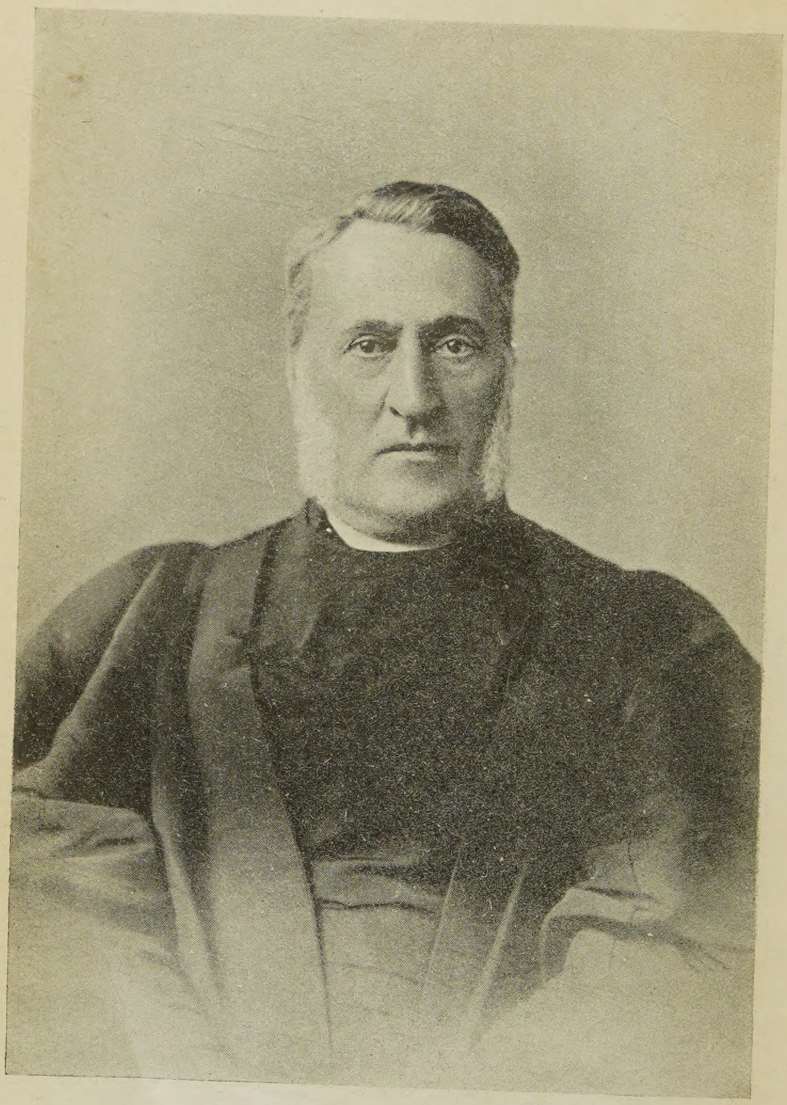
DATE DUE

SFPL JUL 14 '81

DEMCO 38-297

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_S0-DRB-017



The Rev. D. Hornby, Provost of Eton.

[*Frontispiece.*

MEMORIES OF AN OLD ETONIAN :: 1860-1912

By George Greville :: Author of "Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna" and "More Society Recollections."

WITH 22 ILLUSTRATIONS
ON ART PAPER

St Paul's Library

LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO.
:: :: PATERNOSTER ROW :: ::

B
M78357a
150050

CONTENTS

PAGE

CHAPTER I. 1

Early Recollections—Thackeray—The Princess Liegnitz—The Austrian Bandmaster—Society at Homburg—Frankfurt—Goethe and Beethoven—A Racing Coincidence

CHAPTER II. 18

An Adventure in the Oden Wald—The Coiners of the Black Forest—Kirchhofer's School

CHAPTER III. 27

Brussels—Ostend—General Sir John Douglas—Spa—"Captain Arthy"—Boulogne

CHAPTER IV. 40

A Painting by Romney—Hunter's School at Kineton—Corporal Punishment—A Sporting Parson—My School-fellows at Kineton—The Warre-Malets—Lord Charleville

CHAPTER V. 54

My Mother's Recollections—The Cercle des Patineurs—Patti—Our *Appartement* in the Rue d'Albe

CHAPTER VI. 63

I go to Eton—New Boy Baiting—My House Master—Mr. James's "Jokes"—My Room at Eton—Some Eton Masters—A Disorderly Form—Lacaita's Silk Hat—"Billy" Portman

PAGE

CHAPTER VII. 80

An Amusing Incident—Lady Caroline Murray—An Anecdote of Queen Victoria—Lord Rossmore's Wager—The Match at the Wall—Practical Jokes—Some Boys at James's

CHAPTER VIII. 94

Athletic Sports at Eton—A "Scrap"—Lord Newlands—An Old Boy on Eton of To-day

CHAPTER IX. 103

Lady Grace Stopford—Tipperary in 1870—Robbed at Punchestown Races—I get my own back

CHAPTER X. 110

Dieppe under Prussian Rule—A Toilette by Worth—A Confirmed Gambler

CHAPTER XI. 116

The Princess von Metternich—The Lady of the Luxembourg Gardens

CHAPTER XII. 123

Bonn—An Anecdote of Beethoven—The King's Hussars—The Howard Vyses—A German Professor on England—Domesticated Habits of German Girls—Professor Delbrück

CHAPTER XIII. 136

The Countess Czerwinska—The Countess Broel Plater—Mlle. de Laval—The Duchesse de Grammont—An Absent-Minded Gentleman—Dusauty, the Fencing Master—The Marquis of Anglesey—Charming Venezuelans—Miss Fanny Parnell

CHAPTER XIV. 155

Captain Howard Vyse—An Anecdote of Paganini—New Hats for Old Ones—Albert Bingham—Baron Alphonse de Rothschild—Madame Alice Kernave—Gambetta

CHAPTER XV. 168

My First Night at Mess—Life at Shorncliffe—The Charltons

PAGE

CHAPTER XVI. 175

An N.C.O. of the Old School—Major Blewett—Captain Byron—Sandhurst

CHAPTER XVII. 183

I sail for India—Kandy—Dangerous Playmates—I arrive at Murree

CHAPTER XVIII. 190

My Brother-Officers—"The Oyster"—In High Society—Our Menagerie

CHAPTER XIX. 198

A Subalterns' Court-Martial—A Terrible Experience—High Mess-bills

CHAPTER XX. 205

Sialkote—Amateur Theatricals—An Ingenious Thief—Death of Albert Phipps—Agra—Voyage to England

CHAPTER XXI. 217

Baroness James Édouard de Rothschild—At Carlsbad—Transferred to the 3rd Battalion

CHAPTER XXII. 222

My Brother-Officers—A *Mésalliance*—Christy Minstrels and Tobogganing

CHAPTER XXIII. 229

Sarah Bernhardt in *Phèdre*—Vienna and Buda-Pesth

CHAPTER XXIV. 233

Percy Hope-Johnstone—A "Special" to Aldershot—A Costume-Ball at Folkestone

CHAPTER XXV. 238

The Oppenheims—St. James's and Winchester—The Colonel and Beauclerk

CHAPTER XXVI. 244

Paris Again—Eccentricities of Captain "Rabelais"—A Fire in Barracks—A Trying Inspection

PAGE

CHAPTER XXVII. 252

Madrid and Cordova—Seville—General von Goeben and the Bull-fight—A View from the Alhambra—I rejoin my Regiment

CHAPTER XXVIII. 262

I meet Byron Again—I endeavour to Exchange—Basil Montgomery—My Illness—Why I was not Placed on Half-pay

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

		PAGE
The Rev. D. Hornby, Provost of Eton		*Frontispiece*
Mrs. Ronalds	*Facing p.*	2
Mrs. R. C. Kemys-Tynte, of Halswell (now Mrs. Rawlins, mother of Lord Wharton)	,,	3
The Author's Father	,,	6
The Author's Mother	,,	12
The Author's Daughter	,,	20
The Author's Mother	,,	40
C. D. Williamson, at Eton with the Author	,,	50
Miss Mabel Warre-Malet	,,	51
The Author	,,	62
Charles Balfour, at Eton with the Author	,,	80
Miss Minnie Balfour, sister of Hilda, Lady de Clifford	,,	81
W. H. Onslow, aged 13, afterwards Lord Onslow	,,	82
The Hon. Emily Cathcart, Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria	,,	83
Henry Hooker Walker, at Eton with the Author	,,	90
The Hon. J. W. Lowther, present Speaker of the House of Commons	,,	91
The Duke of Rutland	,,	98
The Author's Father	,,	144
Madame Alice Kernave	,,	164
The late Earl of Berkeley	,,	165
Miss Augusta Charlton	,,	172
Miss Ida Charlton	,,	173

MEMORIES OF AN OLD ETONIAN, 1860-1912

CHAPTER I

Early Recollections—Thackeray—The Princess Liegnitz—The Austrian Bandmaster—Society at Homburg—Frankfurt—Goethe and Beethoven—A Racing Coincidence

IT happened so long ago, and I was so very young at the time—not more than five or six years old—that I should be almost tempted to believe that it was all a dream, were it not for certain incidents which made an unforgettable impression upon my childish imagination. The scene was the Hôtel de Russie at Frankfurt-on-the-Main; the occasion the birthday of King William I. of Prussia, afterwards Emperor of Germany. The spacious grand staircase of the hôtel was brilliantly lighted, and a red velvet carpet was laid down on the steps leading to the first floor. Up these steps came a succession of Ministers and generals, some in scarlet and gold lace, with the attila, heavily embroidered with gold lace and edged with brown fur, falling loosely over the left shoulder. Whenever an Austrian general, in his white uniform with scarlet facings and red trousers with deep gold lace stripe down the side, appeared, my heart, for some unknown reason, seemed to beat with delight. How I came to be there I don't quite know, but I can remember my surprise when I saw the big chandelier which hung over the staircase being lighted in broad daylight, and the red blinds near the entrance being drawn down, which gave me a curious

impression, making me feel almost as though I were present at a funeral. It was, however, merely done to create a more imposing effect.

A great silence pervaded the whole of the Hôtel de Russie ; no one but royal servants stood by the front door ; and the only sound which I can recollect was the clinking of the sword worn by a general in full uniform as he mounted the red-carpeted stairs. On approaching a door on the first floor, the general or Minister gave his name in a mysterious whisper, when, after a few seconds, the door was opened, and I heard a kind of buzzing noise, as of several persons talking at once in low tones. Then I can remember that, after a long interval, which seemed hours to me, the mysterious folding-doors were thrown wide open, and a veritable kaleidoscope of colour presented itself to my wondering eyes. It was the effect of the various uniforms worn by the Ministers and generals, as they emerged *en masse* from the room and began to descend the staircase, talking loudly as they passed.

Soon afterwards, when they had all taken their departure, the brilliant lights were lowered, and silence again descended on the hôtel. That is all I can remember, and of what became of me afterwards I have no recollection. That afternoon remains in my memory like a fairy-tale, and so comical did it appear to me, that I have often thought of it since. There was something so mysterious about the way each Minister and general entered that door after whispering his name ; and then the buzz of conversation, which was distinctly audible during the few seconds the door stood open, to be succeeded by an almost death-like silence.

I can remember, just about this time, being alone in an immense salon with six windows, all of which overlooked the Zeil, one of the principal streets in Frankfurt. At either extremity of this room stood a big stove of white porcelain, and its walls were decorated with large pictures. One of these pictures represented the capture of Troy. The town was in flames, and a huge, grey wooden horse stood in the

Mrs. Ronalds.

[*To face p. 2.*

Mrs. R. C. Kemys-Tynte, of Halswell (now Mrs. Rawlins, mother of Lord Wharton).

[*To face p.* 3.

foreground, with a hole in its side from which soldiers were emerging and descending a ladder supported against the horse's flank. This was one of my favourite pictures in the room. Another represented the Cyclopes, with their one eye in the centre of their forehead, engaged in heating an iron bar in a furnace. I remember that I used frequently to contemplate this picture and wonder what it all meant, and if the Cyclopes really existed and where they lived. At night, it used rather to frighten me, particularly when I was left alone in the room, which frequently happened at this time. Another picture represented Venus, with Cupid aiming one of his arrows at her. This rather pleased me. I did not know then the mischief wrought by Cupid's arrows, and, in my innocence, was simple enough to believe that Venus was an angel of love ; and I pitied her for being struck by one of Cupid's arrows, which, in another picture in the room, had penetrated her bosom, causing a stream of blood to trickle down the alabaster whiteness of her body. The room had two large chandeliers, but when I was alone in it, only one of them was lighted.

I can remember once, during the daytime, while looking out of the window, I saw some Prussian Hussars, in their dark-blue uniforms trimmed with silver lace, riding past. One of the horses shied at something, and its rider fell heavily, which caused a great crowd to assemble. I don't know what happened afterwards ; it was just one of those things that I saw as though in a dream.

I recollect on one occasion occupying the bedroom and sleeping in the bed used by the King of Prussia when he visited Frankfurt. This room was very gorgeously furnished, the walls being draped with dark-blue satin, while the bed had a canopy surrounded by heavy curtains of blue silk.

So far as I can remember, it must have been some months after this that I spent an evening in the room where the King of Prussia's birthday-fête had been held. It was then occupied by the late Mrs. Ronalds, a lovely woman, quite young, with the most glorious smile one could possibly

imagine and most beautiful teeth. Her face was perfectly divine in its loveliness; her features small and exquisitely regular. Her hair was of a dark shade of brown—*châtain foncé*—and very abundant. I was in Mrs. Ronalds's care on this occasion, and I can still see her before me as she was then, and remember that she spoke with a slight American accent. The late Captain Frederick Dorrien, of the 1st Life Guards, an old Etonian and a very handsome man, whom Queen Victoria called "her handsome lieutenant," after inquiring his name when he rode beside her carriage one day in full uniform, came to pay Mrs. Ronalds a visit that evening; and I can still remember her singing in a very beautiful voice, which everyone praised enthusiastically, and also a tiny watch set in brilliants, and always very much admired, which she wore on her finger.

I used to be taken occasionally to the Zoological Gardens at Frankfurt, where a Prussian military band played on Sunday afternoons, and I took a fancy to what I thought was a large dog. I used to stroke it, and it often licked my hand after I had fed it with biscuits and seemed to know me. One day, however, to my surprise, I saw it put into the same cage as the wolves, and learned that it was a wolf, which had been placed for a time in a cage by itself. I still felt a great wish to stroke it, but was not allowed to do so.

Whether it was some months later or some months earlier than this I cannot say, for, with a child, such things as time and space are of no account, which brings a child nearer to the Divinity than grown-up people. I can only recall giving my hand, when at Homburg vor der Höhe, to what seemed to me an elderly gentleman, who often took me across the garden of the Kurhaus and up the steps of the Kursaal into the restaurant, where, seated at a buffet, was a stout, pleasant-looking old lady, who always greeted me affectionately and gave me, at the gentleman's request, my favourite fruit, nectarines and *amandes vertes*. I can remember how kind this gentleman always was to me, taking me constantly for walks in the garden of the Kurhaus.

and always holding me by the hand. The name of the pleasant old lady was Madame Chevet, a Parisienne, to whom the restaurant at the Kurhaus belonged, and the gentleman, who was a great friend of my parents, was Thackeray, the author of "Vanity Fair." I can remember nothing else about him, except that he appeared to be very devoted to me.*

I used to wear white frocks with lace and embroidery, some of which had been given to my mother for me by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, when my mother's aunt, Lady Caroline Murray, was lady-in-waiting to Her Royal Highness.† I used at that time to be dressed like

* I heard from the late Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, some little time before her death. She was kind enough to be interested in this book, but told me that she was a young girl when her father was at Homburg and had scarcely any recollection of those days. My father used often to observe that Thackeray was one of the most charming and amusing men he ever knew, and seemed surprised when I told him that I remembered so little of him at Homburg, saying that he was nearly always with us at the Kursaal or in the grounds of the Kurhaus and was exceedingly fond of me.

† Henry Greville writes in his diary, under date October 12th, 1846: "Came to Worsley with Slade, found here party assembled to meet the Duchess of Gloucester. Lady Caroline Murray was in attendance on the Duchess, who is the most amiable and least troublesome Princess it is possible to see."

One day a very nervous lady called on the Duchess of Gloucester, a daughter of George III., and remained a long time, being under the impression that Her Royal Highness would give the signal when she wished her to withdraw, and fearing to commit a breach of etiquette if she rose before the duchess. However, after a very long time, Her Royal Highness rose and left the room, upon which the lady retired. The latter was in great distress when she was subsequently told of the mistake she had made. This incident was related to me by my mother, who was acquainted with the lady at the time.

I may perhaps mention here an incident about Queen Adelaide, wife of William IV., who had a very slight acquaintance with the English language. One of the first sentences she learned by heart was: "How are you off for soap?" Her Majesty was so pleased at being able to speak a little English that she asked this question of every lady whom she happened to address, smiling amiably the while. Some of them were rather astounded, but there was a certain fascination in this phrase which took Her Majesty's fancy, and it may be that the look of surprise on the faces of some of the old dowagers added to her delight and made her repeat it all the more. This anecdote was told me by a lady who had known Queen Adelaide personally and was often with her.

a girl, with my hair in long, dark-brown ringlets, and on one occasion my mother took me up to a very plain English lady in the grounds of the Kursaal, when the latter exclaimed : " What a pretty boy ? He is more like a girl ! " Then, turning to me, she said : " My dear, will you allow me to kiss you ? " " Yes," I answered, and, holding up my bare arm, I added : " Kiss my elbow." My mother tried to persuade me to allow the lady to kiss me, but I only cried and said : " Oh ! not my face, only my elbow ! "

One day, I remember, I was playing in the grounds of the Kursaal with a large india-rubber ball with two little girls, when a lady called them away, saying to the little girls, who were her daughters : " You must not play with a boy when you don't know who he is." That same evening, the Countess of Desart, who was lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, was dining at Madame Chevet's restaurant at the Kurhaus with my parents, and, happening to hear of what had occurred to me in the morning, said to my mother : " I will pay that woman out for her insolence. She is a nobody, and only the wife of a Law lord." When Lady C——, the mother of the two little girls, arrived for dinner at the Kurhaus, the countess purposely did not rise to enter the dining-room for a very long time, which annoyed Lady C—— immensely, as she dared not enter the dining-room until the countess had risen from her seat to do so. At dinner the countess said to Lady C—— : " I can understand how careful you have to be about whom your girls play with, as you don't quite know how to discriminate between common children and others." Lady C—— blushed crimson, but did not venture to make any reply.*

* In after years, at Aldershot, I knew the late General Lord C——, son of the above mentioned Lady C——, very well. Once, at a concert, I played a piece of music on the zither, for which I received an encore, but a string of the instrument having broken, had to be replaced before I could take it. Lord C—— was kind enough to make a short speech for me and explain to the large audience what had happened, as I did not feel equal to doing so myself. He was a most kind and affable man and a good general, though the War Office, with their usual *manque de tact*, blamed him in the Zulu War for the faults of others as well, whose errors they wished to conceal. But,

The Author's Father.

[*To face p.6.*

The Countess of Desart maintained quite a princely establishment at Homburg, having a French chef at her villa and a number of English servants, with carriages and horses besides.

Among my father's friends then at Homburg was Sir Edward Hutchinson, whom the Prince Consort said was the handsomest man in England. His brother, General Coote Hutchinson, was also at Homburg. He had been a colonel at six-and-twenty, and was for many years the youngest general in the English Army.

At Homburg we lived in a villa on the Unter Promenade, in which the Princess Liegnitz, the morganatic wife of Frederick III. of Prussia, also resided. I can remember so well a box of toys representing various animals which the Princess gave me, and also the Princess and her daughter driving up to the villa one day when I was walking with my father, when he made me go and speak to them. My father afterwards gave me a beautiful bouquet of red roses, which I took to Princess Liegnitz's salon, at which she seemed pleased, and, when she thanked me for them, gave me a kiss. King William of Prussia often visited his father's widow at the villa, where the Princess held a regular Court, and was treated as though she were Queen of Prussia, even by the King. When he met me in the grounds, His Majesty often gave me bonbons, and usually kissed me. I had at that time a very pretty English nurse, and King William was well known to be a great admirer of pretty faces. My pride was somewhat wounded when I was told that His Majesty's attentions to me may have been due in a very great measure to the attractions of my nurse.

When the Princess Liegnitz left Homburg, great preparations were made at the villa for the Duc de Morny,

as General von Goeben, the celebrated Prussian general of division in the Franco-German War of 1870, said to me at Seville, where I lived in the same *casa de huespedes* with him for some weeks, *à propos* of an affair of another kind: "What can you expect from a Secretary of State for War, who is a civilian. You might just as well have an old washerwoman (*Wäscherin*) at the head of your War Office. She might perhaps even be more useful."

who intended to come and stay there. But before he left Paris for Homburg he was suddenly taken ill and died. His death caused a great sensation everywhere, and his servants, who had already arrived at the villa, went away at once and returned to Paris.

Once a fortnight, on Sunday, an Austrian military band used to come from Rastatt to play in the grounds of the Kursaal. It played both in the afternoon and evening, and people sat on the lawns, enjoying the very fine music. Sometimes the Prussian military band came from Frankfurt, on which occasions I invariably used to cry. I sometimes sat with my parents on a Sunday on the lawns. Count Perponcher, Oberst-Hofmeister to the King of Prussia,* the Countess of Desart, Sir Frederick Slade and his family, or other friends, generally sat with them. Count Perponcher was a most agreeable and distinguished-looking man, and a great admirer of the Countess of Desart. The latter was not only a great beauty, but had a certain "grand air" about her, which is, as a rule, only to be found amongst the old nobility.

One day, when the Austrian military band was playing, my nurse and I had our early dinner at the Hôtel de l'Europe. Opposite to us, sitting at the *table d'hôte*, was the bandmaster Jeschko, with a very pretty woman seated on either side of him. I noticed that he was making love to both of them, and said to my nurse:

* Count Perponcher always selected the ballet dancers for the Opera in Berlin. Many years ago I made the acquaintance at Milan of a lovely, fair Polish girl, Marie Urbanska by name, who was studying dancing there, and danced occasionally in the ballet at La Scala. She was then sixteen, and during her stay at Milan, all her expenses were paid by Count Perponcher. The Emperor William always called her "the little Countess" (*die Kleine Gräfin*), as her father was a Polish count, and she was still second *danseuse* at the Berlin Opera twelve years ago. One night, as she was ascending the stairs at the Villa Manzoni, where I too was staying, she was seized and gagged and conveyed to the house of a gentleman, who told her that he was in love with her. But she insisted on leaving the house, which he allowed her to do. The man in question, who was a German, was obliged to leave Milan, in consequence of this affair, which, however, was hushed up, as he came of a well-known family in Germany.

The Austrian Bandmaster

"Look at the Austrian bandmaster: he has two such pretty wives!"

"You silly boy, why do you talk such nonsense?" answered my nurse.

"But he is making love to both, and so they are to him," I persisted.

"You should not look at people you don't know; they may be his sisters."

"I am sure they are not, for look at papa and his sisters."

"Well, whatever they may be, it is not for a child like you to ask about them. I've no doubt that one is the gentleman's wife and the other his sister."

"Couldn't they both be his wives?"

"No; such a thing would not be allowed."

I continued to gaze at this handsome man, with his very long, fair moustache, highly curled. He seemed so good-looking in his white uniform with its pink facings, and the two ladies kept stroking his hands on the table and looking with admiration into his blue eyes. They both addressed him as "*Du*," and appeared so very fond of him, that I said to myself that I could quite understand these girls being in love with him, as he was so handsome. The white uniform and the fine military appearance of this Austrian bandmaster at table no doubt greatly impressed my childish imagination, as I had never seen any one like him before, while his fair companions were both excessively pretty and dressed in the most charming confections imaginable. It was a sight which, when I grew older, never faded from my memory, while many other events, perhaps of far greater importance, were entirely obliterated. Stilgebauer, a very celebrated modern German author, who wrote "Love's Inferno," says: "Only that which we do not wish to, or may not, remember is over; everything else is ours and never over or lost to us."

At Homburg, when the Austrian military band played, the grounds at night were illuminated with red, white and blue lights, and the fireworks were the admiration of the whole world, as M. Blanc spared no expense whatever.

This, indeed, he could well afford to do, in view of the immense profits he derived from the gaming-tables.

There was at Homburg in those days a young French girl of noble family, who was about thirteen years of age and very lovely, with a beautiful complexion. She was always exquisitely dressed, usually in white tulle with a great deal of lace, and was admired by everyone. This youthful beauty used to play a game of forfeits in a ring with some boys, who always arranged as a forfeit for the girl that she should kiss them. One day, when I was about seven years old, the children invited me to play with them. I did so, and was kissed by the little girl, at which I was much ashamed, as, though I rather liked being kissed by her, I was decidedly bashful when the operation was performed in the presence of so many people. And so, when I was asked to play again, I refused. This young lady often got her lovely white dress torn to shreds by the rough boys who played with her, but she went on playing every day all the same.

I remember once travelling by train with my father from Homburg to Frankfurt, when Goldschmid, a wealthy Jewish banker with red hair, who was in the same compartment, went fast to sleep. My father told me he was going to have some fun with him, and was pretending to take away his watch and chain, when Goldschmid suddenly woke up and exclaimed :—

"*Gott, wirklich ich dachte Sie hätten meine Uhr weggenommen!*"

He was evidently under the impression that my father had evil intentions, and it was not for some time afterwards that he could understand that it was only a joke. Goldschmid, many years afterwards, was ruined by his own brother, and committed suicide by drowning himself in the Main. They were cent. per cent. Jew moneylenders and bankers, who helped to ruin many English people in those days at Homburg.

I can well recollect seeing my father on one occasion in conversation with Garcia, a dark, good-looking Italian, who had several times broken the bank at Homburg by his high play.

He had begun his gambling operations when quite a poor man. I can also recollect Madame Kisilieff, who was a great gambler in those days, and was a good deal with my parents at Homburg. She was an immensely wealthy Russian lady of noble birth, who lived there *en grand luxe*.

The English colony at Homburg during the gambling days was very different from what it is now. There was more youth and beauty to be seen there and more of the aristocracy; whereas to-day more old people and wealthy *parvenus* go to Homburg during the season. Chevet's Restaurant, though dreadfully expensive, was excellent; while the modern German one, though also dear, is not especially good.

I cannot recollect what year it was, but I can remember the Railway King, Hudson, taking another boy named Jeffreys and myself, whom I afterwards met at Eton, to dine with him at Chevet's Restaurant, where he regaled us with every kind of luxury that the place could provide. My mother once told me a story about Mrs. Hudson, which she had heard from her father :—

Mrs. Hudson one day received a visit from the Duke of Wellington, whom she saw arrive, accompanied by a well-dressed and very distinguished-looking man, who remained outside when the Duke entered the house. Presently it came on to rain heavily.

"I will ask your friend up out of the rain," said Mrs. Hudson to the Duke.

The Duke replied that the man was his servant; but Mrs. Hudson, who could not bring herself to believe that such an aristocratic-looking person could be the servant even of the Duke of Wellington, and thought that the latter was joking, insisted on the man being shown upstairs.

My grandfather's brother-in-law, General the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, was A.D.C. to the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, and was second-in-command to Lord Raglan in the Crimea, where he was killed at Inkermann. He was my godfather, and I often heard my father say that he always had a cigar in his mouth, even in action. Once he was asked by the authorities at the War Office how long he required

to get ready for active service. His answer was that he was ready to go anywhere at twenty-four hours' notice.

My parents, one year, lived at the Hôtel de Russie at Frankfurt, going to Homburg in the evenings. There was a Baron von Neii, an Austrian major of dragoons, staying at the "Russie." He was married to an Englishwoman, but they had no children, and, taking a great fancy to me, he wanted to adopt me and give me the right to bear his name and title, which is frequently done in Austria. He and his wife lived afterwards at Beaulieu, near Nice, where they had a charming villa with a beautiful rose-garden, where I have been to see them in more recent years.

Baron von Neii told me that there was once an Englishman, a Major Isaacson, in his regiment, who could not speak two words of the Hungarian language. Nevertheless, he contrived to retain his place in the regiment for many years, being always prompted when he had to give orders by a sergeant. One day, however, during an inspection by a general, the sergeant happened to be away, with the consequence that the poor officer was perfectly helpless, and, after calling out several wrong words of command, was detected and placed on half-pay.

There were at this time at Homburg two Misses Lee Willing, nieces of the famous General Lee, of the Southerners. One was a great beauty, who, it was reported, had received innumerable offers of marriage, from a prince downwards, but had refused them all. She was called the "Destroying Angel," because she had been the cause of so many duels being fought on her account. She was constantly in the company of my parents, and, many years later, we met her again in Paris. So far as I can remember, she could never decide to take a husband, and died in Paris while still a great beauty.

Her cousin, Willing Lee Magruder, had been with the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico at the time he was shot by his revolted subjects, and only escaped a similar fate by the skin of his teeth. His sister was lady-in-waiting to the Empress Charlotte of Mexico, and, after the Emperor's

The Author's Mother.

[*To face p.* 12.

death, the brother and sister occasionally dined with us in Paris, and we often met them in later years in Paris society. When leaving Mexico, Magruder and his sister were shipwrecked, and he told me that they passed several hours in the sea clinging to a plank. At night they were rescued by a passing ship, almost exhausted by hunger, thirst and fatigue. His sister never quite recovered from the shock to her system, and suffered much from a nervous complaint ever afterwards.

I can remember that, while at the Hôtel de Russie, my mother used constantly to be reading French novels, which, during her absences at Homburg, my French nurse used to get hold of. I was particularly interested in *la Reine Margot* and *le Chevalier de Maison Rouge*, by Alexandre Dumas *père*, which delighted me more than any other books. I read "Joseph Andrews," which my father bought for me, but he told me that he thought I was not quite old enough to appreciate or even to understand most of it.

I used always to be much interested in the Eschenheimer Thor at Frankfurt, as at the top of it there was a tiny iron flag, in which nine holes were pierced, representing the figure nine. The story about this flag is that a certain poacher, who had been arrested and condemned to death for shooting deer, was offered a pardon, if he could put nine bullets into the flag in such a way as to form the figure nine. This he succeeded in doing, and was set at liberty.

When you looked at the flag this seemed hardly credible; it was so tiny, and the nine was so wonderfully pierced. The Eschenheimer Thor has since disappeared to make room for the so-called improvements of Frankfurt.

I can remember being taken to the celebrated Römer at Frankfurt, where the Emperors of Germany were formerly crowned. The Kaisersaal, where the coronation used to take place, was an immense room, containing portraits of the different Emperors. I was much interested in Karl I., and still more in Rudolph von Hapsburg, the ancestor of the present Emperor of Austria, and I also took particular note of those of Günther von Schwarzburg and Maximilian I.,

as I was very fond of German history. The coronation room was beautifully decorated, the walls and doors being sumptuously gilded. On the latter were represented several children, wearing royal crowns and garments of gold, which pleased me very much.

Another time, I was taken by my French nurse, so far as I can remember, to see Dannecker's celebrated statue of Ariadne, and was somewhat startled at finding myself in a perfectly dark room, in which you could only see a red velvet curtain facing you. Soon, however, the curtain was drawn back, when a perfectly white statue of a nude woman riding upon a lion appeared before us. The woman was exquisitely formed, and was reclining indolently upon the animal's back. A rose-coloured light was thrown upon the statue, which made its hue all the more dazzling, and it revolved slowly on its axis, so as to display the lovely form of the woman to better advantage. I was glad that it was dark, for I fancied that I should have felt more awkward if anyone had seen me. As it was, I blushed crimson, and was pleased to get into the street. All the same, I have never forgotten this lovely statue and the rose-coloured light employed to show off its beauty.

I went to the Jewish quarter, where the old tumbledown house in which the Rothschilds had once lived* was pointed out to me, but it was such a dirty quarter of the town that I never returned there. I once visited the Synagogue, and was surprised to see all the men wearing their hats. It made me think of the time of Christ, and that with certain Jews very little had altered since those days. I wondered

* The late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild told a young English girl of sixteen whom I knew that, if he could by some means regain his youth, like Faust in Goethe's play, and be the same age as she was, he would willingly give up his entire fortune. He was then about fifty-four years of age. When the young lady in question repeated this to a late member of the Turf Club in my presence, the latter observed: "Ferdy must have set a high value on his youth, for I asked him to let me have £200 lately for a common friend who was at school with us and is now ruined, which he refused to do. Consequently, I have quarrelled with him for ever."

why such men as Goldschmid at Homburg were allowed to carry on their villainous trade with Christians.

The new theatre at Frankfurt is a very fine building, in which there is a statue of Goethe, which is greatly admired. An amusing anecdote is related of Goethe, who was born at Frankfurt. One day he and Beethoven were walking together, and many people who met them raised their hats. "How tiresome it often is to be recognized by so many persons!" complained Goethe. To which Beethoven replied somewhat maliciously: "Perhaps it is me they are greeting."

Speaking of Goethe, the celebrated Austrian poet Grillparzer says:—

"*Schiller geht nach oben, Goethe kommt von oben.* His characters usually say everything beautiful that can be said about a subject, and for nothing in the world would I care to miss any of the beautiful speeches in *Tasso* and *Iphigenia*, but they are not dramatic. That is why Goethe's plays are so charming to read and so bad to act. However much we may think of Goethe, the fact remains that his *Wanderjahre* is no work, the second part of *Faust* no poem, the maxims of the last period no lyrics. Goethe may be a greater poet, and no doubt is; but Schiller is a greater possession for the nation, which requires vivid impressions in our sickly times. Goethe's Wilhelm Meister and Philine Sarto and the Countess have all distinct and artistically well-formed characters, though they are all in danger of being condemned as without any character. This fate they share with Hamlet and Phèdre, with King Lear and Richard II.; perhaps also with Macbeth and Othello. The *Wahlverwandtschaften* is a great masterpiece. In knowledge of humanity, wisdom, sentiment and poetic strain it has not its equal in any literature. With the exception of those produced by Goethe in his youth, his works were not popular with the nation, and the great respect shown him was the result of the admiration which his masterpieces of the past had aroused."

Frederick the Great said of Goethe: "His early works

are too natural, and his late ones too artificial. Besides, he is an immoral poet. Fallen girls are his favourite characters." A very true saying of Frederick the Great is: "A court of justice which pronounces an unjust sentence is worse than a band of murderers." Frederick was always a great admirer of Voltaire, and one of his famous sayings is: "*Unsere Unsterblichkeit ist, den Menschen Wohlthaten zu erweisen.*" ("Our immortality consists in performing good deeds to mankind.")

In recent years I went to the celebrated Palmen Garden in Frankfurt, where the palm-trees are all from the late Duke of Nassau's beautiful palace at Biebrich. I went there with an English lady to an afternoon concert. My companion remarked how ordinary all the people looked compared with those one saw at a concert at Vienna, and drew my attention to a table at which sat four men dressed in very shabby, old-fashioned clothes. I was anxious to remain and hear the concert out, but was afraid the lady might decide to leave early, owing to the little interest she appeared to find in the audience. So I said at random :—

"You are quite right, but with regard to the men sitting at that table, I should not be surprised if they were millionaires."

She laughed and seemed to be much amused at the idea, and a waiter coming up just at that moment with some coffee and cakes we had ordered, I asked him if he knew who the four men were. He replied at once :—

"They are four millionaires."

I may mention that I had never seen these men before in my life, and was only staying at Frankfurt two days.

At Franzenbad, from which I had just come, I had a singular experience. On entering the Kursaal one Saturday afternoon a programme of the music was handed me. The piece which was being played was a polka, by Edward Strauss, called *Con Amore*, and I noticed that each of the eight pieces on the programme contained a letter of this name. I took this as a kind of presentiment, and the same day telegraphed to a bookmaker named Hörner, in the Krugerstrasse

at Vienna, to back the horse of this name running in the principal event in the Baden races the following Sunday. He duly executed my commission, and the horse won, though it did not start favourite. I won very little, however, as the odds were not as long as I had expected. The programme of the concert at Franzensbad was as follows :—

Saturday, 25th June, 1904. Kurhaus, 4 p.m.

1.	Wiedermann Marsch	Oelschlegel.
2.	Ouverture, Oberon	Weber.
3.	Ballerinen Walzer	Weinberger.
4.	Potpourri aus Obersteiger	Zeller.
5.	Con Amore Polka	Ed. Strauss.
6.	Ouverture, Belagerung von Corinth . .	Rossini.
7.	Am Spinnrad	Eilenberg.
8.	Frisch heran Galop	Johann Strauss.

The Hôtel de Russie, in those days, occupied the site of the present Post Office. It was originally a palace, and the rooms were magnificent, particularly those reserved for the King of Prussia, which my parents occupied for a time, as did Mrs. Ronalds. Otherwise, this suite of rooms was always kept for the King of Prussia when he cared to visit Frankfurt, which His Majesty often did, staying there usually some time. The proprietor of the Hôtel de Russie was a certain Herr Ried, and, on his death, it was purchased by the Drexel brothers, who are now wine-merchants of some celebrity in Frankfurt.

CHAPTER II

An Adventure in the Oden Wald—The Coiners of the Black Forest—Kirchhofer's School

WHEN I was seven years old, my parents left me at a school in Frankfurt, kept by Herr Kirchhofer, a good-looking, fair-haired man of thirty-five. He was married and had an only son named August, who in later years entered the Austrian Army, and got terribly into debt when a lieutenant. His father paid his debts, but after he married he got into further trouble, and ended by shooting himself, while still quite young. During my stay at this school I spoke nothing but German all day, with the exception of a little French occasionally, and, in consequence, completely forgot the English language for the time being.

One day, Herr Kirchhofer told one of the assistant masters, Herr Wolf, a young man of five-and-twenty, that he might take six of the boys, of whom I was one, for a three days' excursion in the Oden Wald. We started at five o'clock in the morning and walked for some hours, when I became so tired that I could go no farther. So Close, an English boy of eighteen, who was going into the Austrian Army, and another boy, a German, carried me on a kind of camp-stool a long way.

When we got to the Oden Wald, we wandered about collecting plants, which Herr Wolf required for his lessons in botany. Then, after dining at an inn, we started again, with the intention of reaching a village which the master knew by name. On the way we passed a small village, where a man offered to take charge of me, and I was very

much afraid our master would leave me with him. I begged him not to do so, and was greatly relieved when he said: "You don't think I should be so foolish? Why, the man might run off with you."

Some time afterwards, it began to grow quite dark, and Herr Wolf became much alarmed, as we had completely lost our way in the forest. However, we saw some lights in the distance, and walked on until we came to a small village, where there was a house which purported to be an inn, though all its windows were broken and mended with pieces of newspaper.

Herr Wolf entered this uninviting hostelry and inquired if we could have one large room to sleep in, as he told Close and another big boy, a German, that he was afraid that we might possibly be murdered in the night, if we were separated. I may here mention that, in those days, some parts of the Oden Wald were infested by gangs of robbers, and instances were known of people being given beds which revolved in the night and precipitated their unfortunate occupants into pits beneath the floor.

The inn-keeper, a sinister-looking personage, with his face almost entirely covered with hair, said that he had not a room large enough to accommodate our whole party, but that we could have two rooms. Herr Wolf asked if they were near each other, to which the man replied that one was upstairs, but the other on the ground floor. The master, looking much annoyed, asked to see the rooms, and, after inspecting them, inquired if Close had a revolver with him. The latter said he had not, though he had brought a sword-stick. But another boy, an American, called Sydney Chapin, exclaimed:—

"I have a loaded revolver with me."

"That's famous!" replied Herr Wolf. "Then you must give it me, for I will occupy the room on the ground floor with George, and you others must sleep upstairs."

The master then took the revolver, and told Close that he must take charge of the other boys in the room upstairs.

When this had been arranged, we all entered the so-called dining-room, a large room, with whitewashed walls. Its windows, like all the rest in the house, were broken and patched with newspapers; the ceiling was so low that you could almost touch it with your hands, and crossed by large beams. In one part of this room, four rough-looking men were playing cards and drinking beer out of mugs. They were in their shirt sleeves, with sleeves tucked up to the elbow, displaying very muscular arms, while their shirts, open at the neck, showed their naked chests covered with hair. Although it was summer and excessively hot, all of them wore fur caps.

They were playing by the glimmer of a solitary tallow candle, which was the only light in the room, and when we took our seats with our master at another table, we found ourselves almost in the dark. Presently, our supper was brought us, consisting of cold meat and mugs of beer, and Herr Wolf asked for a candle. The inn-keeper muttered sullenly that he had none.

"What! Have you no light of any description?" asked the master.

"No, I have just told you so," was the reply.

Herr Wolf was visibly alarmed, but Close whispered to him:—

"I have a box of matches."

"*Gott sei dank!*" exclaimed the other.

After some whispered instructions to Close, the master rose from the table, when I observed the card-players casting surreptitious glances in our direction, although they pretended to be absorbed in their game. Herr Wolf then took me through the darkness into the bedroom on the ground floor, the gloom of which was partially relieved by a slight glimmer from the moon, which penetrated through the broken window. He struck a match, and, having shown me my bed, which stood near the window, told me to undress and go to bed. I did as he told me, and he then said that he was going upstairs to see after the other boys.

While I lay in bed, I heard some noisy women passing the

The Author's Daughter.

[*To face p.* 20.

window. One of them put her head through one of the broken panes, and, on seeing me in bed, burst out laughing. Afterwards there was a dead silence, only interrupted occasionally by the loud oaths of the men playing cards in the dining-room, who appeared to be disputing about some money which had changed hands. The noise they made was becoming louder and louder, when I heard the door open, and Herr Wolf entered and inquired if I were asleep. He then went out again, saying that he would return later. The noise made by the gamblers then appeared to cease, and my weariness overcoming my fears, I suddenly dropped off to sleep.

Early in the morning I awoke, and saw Herr Wolf dressing himself. I hardly knew where I was, when, on seeing that I was awake, he said :—

"*Du bist famos geschlafen, George.*"

After I had dressed, he told me to come with him into the dining-room, where all the others were gathered, and, after taking some coffee and black bread, we left the inn. Soon afterwards, Herr Wolf told the boys that he had never been so alarmed in his life, and that he was quite positive that if the men at the inn had not known that some of the boys were armed, we should most probably have been murdered for the sake of our clothes and the money we had about us. He added that he had not slept a wink all night, as he knew what sort of men he had to deal with, and that they were of the very lowest type imaginable and capable of committing any crime to obtain a few groschen.

At the time of which I am speaking, there were so many murders perpetrated near Homburg, owing to the gambling which went on there, that the police never knew whether they had really to deal with a suicide or a murder. The Oden Wald had then quite as bad a reputation as the Black Forest, which was infested by whole gangs of robbers and murderers. Herr Wolf told us a story of a man who, having lost his way in the Oden Wald, put up for the night at a small inn near a village, where they gave him some coffee before he went to bed. He could not sleep, and in the

middle of the night he got up, lighted a candle and began examining a picture opposite his bed, which represented a man wearing a Rembrandt hat with a long feather. Gradually, it seemed to him that the feather was becoming shorter; soon he could see only a part of the hat, and then merely the face. The man, thinking that there must be something wrong with him, jumped out of bed and approached the picture, which he found was exactly as when he had first seen it. But, on looking at his bed, he perceived that the baldachin over the four-poster was suspended by a chain from above the ceiling, and was gradually working its way downwards. An examination of the moving baldachin revealed the fact that it was made of massive iron, beneath which he would infallibly have been crushed to death. Dressing in all haste, and holding a pistol which he had about him ready to fire in case of need, the destined victim left the room and stealthily descended the stairs. By good fortune he met no one, and letting himself out of the house, made his way to Homburg, where he informed the police of the murderous trap which had been laid for him. It was evident that the coffee which he had drank overnight had been drugged; but, most providentially for him, the drug had had the contrary effect to that intended, and had kept him awake, instead of sending him to sleep.

Herr Wolf told us other stories of the Black Forest, in which there were inns with revolving beds, which upset the persons who occupied them into pits beneath the floor, where the heavy fall generally killed them at once; and Baron Vogelsang, a good-looking Bavarian boy, with blue eyes and curly brown hair, related the following anecdote:

During the time of the great Napoleon,* the Emperor

* *A propos* of Napoleon, it is strange how great was his fondness for music. A person whose voice flattered his ear rarely displeased him. But, if a name had a harsh sound, he muttered it between his teeth, and never uttered it aloud. Grillparzer says of Napoleon: "Er war zu gross, weil seine Zeit zu klein." ("He was too great, because the age in which he lived was too little.") Napoleon imagined that he would have made Corneille a prince if he had lived in his time, but it is more likely that he would have imprisoned him for life.

sent on one of his aides-de-camp to Germany with important despatches. This A.D.C. had to traverse the Black Forest, and on arriving as evening was falling at a certain country house, asked if he could be accommodated for the night. A room was given him, but, at the same time, he was warned that the house was haunted, and, sure enough, in the middle of the night a ghost duly put in an appearance. The Frenchman, who had no belief in the supernatural, promptly snatched up a pistol and levelled it at the spectre, who thereupon vanished. The A.D.C. then hurried to the spot where the ghost had first appeared, when the floor suddenly gave way beneath him, and he fell what seemed a great distance. For the moment he was stunned by the fall, and, on recovering his senses, found himself surrounded by a number of men, who were debating whether they should kill him. He, however, explained who he was, and showed them the despatches from Napoleon of which he was the bearer ; and the men, fearing the vengeance of the Emperor, should the crime they were meditating ever be discovered, agreed to set him at liberty, on condition that he would take an oath to say nothing of what had happened to him in that house. They then told him that they were coiners, and that they killed everyone who slept at the house, but that they usually frightened so many away by tales that very few people cared to stop there. The Frenchman took the oath demanded of him, and was set at liberty so soon as day came. Years afterwards, he received a magnificent pistol, set with brilliants and rubies, with the following inscription engraved upon it : " From those whose secret you have so generously kept." The gift was accompanied by a letter, informing him that the coiners, having now succeeded in amassing an immense fortune, had retired from business.

The day after our adventure at the inn was passed by our party in walking leisurely through the forest homewards, through a most glorious country and in most lovely weather. When we reached Frankfurt, Herr Kirchhofer congratulated Herr Wolf on our escape, and told him that it was very lucky that we had returned at all.

Herr Wolf saw me in after days at Frankfurt, when he kissed me in German fashion, saying: "*Kannst Du Dicherinnern von damals im Oden Walde, George?*" I thought it was our last day upon earth, and that we were going to be murdered there, like many others have been there before and even since those days. But I pretended not to be alarmed at the time, and made the best of it.

The time—rather more than a year and a half—I spent at this school at Frankfurt was one of the happiest periods of my life; indeed, when my parents wanted me to stay at the Hôtel de Russie, I cried and begged not to be taken away from the school. Herr Kirchhofer was a very pleasant, kind and good-hearted man, and a fine orator, one of the best I have ever heard; and the lectures which he used to give on ancient Greek history were always extremely interesting. His lectures were always extempore, as his excellent memory made it unnecessary for him to refer to a book, and the way he declaimed was a pleasure to listen to, so well did he raise or lower his voice to suit the occasion. At times he became very dramatic, putting you in mind of some celebrated actor on the stage, as he walked up and down the room, reciting from the classics and quite carrying away his audience. The only punishment inflicted on boys at this school was to shake them and smack their faces, which Herr Kirchhofer did himself, as well as the other masters, of whom there were eight or nine, although the school consisted only of ten boarders and fifty day-boarders.

German and Austrian boys find more pleasure in taking long walks in the woods, making excursions, and running about than they do in games like football and cricket, for which few, if any, have any taste. In fact, I never knew any boys in Germany who cared much for any outdoor games at all. However, I have not the slightest doubt they enjoy their school-days quite as much as English boys, if not more; and there is much more friendship between master and boys in Germany than there ever can be in England. In the former country, the master devotes more time to ascertaining

the tastes of individual boys, and addresses them more like a friend than a master. When, afterwards, I was sent to an English school, I noticed the difference almost at once. At the school at Frankfurt I was most interested in the history of ancient Greece ; I was also fond of German history. Latin was not taught there, for which I was by no means sorry. I had no great fancy for botany, though I tried to like it ; but natural science rather piqued my curiosity. As for arithmetic, I hated it, and never knew the value of money ; in fact, I don't remember ever having any at that time, nor ever asking for any, as I had everything I required bought for me. I had a fancy for collecting stamps, and, in those days, there was a regular stamp market at Frankfurt, where they were sold in the street. I went there on one occasion, but was not very favourably impressed by the Jew dealers who hawked them about.

I was passionately fond of tin soldiers, and used to play with them with a boy named Louis Krebs, who had a fine collection of both Austrian and Prussian ones. He had a pretty little sister called Klara, who always wore pink coral earrings and would often play with us.

One day, Herr Kirchhofer told me that my parents were going to England and that they had arranged to take me with them. At first, I was quite unable to realize it, but when I learned that the news was true I was greatly distressed, and nearly cried my eyes out at having to leave Frankfurt and the school. I tried to prevail upon my parents to leave me behind, but my father would not hear of it, saying that I should have to go to a preparatory school for Eton, and that he had one in view, which my aunt, Lady Caroline Murray, had recommended. So I was forced, *malgré moi*, to submit to my parents' wishes.

In recent years I met Krebs, the boy of whom I have just spoken, at Frankfurt, when he gave me a great deal of information about those who had been at school with us. He himself had become a millionaire ; but he was the only one who had made money. Most of the others had been far from successful in life, and one of the wealthiest, Baron

Vogelsang, had lost almost the whole of his immense fortune. Many had died quite young. Herr Kirchhofer had only lived a few months after the suicide of his son August, and Herr Wolf had also died while still quite a young man.

CHAPTER III

Brussels—Ostend—General Sir John Douglas—Spa—"Captain Arthy"—Boulogne

ON leaving Frankfurt, we went to Brussels, where we lived in a large house on the Boulevard de Waterloo, which looked out on to a very fine avenue of trees. Captain Dorrien came with us on a visit to my parents and stayed for some months. Captain Dorrien, in after years, lost his whole fortune, when the late Earl of Sheffield, who had been at Eton with him, insisted on his going to live at his fine house in Portland Place, where he was given full authority over all the servants, lived free of all cost to himself, and received a cheque for £500, while the Earl went for a six months' cruise in his yacht. This was told me by Captain Dorrien himself, at a time when he was in far better circumstances.

Lord Howard de Walden was then the English Minister at Brussels, and my parents were on very friendly terms with him and his family. Two of the sons came often to our house; one was in the Royal Navy, and the other in the 60th Rifles. The eldest son, who afterwards succeeded to the title, was then in the 4th Hussars, but I never met him. Many years afterwards, I met Lady Howard de Walden, then a widow, in India, at Murree, in the Himalayas, where she dined at our mess with her daughter, Miss Ellis. The two ladies were about to start on a journey to Kashmir, on ponies, as Lady Howard de Walden said that it was her intention to see as much of the world as she could before she died. She was then seventy. She added that it was a singular coincidence that the two regiments in which her sons had served—the 4th Hussars and the 60th Rifles—both of which she visited,

should be quartered quite near Kashmir, the Hussars at Rawal Pindi, and the 2nd Battalion, 60th Rifles, at Murree. Lady Howard de Walden accomplished the difficult journey to Kashmir and returned in safety.

We were on friendly terms with the Baron de Taintegnies, who was in attendance on Leopold II., King of the Belgians, and also with his three lovely daughters, who, with their cousins, the daughters of Baron Danetan, were considered the most beautiful girls in Brussels society at that time. One of the former married, in later years, Captain Stewart Muirhead, of the Blues, a friend of my father and of Captain Dorrien.

Frederick Milbanke, of the Blues, an old Etonian, who was a great friend of my father, was at that time a good deal in Brussels, and married a Belgian actress there. Milbanke was heir to some of the Duke of Cleveland's estates, but he died before coming into this property. The last time I saw him was at the Alexandra Hôtel, in London, where he and his wife had a very fine suite of rooms, when my father took me there to pay them a visit. Milbanke was a very handsome, fair man, and his wife a great beauty. I met the latter in after years at the Grosvenor Hôtel, where she was staying with her son, a nice-looking boy, who had come back from Eton for the holidays.

The winter at Brussels was rather a severe one, and there was plenty of good skating to be had. I remember learning to skate in the Bois de la Cambre, to which I went with my father. One day I was knocked down by some lady skaters, and had great difficulty in extricating myself from their petticoats. I fell very softly, but I was well-nigh smothered. I was glad when my parents left Brussels, as I had no companions there at all.

There was then at Ostend a Mrs. Clifton, who had an exceedingly pretty daughter. Mrs. Clifton was a widow, and afterwards contracted a second marriage with a brother of Sir Walter Carew. When I was at school at Kineton, in Warwickshire, the mother and daughter paid me a visit, as they had an estate not far from the school.

One day, on the Digue at Ostend, I suddenly caught sight of my little friend, Baron Vogelsang, who, leaving his father and mother, who were with him, ran up to me at once and kissed me on both cheeks. I saw a good deal of Vogelsang while I was at Ostend, going often on to the sands with him, and meeting him in the evening at the children's dance at the Casino.

The Baron de Taintegnies's daughter used to attend those dances, to which the Duc de Sequeira, a young boy I knew, generally went. Marie, the Baron's eldest daughter, who was a lovely girl, afterwards became the Baronne Le Clément de Taintegnies. She lives at Minehead, where she has a fine estate and hunts with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. I heard from her quite recently. Her sister Isa, who married Captain Stewart Muirhead, is now a widow, her husband having died in Paris in 1906. She also hunts with the staghounds in Devonshire, and both sisters are well-known horsewomen. Aline, the youngest sister, who was called " Bébé," and whom I admired very much when a child at Brussels and Ostend, married, in 1871, Baron de Hérissem, and, after his death, went to Italy, where she married again and lived for several years. She died at Ancona in March, 1906.

There was a racing man at Ostend, named Captain Riddell, who won all the principal steeplechases that were run there. Mrs. Ind, the wife of the well-known brewer, was his sister. Riddell met with a very serious accident in a steeplechase at Ostend, injuring his spine. The horse which he was riding on that occasion was once ridden by my father on the sands, and he told me that he was a perfect devil to hold. When a young man, my father once rode a hundred miles in twelve hours on the same horse for a bet at Taunton, in Somerset, and won his wager easily, with plenty of time to spare. He and Charles Kinglake, a brother of the author of " Eothen," were the only persons who were willing to go up in a balloon at Taunton, when the first one came there, which was considered rather venturesome at the time. This reminds me that one of the oldest inhabitants of Bristol

told me lately that he remembered when the first iron ship was launched at that port, and how all the residents declared : "The idea of iron floating is too absurd to entertain for one instant ; the ship is bound to sink, for iron can never be made to keep above water."

The King and Queen of Würtemberg were both then at Ostend. Queen Olga, who was a Russian Grand Duchess by birth, was said to be the handsomest woman in Europe. She had very regular features, but was at that time excessively pale and thin. Her niece, the Grand Duchess Olga, was the first proposed *fiancée* of Ludwig II., King of Bavaria. His Majesty, however, refused to marry her. This is not generally known. The Grand Duchess Olga afterwards married the late King George of Greece.

King Leopold II. and Queen Henriette were at Ostend at that time with their children, who used to drive on the sands in a small carriage drawn by four cream-coloured ponies. Baron de Taintegnies was usually on the Digue of an afternoon with the King, sitting down or walking about.

Among my father's friends at Ostend were Lord Orford and Lord Brownlow Cecil. The latter was very fond of music, and married a lady there who was a magnificent pianist. One day I can remember my father sitting in the Casino with Henry Labouchere, an old Etonian, who had formerly been in the Diplomatic Service. Labouchere was smoking a big cigar, and he and my father had a long conversation. What it was about, I cannot say, though they were continually laughing ; and my father told me afterwards that Labouchere was very amusing, and, though sarcastic, witty, and that he rather liked him.*

* The late Henry Labouchere's grandfather was, as a young man, a clerk in a bank in Somersetshire, and in receipt of a salary of about £80 a year, when he fell in love with Sir Francis Baring's daughter. As, in ordinary circumstances, he had not the smallest chance of obtaining the consent of the lady's father, he conceived the following ingenious plan of overcoming the difficulty.

Presenting himself before the senior partner of the bank in which

General Sir John Douglas

General Sir John Douglas, K.C.B., Commander of the Forces in Scotland, and his wife, Lady Elizabeth Douglas, daughter of Earl Cathcart, were a good deal with my parents at Ostend. The General used to take long walks with my father, and he put my name down for his old regiment, the 79th Highlanders, and for the Scots Guards. Sir John Douglas was extremely kind to me in after years, and invited me to stay with him at Edinburgh; but I could not get leave from my colonel at the time, and consequently was obliged, to my great regret, to decline his kind invitation.

My parents used very often to spend the summer months at Ostend, and one year they occupied the apartments at the Hôtel de Prusse which the Russian Ambassador, Prince Orloff, had just vacated. One day, after washing my hands in my bedroom, I emptied the water out of the window, for some unaccountable reason. Later in the day, the Princess de Caraman-Chimay sent up her lady's maid to say that a dress which the Princess had intended wearing the following evening at a Court ball at Brussels had been

he was employed, he inquired whether it would be possible for him to become a partner forthwith. The banker burst out laughing. "What, you!" he exclaimed. "Why, you are only a junior clerk. How can you ever think of such a thing? The idea is simply ridiculous." "But supposing," rejoined Labouchere, with perfect aplomb, "that I had already received the consent of Sir Francis Baring to marry his daughter?" "Oh, that alters the case entirely. If what you say is true, then you could, of course, easily become a partner." Labouchere then approached Sir Francis Baring and asked him for his daughter's hand. That important personage was even more indignant at the young man's presumption than the banker had been, and told him what he thought of it very plainly. "But supposing," said Labouchere, not a whit disconcerted, "that I am not what you think I am, but a partner of the bank." The baronet's manner changed. "If," he answered, "you are a partner of the bank, as you tell me, I will talk the matter over with my daughter." In the result, Labouchere married Sir Francis Baring's daughter and became, at the same time, a partner in the Somersetshire bank. His son was created Lord Taunton, and Henry Labouchere would have been heir to the title, but, as it was only a life peerage, it did not descend to him. This anecdote was related to me by an uncle of mine by marriage, who was Clerk of the Peace for the county of Somerset. I have heard it also related by others.

completely spoiled by the water. I was well scolded by my mother for being the cause of this misfortune.

The English clergyman at Ostend was a Mr. Jukes. He had a very good-looking son, a boy about my own age. He told me that he was in the habit of walking in his sleep, and showed me his bedroom window, which had a padlock on it. When I asked him where the key of it was, he said that they would not tell him, in case he might get up in the night, unlock it, and walk on the roof of the house, which, he said, he had done before. His father once met me with mine in the street, and when told that I was going into the British Army, said that he entirely disapproved of soldiers, and thought that the time was near at hand when there would be no more wars and every dispute would be settled by arbitration. I fancied at that time that Mr. Jukes's prophecy might come true, but, as subsequent events proved, we were very far indeed from its realisation.

Both the King and Queen of the Belgians were very popular with the inhabitants of Ostend. They used to walk on the Digue quite unattended, and seemed in no way inconvenienced by the crowd, who always treated them with the greatest respect. The King wore plain clothes, usually a dark suit with a tall white hat, and never appeared there in uniform. A very good story is told of Leopold II., who, some years ago, during the summer months, was at Luchon, in the Pyrenees. The day after he arrived there, the King sent for a hairdresser, and directed him to trim his silvery beard. When the operation was over, His Majesty inquired what he had to pay.

"It will be twenty francs, Your Majesty," replied the hairdresser without hesitation.

The King pulled out a two-franc piece, which he handed to this too facetious Figaro.

"I am accustomed," said he, "to pay very well. Here is a two-franc piece. It is a new Belgian coin, and you will see my head on it, as you wished to pay yourself for it. (*"Vous y verrez ma tête, puisque vous avez voulu vous la payer."*)

It is said that the hairdresser left without asking for the rest of the money, and that, since this adventure, he placed over his shop a fine board, inscribed : " Furnisher of H.M. the King of the Belgians."

My mother spent a summer at Spa, where she took a house with a garden attached to it. I liked the place very much, and often went for rides on a pony in the woods with the late Captain Lennox Berkeley, who afterwards became Earl of Berkeley. The country round Spa is mountainous and very charming. Spa itself is an exceedingly pretty place, situated in a valley entirely surrounded by hills and woods, and the Ardennes are not far off. But in the summer months the heat is intense, and, when the sun once gets into the valley, there is often not a breath of air. The promenade, where the band plays morning and evening, is charming, and it is very pleasant to sit beneath the shady trees and listen to the excellent orchestra. I often used to go there with my mother, particularly of a morning, when all the *monde élégant* used to forgather to listen to the music. The gambling-rooms were then open for roulette and trente-et-quarante, and Captain Berkeley used often to try his luck at them, but, unfortunately, he was not successful. I can remember his giving me " Japhet in Search of a Father," by Captain Marryat, and recommending me to read it. I did so, and it amused me very much.

Another of my father's friends, the late Captain Bromley, an old Etonian, and a son of Sir Thomas Bromley, was at Spa at the same time. One day, when I happened to tell him that I was going into the Army, he smiled, and said that he never could hit off with his colonel. The latter complained that he was always late for parade, and asked him if he did not hear the bugles sound. He answered :—

" Yes, sir—I hear the bugles, but there must be something wrong with them, for they don't sound the right note." The Colonel soon found him incorrigible, and he himself that he was never made for a soldier.

Bromley told me that, when a boy, he was accustomed to dine off gold plates and that everything he used at table was of gold. Suddenly, his father died, and his elder brother inherited the title and estates, while he was obliged to live on a few hundreds a year. This, he said, was the fault of our law of primogeniture, which ought only to take effect in the case of ducal houses, where the bearer of the title should be made to pay an " appanage " to the other members of the family, as is the rule on the Continent.

It has often been asserted by authors of great authority that women are much meaner than men ; but I have known some instances to the contrary. Once, during our stay at Spa, a gentleman called on my mother, and told her that he had lost all he possessed, and asked her to lend him £50, as he was anxious to rejoin his wife. My mother, who had known him for years, said that she would give him all she had in the house—nearly £40—for which he was very grateful, both at the time and when we met him and his wife in later years.

Once I was staying with my father at Desseins Hotel, at Calais,* when he told me that he had made the acquaintance of an Englishman, a certain Captain Arthy, who was rather a singular character, indeed, highly eccentric. It appeared that he had just lost his wife, and that he was so distressed at her death that he wore all the trinkets which had belonged to her on his watch-chain, to show his affection for her. He had not, however, gone into mourning, and always affected a red tie, saying that he wore the mourning in his heart, upon which he used to lay his hand as he spoke. I was introduced to Captain Arthy, who was a bald-headed man, with black side-whiskers and rather a red face, dressed in a light suit of clothes. The quantity of charms on his watch-chain would have almost filled the window of a jeweller's shop, while numerous rings adorned

* Desseins Hotel has been demolished in recent years. It was a most luxurious hôtel, and is mentioned in the works of Sterne, Thackeray and Dickens.

his fingers. He was perpetually smiling, displaying a set of very fine teeth when he did so.

He invited my father and me to see his rooms, which were full of gold and silver cups, which he told us, had belonged to his late wife. The late Mrs. Winsloe, whose husband was a friend of my father, was staying at this hôtel. Mr. Winsloe was a well-known man in Somersetshire, but he had recently gone out of his mind. His wife had been a great beauty, but she was then terribly made up, with fair dyed hair.

Mrs. Winsloe, who lived in very luxurious fashion, and occupied a very fine set of rooms at Desseins Hôtel, said that Arthy was a cousin of her husband, and showed us a cutting from the *Times* about the death of Mrs. Arthy, which had occurred in rather a tragic manner. One evening, when my father and I were in her salon, she said to Arthy :—

" I wish you would give one of your lockets to that little boy, as a keepsake from me." Arthy thereupon took off his watch-chain, and, after hunting amongst his innumerable lockets, at length chose one, which he unfastened, saying :—

" Here is a nice gold locket that will do. Will you give him your photo to put inside it ? "

" I haven't got one," replied Mrs. Winsloe. " Give him one of yours instead." So he cut round one of his photos and, inserting it in the locket, handed it to me. " Now kiss Mrs. Winsloe," said he, " for it is her present to you." I kissed the paint off her face, and she kissed me, and I felt sure that she left a coloured impression on my face. But I was so pleased with the locket, which I attached to my chain, that I did not care in the least.

Arthy drank champagne with Mrs. Winsloe, and the latter seemed rather infatuated with him, which was not surprising, as he was a fine-looking man, though his baldness detracted from his good looks. However, the lady could not afford to be very *difficile*, being only an artificial beauty, whose youth was but a memory. Formerly, she had had beautiful hair, and it still reached to her waist. My father complimented her upon it, observing :—

"I never saw such lovely hair in my life, or such a perfect colour."

She looked pleased, and replied, smiling :—

"Yes, I don't think there are many women who have such fine hair."

"No, I am sure there are not," remarked Arthy, who appeared to be thinking of the gold locket which he had given away, for he looked at his chain as he spoke.

"He doesn't half admire you," said my father, laughing.

"I am sure I do; I think my cousin the loveliest woman possible," replied the other, who appeared annoyed at my father's remark.

Mrs. Winsloe looked at Arthy and smiled, being evidently under the impression that he was jealous, as he appeared angry with my father.

The fact was that Arthy was anxious to ingratiate himself with Mrs. Winsloe, as she was very wealthy. Accordingly, he pretended to admire her, though it needed only half a glance to see that in reality he considered her very far from beautiful. Mrs. Winsloe not only paid for her own rooms at the hôtel, but all the expensive dinners which she and Arthy had together were entered to her account. The latter had a great partiality for naval officers, and as an American warship, the *Alabama*, of the Confederate Navy, happened to be lying at Calais at this time, he invited some of the officers to dine with him and Mrs. Winsloe. They accepted, and were most sumptuously entertained, champagne flowing like water.

After staying six weeks with his cousin, Arthy left for England. Soon afterwards, the officers of a British warship at Portsmouth received an invitation from the Duke of St. Albans to dine with him at an hôtel. The captain of the ship happened to be away, and, on his return, the other officers told him what a good dinner he had missed and loudly praised the ducal hospitality.

"The Duke of St. Albans!" exclaimed the captain, in astonishment. "How can you possibly have dined with him that evening? Why, the very same day I was shooting

quite near the duke's property, and I happened to see him! I will go to the hôtel and find out who it can be."

The captain lost no time in instituting inquiries, with the result that the supposed duke was laid by the heels just as he was preparing to leave Portsmouth, and turned out to be none other than the man who had passed as Captain Arthy at Calais. It was subsequently ascertained that he was a certain Comte d'Aubigny, a member of a very old and noble French family, and that he had deceived several people in the same way. My father, on hearing of this, remarked :—

"It is the first time that I have been taken in by a man, but I am glad I am not the only one he deceived."

The enterprising gentleman was afterwards brought to trial and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

My parents sometimes spent the summer months at Boulogne, one year taking a large house at some little distance from the sea, overlooking a public garden. The late Captain Elwes, a nephew of the Duchess of Wellington, who was Vice-Consul at Boulogne, was a friend of my parents. He was devoted to painting, and, many years later, painted a miniature of an American lady for his cousin, the Marquis of Anglesey. It was beautifully painted, but, unfortunately, when it was finished, the Marquis had fallen in love with another Transatlantic belle, so he did not appreciate the miniature quite as much as he might have done, if his affections had not been diverted from the original. Elwes hoped to be appointed Consul at Boulogne, but whether he ever obtained that post, I cannot say. The last time I met him was in Paris, many years later, at a dinner given by the Marquis of Anglesey, at the Hôtel d'Albe, in the Champs Elysées.

Lord Henry Paget, afterwards Marquis of Anglesey, was very fond of Boulogne, and lived there with his first wife. The latter died at Boulogne, quite suddenly, but the Marquis continued to visit the place, and my father saw a good deal of him.

George Lawrence, the author of "Guy Livingstone," son

of Lady Emily Lawrence, was frequently at Boulogne, and often with my parents. I can remember my father relating how one day he went with him to see one of the lovely daughters of the Baron de Taintegnies off to Paris, and how Lawrence was so infatuated with the young lady, that he jumped into the train, without any luggage, merely to have the pleasure of travelling with her all the way to Paris, a journey of about five hours. On reaching Paris, he saw Mlle. de Taintegnies safely to her destination, and then took the train back to Boulogne.

My parents were particularly fond of Lawrence, who was good-humoured, clever, and very amusing. I heard that he had a quarrel with Tom Hohler, who married the Duchess of Newcastle, on account of having introduced him into one of his novels, called "Breaking a Butterfly." Hohler was very friendly with my father in later years in Paris. We had a white Pomeranian dog, and Tom Hohler asked my father to show it to the Duke of Newcastle, who was then a child, living with his mother in the Avenue d'Antin. The dog took such a fancy to the young Duke that it forsook us for him entirely. I heard recently from the Duke of Newcastle, who was kind enough to be interested in this book, that he remembered this Pomeranian dog quite well, and told me its name—"Loulou"—which I had entirely forgotten. The name recalled many things to my recollection. It is strange how at times we forget a name, and then, when it is mentioned, associations and incidents connected with it are suddenly recalled to our memory and flash before us as in a dream.

Tom Hohler sang for a time at Her Majesty's Theatre. I never heard him sing in operas, but I have been told that he had a very pleasing voice, though it was not a very powerful one. It was said that when he sang in private houses, he was paid £40 for every song.

Harry Slade, a son of Sir Frederick Slade, stayed for a time at Boulogne with his mother, of whom we saw a good deal; and, after Lady Slade's death, her son stayed for a long time at the Hôtel du Nord, where my father and I

often went to see him. He was a good talker and always very entertaining.

Mrs. Joe Riggs, an American lady, who afterwards became Princess Ruspoli, was extremely fond of Boulogne, and generally spent the summer at the Hôtel Impérial; but this was in later years.

CHAPTER IV

A Painting by Romney—Hunter's School at Kineton—Corporal Punishment A Sporting Parson—My School-fellows at Kineton—The Warre-Malets—Lord Charleville.

BEFORE going to school in England, I was taken to Richmond to see my mother's aunt, Lady Caroline Murray, who was now an old lady and lived in a house near the Thames, for, as the Duchess of Gloucester, to whom she had been lady-in-waiting, had been dead some years, she was no longer at Court. In her younger days, Lady Caroline had been a good horsewoman and had ridden very well to hounds. But, at this time, she was leading a very quiet life, receiving only her relatives and friends.

I can remember that in Lady Caroline's drawing-room at Richmond there was a most beautiful picture of her mother, Viscountess Stormont, British Ambassadress to France and Austria, painted by Romney. It represented the Countess in her own right, as she afterwards became, sitting beneath a large tree and wearing a kind of loose *peignoir* of a pale yellow colour, like the colour of the sea just before a storm. The *peignoir* was fastened at the shoulder by a brooch, in which was a large yellow stone. Her hair was dressed high above the head, in the style of Marie Antoinette, in whose days her husband was Ambassador in France, and over it she had a Scottish plaid of the clan to which she belonged. One leg was crossed over the other, and her arms were folded. She was painted in profile; her *peignoir*, open at the front, displaying a perfect bosom and a beautiful, swan-like neck. Her hair possessed that glorious auburn tint with shades of gold in it, which made it appear as though the sun were shedding its full rays upon the gold tresses, one of which had

The Author's Mother.

[*To face p.* 40.

escaped from the rest and hung loose. Her face was of a tender oval, with expressive eyes of a peculiar shade of green, like that of the sea when the sun falls upon it, or as it is in Böcklin's pictures. Her nose was straight and delicate, with nostrils like those of a Greek statue. Her mouth was unusually small, with a tiny upper lip, slightly curved; her chin short and classical. The expression on the face was of pride, of audacity, of childish innocence, of sentimentality, and it possessed a marvellous charm and attraction.

This beautiful portrait, which Lady Caroline bequeathed to Earl Cathcart, as he was the head of her mother's family, was once seen by a wealthy American, who said to the Earl, into whose possession it had then come :—

"Have you ever seen such a lovely woman as this in all your life?"

"No, I have not," the Earl answered.

"Well, I guess you haven't," rejoined the other, "and I don't think there ever was such a lovely woman on earth."

And he offered Lord Cathcart £20,000 down for the picture, which the latter, though not a rich man, refused. The American then promised the Earl's son, Viscount Greenock, £500, if he could persuade his father to accept the offer; but it was all of no avail.

I showed Mr. Noseda, the well-known print-seller in the Strand, the engraving of this picture by J. R. Smith, which had belonged to my grandfather, when Mr. Noseda told me that he very much preferred the engraving to the painting, as the latter had been so much touched up, whereas the former was so beautifully executed in every detail that he considered it finer than Romney's portrait. This was after I had told him about the offer of £20,000 which the American had made for the original painting.

Viscountess Stormont had been Ranger of Richmond Park, and was allotted, as her official residence, the house which is now the Queen's Hôtel. An old gentleman whom I met at Richmond in later years told me that he thought the hôtel ought to have been named after the Countess of Mansfield, as Lady Stormont became later, instead of being called the

"Queen's." He remembered Lady Caroline Murray, and remarked that she was one of those ladies of the old nobility who were scarce nowadays.

Viscount Greenock afterwards became Earl Cathcart, and died in London in 1911. He was at Eton with me, and afterwards joined the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, from which he was transferred to the Scots Guards. When at Eton, he often came to my tutor's house to see his cousin, Charles Douglas, whose father had placed him there to be with me. The Hon. Reginald Cathcart, a younger brother of Lord Cathcart, was in the 60th Rifles, and I recollect giving him a letter to his colonel, Godfrey Astell, in India,* when he first joined the regiment. Reginald Cathcart, who was a very nice young man, tall, dark, and handsome, was one of those unhappily killed in the Boer War.

The school to which I was sent was at Kineton, near Warwick. It had been recommended to my father by Lady Caroline Murray, who had heard of it from the Duke of Buccleuch, and a cousin of mine, Greville Finch-Hatton, was being educated there. When my father and I arrived, we were shown into a sitting-room, looking out on to a garden, where we were received by Mrs. Hunter, the headmaster's wife. Mrs. Hunter was an old lady, whose age, I afterwards ascertained, was about seventy. To guess it would have been a difficult task, so terribly made up was she. Everything about her was false: false teeth, false hair, and a false bust, giving her somewhat the appearance of a wax figure at Madame Tussaud's. She had, however, very pretty white hands, with pointed fingers. She was dressed in black satin, with a large gold brooch at her throat, and a long gold chain round her neck, a costume which she always wore.

* Godfrey Astell told me a rather amusing story about himself when I was in the regiment with him. He had been invited to shoot over a large estate in Scotland, and one of the gamekeepers looked particularly well after him all day, pointing out where the best beats and coverts were, and exclaiming every time a pheasant rose: "Godfrey, now's your chance!" It subsequently transpired that the man, on hearing Astell called Godfrey by his friends, was under the impression that this was some high title he possessed, having no idea that it was only his Christian name.

" This, I presume, is your little son, whom you are leaving with us ? " said Mrs. Hunter to my father. " Will you tell me whether you belong to the High or Low Church, as it is my province to look after the boys' religious instruction, and I am always interested to know."

The question was rather a poser for my father, who, I do not think, had entered a church since he left England. So he turned to me and said :—

" Tell the lady to what church you go with your mother."

I said that at Ostend I always went to the English Protestant Church. Upon which Mrs. Hunter observed :—

" I see, you have been living on the Continent, and foreigners have very little religion. However, I will take care that your son has the proper religious instruction."

Suddenly, the door opened, and an immensely stout man, of about sixty-five, with mutton-chop whiskers and spectacles, entered the room, and introduced himself as Mr. Hunter, the headmaster.

In his youth Mr. Hunter had probably been an exceedingly handsome man, and was still, apart from his corpulence, decidedly good-looking, with a fine forehead, a small mouth with thin lips and very good teeth, and regular features.

After showing us over the school, Mr. Hunter sent for Greville Finch-Hatton, telling my father that I should occupy a dormitory with my cousin and two other boys. At eight o'clock, supper was served in a large dining-room, where the presence of a new boy provoked a good deal of talking amongst the other boys. Mrs. Hunter sat at one end of the table, her husband at the other ; and the meal was a cold one, carved on the table, and consisting of cold meat, followed by bread and cheese, washed down by draught beer.

As soon as supper was over, we were sent to our dormitories, where I had not been long in bed when my cousin leant over from his and asked if I were asleep. On finding that I was awake, he told me that we must talk in a very low voice, as talking was forbidden, and Mrs. Hunter occasionally paid us a visit to see whether this regulation was being observed. The two other boys in the room also began talking in low

tones. Later on, when they considered themselves pretty safe from detection, they talked louder and carried on a long conversation about cricket, discussing who were the best bowlers in the school and whether fast bowling was more effective than slow.

I could not sleep, and, for some unaccountable reason, felt very miserable. At last I began to cry, at first quietly, but soon I was unable to restrain my sobs. My cousin, hearing me, tried to console me, saying that he, too, had found it hard to leave his parents at first. I felt inclined to tell him that it was not that which made me cry, but I thought better of it. Soon afterwards I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was at Kirchhofer's school at Frankfurt, and that Vogelsang was talking to me. I even fancied that he kissed me, when I awoke suddenly, in despair at finding where I was.

Mr. Hunter was a very pleasant man, when he cared to be, which was by no means always the case. He was most severe with everyone, and had no particular favourites. Some boys he disliked, particularly those who did not learn quickly, and those who were inclined to be noisy. He was full of fun when he played football with us; making jokes and chaffing different boys in turn. He was, however, quite a different kind of man in school from what he was in the playground.

On Sundays, we, of course, attended church. The clergyman who preached, a Mr. Miller, had two voices: a very squeaky voice and a very gruff one. When he preached in his squeaky voice, most of us would fall asleep in the high pews, which screened us from the observation of the headmaster; but when Mr. Miller altered his tone, and his deep, gruff voice was suddenly heard, coming, as it were, out of a vault, we would be disagreeably startled from our slumbers. The sermons, I am inclined to believe, were bought ones, for Mr. Miller used sometimes to lose his place in the midst of his discourse and come to a stop, and when he continued, it was on quite a different subject. But it mattered little, so far as we were concerned, for most

of the boys were usually asleep, and those who tried to listen could not follow the squeaky voice of the preacher—which had all the disagreeable sounds of a clarionet played badly—even by straining their ears, which few of them were disposed to do.

Our French master, who was obliged to accompany us, used sometimes to unfold the Paris *Figaro* at full length and read it during the sermon. Mr. Hunter, owing to the height of the pews, could not, of course, see him, or he would most certainly have taken very strong exception to such an irregular proceeding. One Sunday, when Monsieur happened to have forgotten his *Figaro*, he passed the time of the sermon in an animated conversation with Rush, the captain of the Eleven. Unfortunately for the latter, Mr. Hunter happened to detect them; and, after church, he sent for Rush, and, refusing to listen to his appeals, took him to the schoolroom and, making him bend down, gave him a severe caning.

When I first came to the school, I was chaffed about my pronunciation, and Rush said:—

"If you pronounce Themistocles like you do, I wouldn't be in your shoes." Then he used to ask me questions about my German school, which at first he laughed at. Soon, however, he took a great interest in it, making me tell him about the boys there, what they were like and what they did.

"It must be very much jollier than here," said he, "and none of that beastly caning and flogging, as there is at Kineton."

Mr. Hunter was certainly a devout believer in the precept: "Spare the rod, and spoil the child;" indeed, he seemed to have a perfect passion for caning the boys, and at times performed this operation with astonishing zest. Sometimes, of an evening, in my dormitory, we would play at being Mr. Hunter, each of us taking it in turns to personate the master and beat the other boys with a hairbrush, in place of a cane. One night, one of us happened to remark:—

"I think it is a pleasure that would grow upon one, as it evidently does upon old Hunter."

Scarcely had he said this, when, to our consternation, the door suddenly opened, and the master appeared. The boys bolted into bed as fast as they could, but it was too late, and we were told to come to Mr. Hunter's study after prayers the following morning. There, after we had been duly admonished, we were all severely caned.

Rush and other boys used to put hairs in the canes to split them; but Mr. Hunter found this out, for one day, he broke six canes one after another. He then rang for his whalebone whip, and we received a fearful thrashing, with no time to prepare for it by padding our clothes with books.

One day, the Duchess of Marlborough, who was a friend of Lady Caroline Murray, called, and asked to see my cousin and myself. She was accompanied by her son, Lord Randolph Churchill, and her visit to the school was due to the fact that she thought of placing him there. But Lord Randolph became too ill to go to school just then, and had a private tutor at home instead, until he was old enough to be sent to Eton.*

We often went for picnics to the charming woods of Compton Verney, belonging to Lady Willoughby de Broke. That lady, who was always very pleasant and full of fun, would sometimes come and talk to us and to Mr. Hunter. The latter had formerly been private tutor to her eldest son, and the school was on Lord Willoughby de Broke's property.† The late Hon. Rainald Verney, Lord Willoughby's younger brother, was at school at Hunter's, before going to Eton, and often came to the school when I was there, before he joined the 52nd Light Infantry.

* I had a letter before the war from Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Randolph's son, in answer to one in which I had told him that, in certain respects, he reminded me of Mirabeau, and that I was convinced that he would become Prime Minister before very long.

† I heard from Lord Willoughby de Broke, the son of the one mentioned here, some years ago. He was then *en route* for the Caucasus, and he told me that he had read my book on Paris and Vienna with pleasure and interest, though he was not aware at the time by whom it was written. He is one of the most energetic members of the House of Lords, and it is to be hoped that he will do everything in his power to recover for it its lost prestige.

Mr. Hunter had a young and rather pretty niece, a girl of eighteen, with black hair, who stayed for a time with him. She used to go into the boys' dormitories at night, when she would give them bonbons and generally kiss them. But her stay at Kineton was so short that her presence there was more like an angel's visit than anything else.

One day, the Rev. William and Mrs. Finch-Hatton called to see their son and also asked to see me. Mrs. Finch-Hatton, who was at that time known as the "Rose of Kent," was a lovely woman, with very black hair and regular features. She was a sister of Sir Percy Oxenden. She told me that both she and her husband were struck by my great resemblance to their son Greville; and Mr. Finch-Hatton very kindly gave me half a sovereign, which I never forgot, as I rarely received any money from anyone. Mr. Newenham, who had married a daughter of the Earl of Mount Cashell, and was a clergyman in Ireland, also came to see his son. He played football with us, and afterwards told us the following story:—

"I was once asked to see an old woman in Cork who was dying. She asked me to read the Bible to her, but as I was unprepared to find her so ill, I had not brought one with me, nor had she one in the house. So I pulled out a copy of *Bell's Life* which I happened to have in my pocket, and read her an article from it, which, as she happened to be deaf, had precisely the same effect upon her as the Bible would have had."

Mr. Newenham was a regular sporting parson, with, however, a good deal more of the sportsman than the parson about him, but full of fun and very agreeable.

There was a boy named Charles Taylor at the school, who afterwards went to Eton. His father, who had himself been at Eton, was a famous cricketer and had played in the All-England Eleven. He was, however, somewhat eccentric, having the most intense dislike of being asked his age; in fact, when one put this question to him, he invariably answered that he neither knew it nor wished to know it. He had also a strong objection to anything of

a violet colour, and if a person called to see him wearing a tie or a dress of that colour, he always picked a quarrel with his unfortunate visitor.

Another boy at Kineton, whom I shall call L——, had the misfortune to be afflicted with kleptomania, and would take everything he could lay his hands on. Mr. Hunter used to break so many canes upon his back that he said to him one day :—

" I shall send the bill for all the canes I have broken in trying to correct you to your mother, for you get worse and worse every day."

The school colours were scarlet and white, but they were only worn by the cricket Eleven. As I was in the Eleven, I had this coveted privilege. My cousin did not much care for cricket, and was fonder of riding and shooting, at both of which he excelled. Mr. Hunter kept a pony for the boys to ride. When he drove to Warwick, Leamington or Banbury, he would take two of us with him, one boy riding the pony, while the other sat in the pony-trap with the master. I can remember once riding to Warwick and then to Stratford-on-Avon on the pony, which Finch-Hatton rode back to Kineton. Most of the boys could ride well, and those who could not were never taken by Mr. Hunter, save on one occasion, when I recollect that the boy he took with him reminded me of certain Frenchmen whom one sees riding in the Bois de Boulogne, who are afraid to let their horses go beyond a walk. As my father used to say in Paris :—

" They praise the Lord on their knees every time they come home safely and are out of the saddle."

Greville Finch-Hatton was rather delicate, and, after making a voyage to Australia, died quite young.

Aubrey Birch Reynardson, who also slept in my dormitory, had a gift for story-telling. One night he related to us the story of " Eric, or Little by Little," with which, I can remember, we were delighted.

Mr. Hunter always wore spectacles. At times, by gas-light, when the gas fell upon them, it looked as if his eyes were two flames, and that he was an ogre ready to devour

one of us, particularly when he took up his cane, and glared at the culprit, through his spectacles, with fiery eyes. But, taken on the whole, Mr. Hunter was a very good fellow, who would never have done anyone an injury, apart from perhaps giving him a dose of the cane.

Among the boys who were at Hunter's with me was Charles Home-Purves, who was the head of the school. He afterwards went to Eton and took Lower School instead of Fourth Form, at which Mr. Hunter was much disappointed. His father, Colonel Home-Purves, was in attendance on the Duchess of Cambridge, and was accidentally killed by the overturning of a carriage in which he was driving with Her Royal Highness. He was so terribly cut about the face by the glass of the carriage-window that he died almost immediately. His son was offered a commission in the Guards, but preferred entering the Rifle Brigade. However, he left the regiment shortly afterwards, and died when very young.

The late Earl of Lonsdale, before he succeeded his uncle in the title, was also at Kineton with me. On one occasion, he ordered a lot of toys from Cremer's toy-shop, but when they arrived, Mr. Hunter was so startled at the bill, which amounted to a considerable sum, that he had them at once sent back to where they came from, telling Lowther, as he was then, that he must make a better use of his money. He found life at Hunter's too restricted and not lively enough for him, so he only remained one half, and then asked to leave the school. I met him at Eton with his brother, the present Earl of Lonsdale. The latter was attached to the Rifle Brigade, and was a very keen sportsman, I remember, when we were both stationed at Winchester.

One day, at Kineton, I was playing with Newenham, who happened to have a pocket-knife open in his hand, and, by accident, I got a very ugly stab in the back. Indeed, the doctor declared that, if the wound had been one-eighth of an inch deeper, it would have been fatal. Newenham was once mistaken for me by an uncle of mine at the Great Western Hotel, Paddington, which amused both of them very much,

particularly as I was then at the same school as Newenham. He retired from the Army with the rank of Major, and lives in County Kerry, for which he is a magistrate.

Once, on the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth,* Mr. Hunter took us to Stratford-on-Avon, to show us the house where the poet was born and to visit the theatre. Mr. Hunter was a good amateur actor, and would sometimes get up plays for us to act. On one occasion, we played "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lord and Lady North, Sir Charles Mordaunt, and all the neighbouring county families were invited to the performance, which went off fairly well. "Making up" afforded us great amusement. One of the boys had learned this art from his sister, and proved himself quite an adept at darkening the others' eyebrows and rouging their cheeks and lips.

I happened to meet recently the Rev. Henry Knightley, brother of Sir Charles Knightley. He had been at Kineton with me, but it was forty years since we had met. From him I learned that Mr. Hunter had died at Leamington after giving up his school, and that Rush had died quite early in life, as well as several others who were there with us. It was quite a pleasure for me, and, I think, also for him, to recall our school-days, and even the canings I looked back upon with some regret, feeling that I would willingly submit to them again, could I but return to those times. We both agreed that we had not learned much at Kineton, but that, on the whole, our life there with our schoolfellows had been

*Grillparzer says that it has often struck him that Shakespeare took some of his ideas from Lope de Vega's plays. Shakespeare's Miranda, he says, could be compared with the character it resembles in *Los tres diamantes*, and the love-scenes in the latter are quite on a par with those in "Romeo and Juliet." The plot of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is similar to that of *Los ferias de Madrid*. As for *Los pleitos de Inglaterra*, he regards this play as incomparable, and the love-scenes in "Romeo and Juliet" appear almost to pale in comparison. "I wish," he continues, "Lessing had known Calderon and Lope de Vega. He would perhaps have found that there was more connection with the German *esprit* than in the far too gigantic Shakespeare. Perhaps "Macbeth" is Shakespeare's greatest work: it is without doubt the most realistic."

[C. D. Williamson, at Eton with the Author.

[*To face p.* 50.

Miss Mabel Warre-Malet.

[To face p. 31.

a pleasant one. I found that Knightley was under the impression that Greville Finch-Hatton had inherited the title of Winchilsea, but I told him that my cousin was dead, and that the present Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham had been at Eton with me, and was kind enough to interest himself in my book about our school life.

The chief prize I got at this school was a copy of Longfellow's poems, beautifully bound and illustrated. I was very pleased at receiving it, as Longfellow was at that time my favourite lyrical poet in the English language.

Most of the boys remained at Kineton until they were fourteen, when they left for Harrow, Eton, Winchester, or some other public school. Greville Finch-Hatton went to Wellington, Rush to Cheltenham, and Knightley to Marlborough.

During my holidays, I sometimes went to Taunton, to stay with an aunt of mine, whose husband, a very kind man, was extremely fond of me. His daughter's chief friends were some children of the name of Warre-Malet, nieces of the Ambassador, Sir Alexander Warre-Malet. The eldest girl, Mabel, who was about thirteen, the same age as myself, was very pretty, with brown hair, a lovely complexion and eyes of a deep blue. One Christmas Eve, Mrs. Warre-Malet had a large Christmas tree, with numerous presents attached to its branches, and we were invited to her house. Every one of the children received a beautiful present from the tree, which was illuminated by a great number of candles. Afterwards we played at forfeits, and I was told to kiss Mabel Warre-Malet as a forfeit, an act which I felt very shy about performing. "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait.*" Another friend of ours was a girl whose name was Amy; who was also about thirteen. She, too, was a very attractive little lady, with long brown hair, hazel eyes with black lashes, an oval face, and a small mouth with pearly white teeth. She had a cousin, the Earl of Charleville, some years older than herself, who was staying at that time with her people. One day she came with him to see my cousins, and said to me:

"Charleville can tell you all about Eton, if you want to know anything, as he went to school there."

Lord Charleville had to go away before his companion, who remained to tea. Afterwards, one of my cousins and I accompanied her part of the way home, and, while we were crossing some fields, she suddenly exclaimed :—

"Good gracious! my petticoat is coming down!"

And she burst out laughing.

My cousin Florence, a girl of thirteen, told me to walk on, while she pinned up Amy's petticoat. But this proved a more difficult task than she had bargained for, as a string fastening had been broken, and it ended in Amy being obliged to take her petticoat off and carry it as a parcel. The two girls laughed consumedly at this mishap and its victim said to me :—

"Don't you tell anyone that you saw me take my petticoat off, or I will never forgive you."

I assured her that on no consideration would I breathe so much as a syllable, and, on leaving us, she said :—

"As you are going away, you may give me a kiss, if you like."

Which I did right gladly, as you may suppose.

A few days later, I met Charleville at an evening party in Taunton, at which he paid marked attention to the daughter of the house, a very pretty girl. I recollect meeting at this party two of the daughters of the vicar of Taunton, Elsie and Audrey Clark, the elder of whom was thirteen, while her sister was three years younger, and was much struck by their beauty, which was quite out of the common. One of them had the most lovely hair, of the same exquisite colour as that which one sees in Titian's paintings; the other's hair was also very beautiful, but of a more auburn shade; and both sisters had the most charming complexion. I danced repeatedly with one of them; *mais mon cœur balançait entre les deux*, so far as their attractions were concerned. The girl with the Titian hair afterwards married the fourteenth Lord Petre, while her sister married his uncle.

Lord Charleville was a tall, good-looking youth, with

wavy brown hair and regular features, but he was very delicate, being consumptive. After serving for a year in the Rifle Brigade, his health obliged him to resign his commission. He then went for a voyage in his yacht, but derived little benefit from it, and died before reaching his majority.

The late Mrs. O. Warre-Malet told me that, when she was quite a young girl, she and her sister went to Ascot races on foot and disguised as boys for a joke, and that they got a good deal of money from people who were driving to the course. Her sister married the Hon. Humble Dudley-Ward, and after her husband's death, the late Duke of Richmond made her an offer of marriage. This she refused, but accepted Mr. Gerard Leigh, who was an immensely wealthy man. After his death she became the wife of Monsieur de Falbe, and died some years ago.

CHAPTER V

My Mother's Recollections—The Cercle des Patineurs—Patti—
Our *Appartement* in the Rue d'Albe

MY parents were at this time living in Paris, in a small hôtel in the Avenue d'Antin, which was so shut in by the houses that surrounded it, that the rooms were very dark, and, as it was winter, this made the house seem more gloomy than it would have done at another season of the year.

I was quite enchanted with Paris; everything about it delighted me, so different was it from any city I had ever seen. The only thing that displeased me was the hôtel in which we lived. Not only was it gloomy, but nothing could be seen from the windows, except a kind of courtyard, resembling a *patio* in Spain. This courtyard was filled with flowers, very prettily arranged; nevertheless, it was depressing to be unable to see anything else when you looked out of the window.

I remember being taken to a box at the Théâtre des Italiens to hear Adelina Patti, in *La Gazza ladra*, by Rossini. It was the first time that I had heard her sing, and I was, of course, delighted with her voice; but my mother was disappointed, and I recall what she said at the time:—

"After having heard Grisi, Malibran, and even Jenny Lind, I do not think Patti is to be compared with them, neither so far as her voice is concerned, nor as an actress. She reminds me at times of Jenny Lind, yet I prefer the latter infinitely."

My mother always had her own box at Her Majesty's in

the days when Grisi, Lablache, Malibran, and the dancers Taglioni, Fanny Elssler and Cerrito were enchanting the audience. One evening, during the visit of the Tsar Nicholas I. of Russia to England, my mother was invited by the Duke of Sussex and Mlle. d'Este to a box at the Opera facing that which the Tsar and Queen Victoria occupied. The Duke of Sussex paid £500 for this box.

My mother told me that the two finest sights she ever beheld in her life were the Coronation of Queen Victoria, when the peeresses all put on their coronets, sparkling with diamonds, emeralds and rubies, at the moment Her Majesty was crowned in Westminster Abbey; and at the Queen's accession, when hundreds of schoolchildren, dressed in white and light blue, knelt down and recited the Lord's Prayer by St. Paul's, after which the Benediction was pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

My mother often met Disraeli in London society; and she told me that, in his youth, he always wore several diamond rings over his white kid gloves, and that she thought him a most affected and conceited young man. The two Greek countesses described in " Lothair " were the Countesses Zancarol. One married Colonel Lemesurier, of the Royal Horse Artillery; the other Major Geary, R.A. The latter married couple often dined with us in Paris, where Mrs. Geary was considered a great beauty. Major Geary and his brother, Sir Henry Le Quay Geary, K.C.B., were lifelong friends of my parents.

My maternal grandfather, Lieut.-General the Hon. George Murray, to whom George III. and his Queen were godfather and godmother, commanded the 2nd Life Guards. For ten years he refused to accept his pay, on account of a quarrel which he had with the Duke of York. So far as I can recollect, the cause of the quarrel was as follows :—

During the Peninsular War, an outward-bound troopship, having some troops on board commanded by my grandfather, and a great quantity of heavy luggage belonging to the Duke of York, encountered very bad weather, and was in danger of foundering. In order to lighten the vessel,

the captain wanted to throw all the horses overboard. But this my grandfather would not allow, and proposed that the Duke's luggage should be sacrificed instead, which was accordingly done, to the intense indignation of His Royal Highness, when he heard of it afterwards.

The statue to the Duke of York, erected in London, was reported to have been built so high in order to place him beyond the reach of his creditors, whose name was legion.

My grandfather used to say that he never could understand how the Duchess of Sutherland, with her £365,000 a year, could bring herself to stand the whole evening at the Opera behind the Prince Consort, who was only an insignificant German prince, with a tiny principality. His opinion of George IV. was that it would puzzle anyone who knew him to discover a good quality that he possessed.

It was about this time, when my parents were living in the Avenue d'Antin, that I first saw Hortense Schneider in *les Voyages de Gulliver*, at the Châtelet Théâtre, which all Paris rushed to see. The play was a charming one, and the children were particularly delighted when the Lilliputians, represented by tiny little wooden figures, moved about the stage. Hortense Schneider, of course, represented Gulliver, and sang some very pretty songs in the course of the play.

The late Arthur Post, a young American living with his family in Paris, fell desperately in love at this time with Hortense Schneider, though she was very much older than himself. He drove about the Bois with her, accompanied her to theatres, and, in fact, was always with her. His infatuation greatly distressed his parents, and was the subject of universal comment. However, he did not marry her, though that was not his fault, as Hortense Schneider had several royal and other princes ready to lay their fortunes at her feet; and it was not until several years afterwards that she chose a very wealthy banker for her husband.

Fioretti was then the *première danseuse* at the Grand Opéra. Her dancing always gave me greater pleasure than anything else there. She was, besides, very beautiful,

and King Ludwig II. of Bavaria was so captivated by her graceful dancing and personal attraction, that he induced her to leave Paris for Munich, to dance there instead.

I went also to the Palais-Royal, and saw *le Train de Minuit*, a play in which a railway-carriage is by accident left behind in the middle of the night at a station, and the people awake and find themselves at some miserable little village, instead of in Paris, as they had expected. They, of course, cannot obtain what they require in the way of refreshments, and are nearly perishing with cold, as it is the depth of winter, and the carriage is no longer heated; and the complications that ensue are very amusing.

One day, I went with my parents to Saint-Germain, to visit Captain and Mrs. Lennox Berkeley, who were living there. Their son, Hastings, a good-looking boy, told us that his father was learning to play the zither, which Captain Berkeley showed us, though he could not be persuaded to let us hear him play it. Saint-Germain, with its charming woods and pretty walks, is delightful in summer, the country all around being lovely. When we returned to Paris, I did not give my father any peace until he had bought a zither for me. It was not easy to obtain one, and I remember that we wandered about half Paris, until at length we discovered what we wanted in the Rue de Rivoli. I had also great difficulty in finding a master, until finally I discovered a German who played the instrument very well.

In the winter months, I went several times with my father to the Cercle des Patineurs. This was a very exclusive and very expensive resort, where, to secure admittance for yourself and family, you had to be a member of the Jockey Club, while each person had to pay twenty francs in the afternoon and forty francs in the morning and evening. There were some Americans who skated marvellously, amongst them being Mrs. Ronalds, who was a very fine skater. I was told that Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie admired her graceful skating so much that they complimented her on several occasions at the Cercle des Patineurs, and she became a frequent guest at

the Tuileries. The Princess Metternich, the Austrian Ambassadress, was also an *habituée ;* in fact, the place was patronized by all the *beau monde* of those days.

I frequently went at that time to Musards' concerts, which on fine summer evenings were given out of doors, in a garden, and always enjoyed them immensely. Sometimes I went with my mother to meet friends there ; but when I went alone, I usually sat with the Piétris, near relatives of the Préfet de Police, who was so much attached to the Emperor and Empress. Their daughter, Julie, was a lovely girl of thirteen, and when I had learned to play the zither better, we often performed duets together, as she was a most accomplished pianist. I can remember we often played Schubert's *Ständchen,* which sounded very well, as it is rather melancholy. Sad airs, in my opinion, are best suited to the zither, particularly when it is accompanied by the piano. When the German who was teaching me the zither left Paris, I took lessons from a Mlle. Reichemberg, who, at that time, was also teaching Adelina Patti, and learned a Polish romance which the latter was very fond of playing. Patti became extremely fond of the zither, which she played a good deal in her leisure hours, though she never sang to it, I was told.

Hofrath Hanslick, the late celebrated critic of the Austrian *Neue Freie Presse,* said of Patti :—

" She appears to me to be most perfect in rôles like Zerlina, in *Don Juan,* Norina, in *Don Pasquale,* Rosina, in the *Barbiere di Seviglia.* What a fresh, youthful voice, which in its range from the tenor C to F in alt, moves about with such wonderful ease ! The most perfect and delightful, though, were the lively rôles of Patti, principally the one of Zerlina, in *Don Juan.* She gave us the true ideal of Zerlina. With these advantages, and especially, too, in the development of dazzling virtuosity, Patti shines as Rosina in Rossini's *Barbiere,* and as Norina in Donizetti's graceful opera, *Don Pasquale.* In the *Barbiere* one can judge best, perhaps, of her marvellous art in singing. Of her later rôles, in Leonora, in Verdi's *Trovatore,* she attained almost the highest pitch.

The *Traviata*, which is decidedly a far better opera, shows Patti to more advantage dramatically. I always disliked *Dinorah*, almost as much as I did formerly the *Traviata*, which I saw the first time badly performed. Two rôles of Patti which I cannot praise as much as the two beforementioned are Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, and Gretchen, in the *Faust* of Gounod. In the valse of Venzano, she sings a roulade of seventeen bars in one breath, smiling, as if it were child's play. There is no doubt that the Valentine of Pauline Lucca and the Marguerite of Christine Nilsson surpass the performance of Patti in these rôles. A clever writer once called Italy the conservatoire of God. In this conservatoire Adelina Patti has without doubt taken away the first prize."

One Sunday evening, I went with Captain Berkeley to see some fine illuminations in the Champs-Elysées. I recollect telling him how much I disliked a crowd, to which he replied :—

" It is the only day on which the poor people can enjoy themselves, and they have as much right to do so as the rich. I am always so delighted to see the poor creatures happy." One day, a beggar came up to him and asked for some coppers, upon which he said to him :—

" *Mon cher ami, c'est défendu de mendier, mais voici un franc ; ne le faites plus.*"

I called one day with my father at an hôtel in the Champs-Elysées. As the lady we had come to see happened to be out, we were asked to wait in a salon, where an English lady sat, reading. My father made some casual remark about its being fine weather to be out of doors, to which the lady answered that she had only just arrived in Paris and intended to have a rest. My father then said that he supposed she would go out the next day.

" No," was the answer. " I told you, I have come here for a rest."

He asked how long she intended resting, when she replied : " Six months."

My father was so astonished at this reply that he was quite

unable to refrain from laughing, which rather annoyed the lady. On our leaving the hôtel soon afterwards, he said to me :

" That old woman is mad with her rest, and to come to Paris, of all places, to have it. She must be out of her mind."

I frequently went to the galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg, and always had a great liking for Greuze's paintings, particularly the *Cruche Cassée* and *l'Accordée du Village*. The former I have often seen in engravings by Masard and other engravers, but no reproduction has ever come up to the beautiful face of the original. There is always *quelque chose à désirer* in the copies, and even in the photographs from the picture itself ; it is something in the expression, and not alone in the colouring.

At the time of which I am speaking, there was a Spaniard in Paris, a friend of some acquaintances of ours, who built a large hôtel and a theatre for himself attached to it. The former was heated to a certain temperature, and his doctor called upon him every day, receiving a napoleon for each visit, and on certain fête days a hundred francs. The doctor used merely to feel his patient's pulse, when he was not ill. This Spaniard had two lady friends, a brunette and a blonde, each of whom was in the habit of spending certain fixed days in the week with him. Notwithstanding the very regular life he led, he did not attain the age of forty, but died of fever almost suddenly. He was an immensely wealthy man, but of a very nervous temperament. During the winter he never went out of doors, from fear of taking cold.

Lord Lyons, who was then British Ambassador in Paris, was celebrated for two things particularly, apart from his diplomatic capabilities : his horses and the excellent dinners he gave. An old Englishman, of over seventy, with whom we were well acquainted, used to look forward to dining at the British Embassy for weeks in advance. But his wife said she positively dreaded his going there, as he was invariably laid up for a fortnight after partaking of one of these too-appetizing banquets.

Our Appartement in the Rue d'Albe

In the following summer, my parents left the Avenue d'Antin and lived for a time in the Avenue Joséphine, until an *appartement* which my mother had taken unfurnished in the Rue d'Albe, in the Champs-Elysées, had been got ready for us. I recollect she ordered the furniture from the celebrated Maison Krieger, in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. The salon was furnished in Louis Quinze style, with some tiny chairs with gilt backs and the seats in satin with designs of various birds of gorgeous plumage in different colours, all worked in silk by hand. The sides of the fauteuils were of gilt, while the backs and the seats were all in Aubusson tapestry, representing roses on a white foundation. The sofa was in Aubusson to match the fauteuils, the curtains as well. The carpet, which covered the middle of the room only, as the floor was a parquet, was a lovely design with a white foundation, the edges of which and the centre represented clusters of red and pink roses. The carpet was in Aubusson tapestry, and rather a small one, though my mother had paid 7,500 frañcs for it. Dr. Bishop, brother-in-law of the late Lord Iddesleigh, declared that the carpet was so lovely that he was really afraid to walk on it. He was a very tall, stout man, and he always sat on the delicate chairs in preference to the others. This made my mother feel very uneasy, less because she feared that the chair might get broken than because she was afraid that he might have a severe fall. The tables in the salon were Louis Quinze style, in marqueterie, all inlaid with tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl in Boule style, and on the chimney-piece stood a clock and various figures and lamps in old Sèvres porcelain. The walls were white, with gold decorations, and were adorned with numerous mirrors. I asked my mother to have my bedroom furnished in yellow and black satin, which she had done. I was extremely fond of the Austrian national colours, and, besides, they were the same as those of a room which I had occupied some little time before when on a visit to Mrs. Reynolds, formerly Miss Lethbridge, at Poundsford Park, near Taunton.

As I was about to go to Eton, my mother was anxious that

I should have the correct Eton collar. No one in Paris knew what it was like, so Lady Caroline Murray sent her the pattern of a collar worn by one of the twin brothers Lambton, who were both then at Eton. The elder is now Earl of Durham. The Eton jacket was also a bit of a puzzle, and, though I had it made as near the correct thing as possible, I found, when I got to Eton, that, to be quite in the mode, I must get my jackets made by Manley, of Windsor. This I did all the time I was at Eton, as well as other clothes I wore there.

Aged 9.

Aged 14.

Aged 16.

The Author.

[*To face p.* 62.

CHAPTER VI

I go to Eton—New Boy Baiting—My House Master—Mr. James's "Jokes"—My Room at Eton — Some Eton Masters — A Disorderly Form — Lacaita's Silk Hat—"Billy" Portman

THERE was a certain *cachet* attached to an Etonian in those days which I have not found with boys of any other school, assuredly not in England. I may almost say not in Europe, except, perhaps, with those of the Theresianum, in Vienna. I might almost repeat what the well-known German Socialist, Ferdinand Lassalle, wrote to a Russian lady, in comparing the German women of the middle class with those of the aristocracy, which latter class might stand for Etonians of those days in comparison with boys of other schools: "The women have not that aroma of amiability, that *cachet* of good manners, which is indispensable for every woman who has lived in aristocratic circles. There are certainly exceptions, but they are very rare."

In the autumn of 1866 my father took me to Windsor, where we put up at the White Hart Hotel. Then we walked to Eton and entered the first master's house we came to, that of the Rev. C. C. James. It stood near the wall of a cemetery, which some of the rooms overlooked. My father informed the master that he had come to place me at the school, but really did not know one house from another, and that, if Mr. James would care to take me into his house, he would be very glad to leave me in his charge. Mr. James replied that it was unusual for him to take a boy of whom he knew nothing, without having his name entered beforehand, or without some recommendation. But whether it was that my father contrived to talk him over, or that he thought he would run the risk of my turning out a bad bargain, after Mr. James had

asked my age and where I had been to school, it was decided that I should stay at his house. My father, I think, was the most pleased, for, from what Mr. James had said, he had been anticipating some difficulty in finding a house for me at all, as at certain masters' houses a boy's name had to be entered years beforehand. But my father generally trusted to chance in everything, and what seemed impossible to most people was for him often an easy matter.

Mr. James showed us over the boys' rooms, and, though I should have much preferred having one looking out on Windsor, with a fine view of the Castle, I had to be content with the end room in the front of the house, which had a view of the college chapel, and was quite close to the cemetery. My father told him that he did not think I was afraid of ghosts, when Mr. James told him that the cemetery was of very ancient date, and no longer used for burial purposes. He then showed us the beds, which were closed up in the daytime, in such a way as to present the appearance of cupboards, and said that he would get me a bureau similar to that which every boy had there.

My father soon took his departure and went back to the "White Hart," upon which I was handed over to the housekeeper, who invited me to sit in her room, and gave me some tea. I remained there until the evening, when some of the boys began to arrive. As might be expected, I was far from being at ease, and felt like someone entering on a new existence, in a completely different world from the one in which he had lived. The housekeeper inquired whether I did not know some of the boys at James's, and told me their names. To which I replied that I did not know even one of them, though I knew some boys at other houses. At what houses they were, however, I could not say. She said that the boys I mentioned were higher in the school than I was likely to be placed, and that they would not condescend to speak to so humble a person as myself, and that I must make acquaintances of my own age, which I would soon do.

I had not long to wait before some of the boys arrived, and presently came into the housekeeper's room. But I do not

recollect one of them speaking to me then, and shortly afterwards I set out for Windsor, as my father had got permission for me to dine with him at the "White Hart," before he left for London, on his way back to Paris.

When I returned to James's alone, I went into the housekeeper's room, in which I found several boys, who regarded me with a curiosity which I found decidedly embarrassing. The first who spoke to me was a very nice-looking boy of sixteen, named Gaskell, who was in the Remove. He asked me my name, and whether I thought I should pass into the Fourth Form. I replied that I did not feel at all sure of doing so. At that moment another new boy, named Temple, with fair hair and a very plain face, entered the room, to whom Gaskell put the same questions as he had to me. Temple did not appear over-burdened by modesty, and had no doubt whatever about passing into the Fourth Form.

"Of course I shall," he declared confidently, putting his hands in his trousers pockets and looking very important.

Suddenly some other boys came in.

"Here are some new fellows," said Gaskell.

"What are they like?" asked the others. "Let's have a look at them."

"This chap here—Temple his name is—seems devilish confident about himself; expects to get into the Fourth Form at once."

"I say," exclaimed a fair, good-looking boy, who was bigger than Gaskell and taller, and whose name was John H. Locke, "so you expect to pass easily? Where do you come from?"

"From London," replied Temple, colouring slightly.

"From what school?"

"I was educated at home by a tutor."

"Indeed! Well, you give yourself airs of importance that won't do here, I can tell you. We'll soon knock them out of you."

Temple put his hands in his trousers pockets and shrugged his shoulders, while his not very prepossessing countenance assumed an expression that was almost diabolical.

" You look like the devil," said Locke, laughing.

" So he does," exclaimed some of the others ; and one boy added :—

" I say, Satan, what an ugly mug you have ! "

Temple darted a glance of withering scorn at the speaker, but could not trust himself to reply.

" That's a good name for him," remarked Locke. " Mug, I say, Mug, mind you pass your exam. well, and don't look so fiendish when one speaks to you, for it won't pay."

Saying which he took his departure, leaving Temple to digest the advice he had given.

The exam. came off in due course, when Temple failed to qualify for the Fourth Form, and was put into the Lower School ; while I passed into the Lower Fourth, which was more than I expected to do. All the boys at James's were pleased, for they had taken a great dislike to Temple. The latter, however, was not in the least disheartened at not taking the Fourth Form, but put his hands in his pockets, shrugged his shoulders, and looked at the other boys as contemptuously as before. He was at once given to Alexander, the Captain of the Oppidans, as a fag, while I was allotted to Locke. Alexander never spoke to Lower boys, except to fag them, so Temple had merely to do what he was told. I had a very easy time of it with Locke, who had other fags besides. Sometimes Locke would ask me to sit down in his room and talk to him, when he would often give me fruit and bonbons. He was about eighteen, in the Sixth Form, and rowed in the *Monarch ;* but C. R. Alexander was Captain of the House and Head of the School, or what is termed Captain of the Oppidans, to distinguish him from the Captain of the Collegers, nicknamed Tugs, who are boys on the foundation and obliged always to wear a gown.

A boy named James Doyne, who became a great friend of mine, messed with me, that is to say, we took our breakfast and tea together in his room, as it was larger than mine. I often did his French lessons for him out of school, and helped him with others, as he was in the Lower School. Sometimes, he bought beefsteaks for breakfast, and I would

cook them downstairs while he was in school, as he was often kept behind by his master. So occasionally, when I happened to be very hungry, I would not only eat my own steak, but a part of his as well, which used to make him very angry.

Doyne told me once that his father knew a gentleman who, on being introduced to another, said :—

" You are the son of a tailor, I believe, are you not ? "

" Yes," was the reply, " and I will take your measure."

The tailor's son never rested until he had ruined the other.

It seems a great pity that duelling is not allowed in England, as it would oblige some men in this country to mend their manners, even if the duel were restricted to the use of the *épée* alone, and were to cease at the first sign of blood. Anyway, it would be better than the senseless actions for libel, which cost a great deal of money, and are quite unknown in other civilized countries.

I had very little to do with my tutor, Mr. James, being up to another master in school. He was a Mr. Luxmoore, a young, rather good-looking and very pleasant man. My tutor only took the Fifth Form pupils of his own division, but at times he would see how the boys in his house were progressing in their studies. Mr. James was a rather tall and thin man, about thirty-seven, with a long, fair, almost reddish beard and no moustache. His eyes were blue, and he had a habit of looking away from people while he talked, and when he became nervous he used to stammer, but not very perceptibly. Although he could not be called handsome, he was by no means bad-looking, having a very pleasant expression and beautiful teeth.

We had to be in school at 7 a.m. in the summer, and 7.30 a.m. in the winter, and the lesson lasted an hour. Then we went back to our rooms for breakfast, or, rather, had to go to our fagmaster and cook his breakfast first. But Locke hardly ever required this service of me, as he generally made another of his fags do it for him. At 9.15 we all had to attend Chapel, which lasted half an hour. Then school again till 10.30, and from 11.15 till 12. The two hours after this were called, " after twelve," which one

usually spent in one's tutor's pupil-room. Dinner was at 2 p.m., then school again from 2.45 till 3.30, and then from 5 to 6. After this the boys were free till the time for "lock-up," which changes with the time of year. In the summer it was at 8.45. A half-holiday was just the same until dinner, but in the afternoon "absence" was called at 3 p.m. in the winter and at 6 p.m. in the summer. "Absence" is a call-over of the names, which takes place in the school yard. Its object was to prevent boys from going too far away, and ensuring that they should be back in time for "lock-up." When a master did not come for "absence," it was termed a "call"; and the boys only waited five or six minutes for him.

In addition to the work done in school and pupil-room, we had work to do in our own rooms, especially on a Sunday, when we had Sunday Questions to write out. The half-holidays were on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and on Sundays, besides attending Chapel, we had the Sunday Questions to answer. This usually occupied us several hours.

There was a boy at James's who was then in the Remove, called Craven, a tall, dark, good-looking fellow, who dressed well and had an umbrella with a death's-head handle carved in ivory, which he never opened, even when it poured with rain, from fear that he would not be able to fold it again so neatly as it was then done up. He always wore the most expensive silk hats he could buy, and habitually scented himself with patchouli. One rainy day, when all James's Lower boys were in his pupil-room, in the house, Mr. James called up Craven, and said to him:—

"Craven, why don't you sign your name in full: Fulwar John Colquilt Craven?"

"I do, sir," answered Craven.

"But you don't—merely Fulwar Craven. Don't you own the John Colquilt?"

All the boys began to titter, and Craven laughed and said:—

"I suppose I don't, sir."

Mr. James's " Jokes "

" Why do you stupid boys giggle ? " exclaimed Mr. James. " There is nothing to laugh at because Craven won't own his name, John Colquilt, which is a very nice one."

The boys went on laughing all the more, at which the master was furious, and cried :

" I will make you all write out a book of the *Iliad* if you don't stop giggling at once."

This threat had the desired effect, and gravity was restored ; but it did not last very long. A good-looking boy named Ady, who was at Miss Evans's Dame's house, but was a pupil of my tutor, and who wore a lot of gold charms on his watch-chain, came up to Mr. James to ask some questions, when the latter said :—

" Ady, I wonder you don't wear bracelets with all those jingling things ; you are more like a girl."

Thereupon all the boys began to titter again, while Ady blushed, but did not make any reply. On returning to his seat, however, he put out his tongue at Mr. James, who happened to be looking in another direction, and then smiled, when the boys began to laugh with a vengeance.

" Stop that laughter," screamed the exasperated master, his eyes sparkling with wrath, " or I'll have all of you swished in turn. I won't stand this nonsense any longer. First of all with Craven, who is scented like a fast lady, and then with Ady, who is covered with jewellery like another ; I might just as well keep a girls' school."

The giggling now became downright laughter, which the boys were quite unable to restrain. At last, Mr. James began to see that he had made a joke, which flattered his vanity, so he smiled, and said :—

" Yes, even the boys are laughing at you both."

This was too much for his audience, who roared with laughter, until, after a while, the master said :—

" Now, I think, we have laughed enough ; I hope it will be a lesson to them both."

Craven and Ady nearly split their sides with laughing, as well as the others.

" I see I can do nothing with you to-day," remarked

Mr. James, "these laughing moods are very distressing; it upsets the whole of the lessons. I must be more serious with you, and not permit myself even a joke. I see it plainly more and more every time."

At last the merriment subsided, but presently some of the boys began laughing again.

"What is the joke now?" exclaimed the master. "Tell me, for I should like to know. I can see nothing whatever to laugh at now."

"Please, sir," answered Craven, "you make a joke, and you won't even allow us to laugh at it."

"Oh, well! if it is that that you are laughing at, I suppose it is all right," said Mr. James, who was gradually regaining his good-humour, and presently the boys were dismissed. Afterwards there was great fun made at his expense, Craven and Ady being highly amused.

Mr. James was nicknamed "Stiggins" by the boys who had been with him at Eton, and, although unpopular out of his house, he was not so in it. There were much more disagreeable tutors at Eton at the time of which I am speaking, some of them perfect horrors. Mr. James was a good-hearted man, and was very kind at times, though he was very brusque in his manner, and in the habit of speaking his mind without the least reservation. He had no particular favourites, but, on the other hand, he did not take any violent dislikes, and was just enough, apart from occasional sallies against certain boys. These he indulged in under the impression that he was being witty, and not infrequently the jokes he made were at his own expense. He had a good memory and could recite innumerable verses from Greek and Latin poets, but he was a poor orator. He was a good chess-player, and often played with the boys, giving them a queen and sometimes a rook as well, and generally beating them. Sometimes he played with another master, Mr. Wayte, a middle-aged man, with a grey beard, who could play twenty-five games of chess at the same time blindfolded, and win most of them. Mr. James once beat Mr. Wayte, after which he would never play

with him again, wishing to be able to say that the last time he played with him he had succeeded in gaining the victory. I often played chess with my tutor, on which occasions he usually gave me a queen. Sometimes I managed to beat him, and once when I had been successful, he said to me :—

" You have beaten me, and I have beaten Wayte, who is one of the finest players in Europe. So, in winning the game to-day, you have something to be proud of."

We always tried to make our rooms at James's as comfortable as possible. I had a fancy at that time for pictures of horses, and bought a set of steeplechase ones, by Alken, printed in colours and published by Ackermann. I had also a picture of Hermit, the Derby winner of 1865, by Harry Hall, which was also printed in colours. In the summer, like the other boys, I had geraniums and other flowers in a large green wooden box, which was made to cover the length of my window-sill. I spent, however, more of my time in Doyne's room, which was nearer the road, and farther away from the cemetery. It was a more cheerful room, containing several arm-chairs. Besides, we always messed together and took our meals there, and so I looked on the room almost as being my own. Alexander and Locke had two rooms each. The latter had quite a collection of silver cups, which he had won at Eton, and his sitting-room was decorated with numerous trophies of the Boats, arranged against the wall, from the light blue of the *Victory* and the dark blue of the *Monarch* to the cerise of the *Prince of Wales* and the blue of the *Britannia*. I can only remember entering Alexander's room once. It was also adorned with the colours of the Eleven and silver cups won at cricket and racquets, as he was Captain of the Eleven and President of " Pop." " Pop " is the name given to the Eton Society, to which only boys in the Sixth Form and the Upper Fifth can belong.

The occasion on which I entered Alexander's room was on a Sunday. He opened his door, and called : " Lower boy ! " and, as I happened to be on the landing, he said that he must send me to make a copy of his Sunday Ques-

tions, which were always written up outside St. George's Chapel at Windsor. It was a dreary walk, for, as it was Sunday afternoon, all the shops were, of course, closed. I made a copy of the Questions in pencil, and, on my return, left them in Alexander's room. At eleven o'clock that night, he came and woke me up, to ask if I could read some word I had copied, which I had to confess I could not. He went away, but returned to my room an hour later, and, waking me up again, said he thought he could make a guess at the word we had been unable to make out, and asked me if it were not correct. I then suddenly remembered that it was the right word, when he laughed and went out. This was the only time I was ever sent to copy out Sunday Questions, as Alexander always, as a rule, sent his own fags to do this, and Locke, whose fag I was, hardly ever gave me anything to do. I was, in consequence, very sorry when he left Eton, which he did very shortly afterwards for Trinity College, Cambridge. Alexander went up to King's.

One half I was up to a master called Austin Leigh, who was in the habit of speaking so softly that we could scarcely hear a word he said in school. So when he spoke, I always had to guess what he said. One day he asked me to construe a passage, which I did, when he corrected me, saying :—

"I told you what to say."

"Please, sir, I could not hear exactly."

"Are you deaf?"

"No, sir, but I did not hear exactly."

"Then, for not listening, you will please write out the lesson as a punishment. Do you hear now?"

"Yes, sir."

I hated being up to Austin Leigh, for I never could hear, as he always spoke in a whisper somewhat like the hissing of a serpent.

There was another master, who thought himself rather good-looking, as he had regular features; but he had yellowish hair, was inclined to baldness, and his figure was lanky and awkward. This master was fond of making very tame

jokes in school. If we laughed at them, it was all right, but the boys who ignored his jokes he punished. He insisted on calling Lord Edward Somerset by the name of Samson, but once when he called upon "Samson" to stand up, no one rose. He then turned to Lord Edward Somerset, and said :—

"Why did you not stand up when I told you to do so ?"

"Because you never told me, sir."

"I did ; your name is Samson, isn't it ?"

"No, sir ; it's Somerset."

"Well, anyhow, you knew that I meant you."

Somerset made no reply, and the master said :—

"For disobedience you will write me out this chapter of 'Xenophon !'"

"Very well, sir."

Among the numerous masters at Eton with whom I had little or nothing to do, those whom I remember best are : Mr. Stephen Hawtrey, who was a very agreeable man ; Mr. Hale, a mathematical master, nicknamed, on account of his whitish hair, "the Badger," who was also very pleasant ; the Rev. W. Dalton, another mathematical master, who had very full lips and a reddish face, and went by the *sobriquet* of "Piggy"; the Rev. Joynes, who had somewhat the appearance of a weasel, and had great difficulty in keeping his division in order ; Mr. Cornish, a fair-haired man, who was rather disagreeable at times ; and Mr. Cockshot, also a mathematical master, who was bright and pleasant. The Rev. Durnford, nicknamed "Judy," I only knew by sight, and the same was the case with Mr. Arthur James, my tutor's brother, who was an exceptionally pleasant man.

All the masters had some peculiarity, and it took some time to get used to their ways, as they were all so different from one another. Just, however, as a boy was beginning to understand a master the half came to an end, and, after the holidays, he would probably be sent up to quite a different kind of man. For each master took a separate division, and was promoted like the boys from one division to another.

The most popular master was the Rev. Edmund Warre,

afterwards Head Master and Provost of Eton. He was a good-looking, fair man, who wore spectacles, and, besides being one of the cleverest of the masters, was a very fine oar, and always superintended the coaching of the Eight. He used to try to interest the boys up to him in school in a subject, as Herr Kirchhofer did at Frankfurt. I remember once, during a lesson in geography, he said that Austria-Hungary was a nation which would one day break up, since it consisted of too many nationalities, the link between which was not sufficiently strong to be permanent. Upon another occasion, he recommended us to read "The Last of the Barons," by Lord Lytton, which he said was one of the best historical novels ever written, and I remember that some of us followed his advice.

There was a good deal of jealousy amongst certain masters, who did not pull together. Mr. Oscar Browning was unpopular with some of his colleagues, though he was very much liked by the boys at his house and those up to him in school. There can be little doubt that the dislike entertained by certain masters for Mr. Browning was due to jealousy, as he was cleverer than the majority of them, and he was certainly very witty, and at times rather sarcastic. I was up to him in school one half, and I think, on the whole, he was the pleasantest master I was ever up to, since he used to enliven the tedium of school hours by his witty remarks, occasionally making fun of some of us, but in such a nice, pleasant way, that we all enjoyed the joke, even those who were the cause of the merriment. It was almost impossible to be late for school with Mr. Browning, as he generally arrived late on the scene himself. Now and again, however, he reversed the usual order of things, and then those who had counted on his late arrival were caught and punished.

Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, the famous cricketer, was a master of the Lower School. My friend Jim Doyne was up to him, and said that he was very popular with the boys.

There was another master, Mr. St. John Thackeray, who had no authority whatever over the boys up to him in school,

who invariably made fun of him, and jeered at him all the time. I was up to him one half, when I found it quite impossible to learn anything, owing to the constant disturbance, which was quite overpowering. I used to come in late continually when up to Mr. Thackeray, as I knew it did not much matter. One day, however, he said to me :—

" You are half an hour late this morning ! "

" Please, sir, I overslept myself."

" But you always oversleep yourself."

" Please, sir, I couldn't help it ; I was so tired."

" What made you so tired . . . ? "

Here the other boys began to laugh, and someone said aloud :—

" He's always so slack."

" Which boy spoke ? " asked Mr. Thackeray angrily. A dead silence ensued.

" I *will* know which boy spoke just now. If the boy doesn't come forward at once, I shall punish all the division."

Upon this two or three boys said :—

" It was I, sir."

" Which of you was it ? " asked Mr. Thackeray.

" I, sir," sounded from different parts of the room.

" It's really too bad ; the whole division shall be punished then," said the master.

While he was occupied in making a note of this, a book was hurled across the room, at which there was great laughter. Mr. Thackeray was furious.

" I shall have to report the whole division for bad conduct if I don't know at once who threw that book," he cried.

" It was I," said one boy.

Then, a moment afterwards, another voice said :—

" It was I, sir."

" But it could not have been both of you. Which of you was it ? "

" Me, sir," said the first boy who had spoken.

" Then you will please write out the chapter we are reading "—then, correcting himself—" or, rather, which we ought to be reading."

For a few minutes the lesson proceeded quietly, though on the least pretext there would be shouts of laughter. Mr. Thackeray entirely forgot to punish the other boy and myself; only the one who had hurled the book was punished. Every day with Mr. Thackeray was similar to this one, sometimes more amusing, sometimes less so, but always very noisy indeed. He spoilt the boys for other masters, as, being accustomed to do as they liked with him, they would come late into school when they were up to others, who would send them up to be swished on a repetition of the offence. I was never swished at Eton during all the four years I was there.

The late Earl Grosvenor, who, when Viscount Belgrave, was at Eton with me, was a very good-looking boy, with fair hair, but he wore jackets that were sometimes too short for him, and it was the same with his trousers, as he had grown out of them. One day, when he sat in school on a form in front of me, during a lesson by Mr. Henry Tarver, the French master, a boy sitting next me, seeing Belgrave's shirt, which was plainly visible between his jacket and trousers, pulled it right out altogether. Belgrave turned round angrily, thinking at first that it was I who had taken this liberty with his shirt, when he saw that the culprit was a boy whom he knew well. Nevertheless, he was very confused and had great trouble in adjusting his protruding garment, as it was necessary to do it in such a way as not to attract the attention of Mr. Tarver, who would certainly have inquired into the matter and meted out condign punishment to the offender.

There is a French saying that small events often interest great minds. I hope that this may be so, in which event there will be some excuse for my mentioning this incident, which struck me at the time as being rather ludicrous, though I cannot say whether others may be of the same opinion. Lord Grosvenor, after he left Eton, was fond of driving an engine, and I am told that he often drove the train between London and Holyhead for pleasure.

His name reminds me of a good story that I once heard at

Eton about his grandfather, the Duke of Westminster. The latter, one day, was told by his groom of the chamber that the dress-coat that he wore was getting very shabby. The Duke asked to see it, and then told the man that he might order a new one for himself. "But," added the thrifty nobleman, "you may let me have this old coat; it will do quite well for me to wear." The Duke of Atholl, who was a first cousin of my grandfather, had also rather a contempt for dress, and my mother was told by the latter that, when an old man, he was often mistaken in the street for a beggar, and had pence offered him.

There was a boy named Lacaita at Eton, who, when he first came, wore a most extraordinary hat. The lower part was much broader than the upper, so that the hat was not unlike a loaf of sugar. I think he must have imported it from Italy. However, if I remember rightly, it was very speedily battered out of any shape at all, for it was an innovation which pleased none of the boys, who were only too ready to make a football of it, as they generally did of anything they happened to take a dislike to, and particularly a silk hat.

Doyne used frequently to invite boys from other houses to tea with us in his room. They were mostly those whom he knew "at home," that is to say, away from Eton, and who were friends of his people. The Hon. John FitzWilliam, who was in the same division as myself, often came, as he was a relative of his, as well as Lord Trafalgar, who was in the Lower School, and Lord Mandeville, who afterwards became Duke of Manchester. The last-named was a very good-looking boy, with very dark, curly hair; he was full of fun, and I liked him very much, though I only met him when he came to tea with us, as he was lower down in the school and at a different tutor's house from myself.

A boy named Charles Rice Hodgson, in the same division as I was, was my greatest friend at first. He was at Vidal's, a Dame's house. He was a very handsome boy, with rather fair hair and blue eyes, nearly perfect features, and a beautiful complexion. He used to dress very well and always

wore a button-hole—a rose or a carnation in summer—and usually scented himself. He was very clever and had a good deal of swagger, and was a favourite with the bigger boys at Vidal's, who often used to walk with him, which was strongly disapproved of by some of the masters. I often helped him out of a difficulty ; and sometimes, when he had not learned his lesson over night, I would prompt him in a low voice to construe it, as I always sat next to him in school. He left Eton very suddenly, at which I was quite distressed, as he had always been so much with me, and I liked him more than any other boy, and had been in his company the day before he left. A more charming boy than Hodgson I have never known ; but he was conceited about his looks, for he was one of the best-looking boys, if not the best-looking, at Eton in those days.

Another boy at the same Dame's house as Hodgson was Charles D. Robertson Williamson, who was considered to be the best-looking boy then at Eton. He was higher up in the school than I was, and, though his tutor, Mr. Johnson (Cory, the author of " Ionica "), liked him very much, some of the other masters did not approve of his putting on so much side and being so often with bigger boys. At Lord's, during the Eton and Harrow match, I happened quite accidentally to make the acquaintance of Williamson's aunt. She was only eighteen, and bore a most extraordinary resemblance to her nephew, with the same beautiful face, the same short upper lip, the same large, round, hazel eyes, the same beautifully shaped mouth, the same delicate nose, slightly, in fact almost imperceptibly, tilted, and the same brown hair ; and she was of the same height as he was. She spoke to me without knowing me at all, saying :—

" I want to keep my nephew with me a day or two longer. Do you think I can do so ? "

" You must ask his tutor ; no doubt he will allow you to do so," I answered, thinking that he could not possibly refuse her.

" Well, I will try."

With which, Williamson's aunt went off in search of Mr

Johnson, and presently returned, looking very pleased, and said : —

" Mr. Johnson has given the permission I wanted. I am so happy ! " And she clapped her hands together with delight.

I did not know Williamson to speak to before then, not being so high in the school as he was, and I met him for the first time when he came later in the day to meet his aunt in the Grand Stand at Lord's.

Once, when Doyne and I were driving in a hansom from Lord's after the Eton and Harrow match, he caught sight of the Hon. E. W. B. Portman, and said to me :—

" Do you mind giving Billy Portman a lift ? "

We made room for him between us, which was an easy enough matter in those days, though in years to come it would have been quite impossible, for he grew so stout that he weighed seventeen stone, and I rather fancy Jim Doyne was even heavier.

CHAPTER VII

An Amusing Incident—Lady Caroline Murray—An Anecdote of Queen Victoria—Lord Rossmore's Wager—The Match at the Wall—Practical Jokes—Some Boys at James's

BOYS at Eton rarely made friends outside their respective houses. Therefore, when Hodgson left, I spent most of my spare time with Doyne, who even then was very stout, and, though older than I, below me in the school. When he left Eton, my chief companion was a boy named Harry Gridley, with whom I messed for a short time, and with whom I often went for walks on a Sunday along the playing-fields by the river.

Gridley, who was in the Fifth Form, was a dark-haired boy, very kind and good-natured. He was in the Boats, and a capital oar, and rowed later in the *Monarch*, the ten-oared Upper boat. Sometimes I would go to Windsor with him to play billiards, notwithstanding that this was against the rules. One day, whilst we were playing, I, by way of a joke, began ordering him about and calling him "Peter," and then, to tease him, told him that some man who was in the room thought he was my fag. He flew into a rage, and, when the man had left the room, rushed at me and caught me by the throat, as though he would strangle me. However, we soon made friends again, but, strange to say, this nick-name of "Peter," which I had given him for the first time in the billiard-room at Windsor, always stuck to him, even in the 5th Lancers, which he joined later. He was very fond of reading, and one day took up "Adam Bede," by George Eliot; but he told me that he could not finish it, as the hero was a very ugly, red-haired man, and he disliked reading about ugly people. He quite set me against the book, for I never read it after he said this.

'Charles Balfour, at Eton with the Author.

[*To face p.* 80.

Miss Minnie Balfour, sister of Hilda, Lady de Clifford.

[*To face p.* 81.

An Amusing Incident

Alexander, the Captain of the Oppidans, was a very good-looking boy of eighteen; dark, with black, curly hair. His memory was quite extraordinary, and he could repeat the whole of the *Odyssey*, in the original Greek. Once he had read a book and mastered its contents, he never forgot it. Even Mr. James was astounded at Alexander's marvellous gift for remembering things. Locke was also clever, but in a different way from Alexander.

Some time after I went to Eton, my tutor got his cousin, Mrs. Bower, to look after the boys instead of the housekeeper, which was a pleasant change for us. She was about thirty-five and a very nice woman, and, having taken rather a fancy to me, used often to invite me to her room at five o'clock and give me tea and cake.

One day some friends of Doyne—a baronet and his three daughters—came from London to see him. As it was a Sunday, I did not get up until late, when I ran into Doyne's room, clad only in my night-shirt, and with my water-jug in my hand, to get some water to wash with. To my horror, I suddenly found myself confronted by three ladies, who, on catching sight of me, uttered a scream, and then, as I turned round and incontinently fled, burst into fits of laughter. Doyne told me afterwards that his friends were highly amused at this incident, and declared that they should never forget their visit to Eton.

A boy named Charles Balfour was my fag when I was in the Fifth Form. Doyne, who was still in the Lower School, found my having a fag very convenient, as the latter had to cook the steaks and chops for our breakfast. Balfour was a good-looking boy, and I liked him very much; but he could not bear doing anything for Doyne, as the latter was lower down in the school than he was. I met the late Charles Balfour, with his father and family, at Wiesbaden in after years. His sister Hilda, a very pretty girl, subsequently married Lord de Clifford.

With Balfour I met another old schoolfellow, Baldock, who was with his sister at Wiesbaden. He was twelfth man for the Eton Eleven one year, when I was there and Keeper

of "Sixpenny," and was a general favourite with the lower boys. Later on, in town, I recollect going to a ball at his house in Grosvenor Place. He was made a C.B. by King Edward VII., having served thirty-six years in the Yeomanry and reached the rank of colonel.

The present Lord Harris, G.C.S.I., the well-known cricketer, was in the Eton Eleven in my time and afterwards Captain of it. I can recollect him perfectly—a tall, fair-haired and remarkably handsome boy, with merry blue eyes, who always looked the picture of health. Amongst those who made their mark at cricket and football, and, at the same time, distinguished themselves in school, were the late Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, then the Hon. Sidney Herbert, who was a good-looking boy, with blue eyes and black hair, and the late Earl of Onslow. The latter was at one time in the same division as myself.

Sir Hubert Parry, so famous as a composer, was at Eton with me, but much higher up in the school than I was. He was at Vidal's, and a boy in his house told me that he played the violin beautifully. I can remember that he was a good football player, and that I thought him a very fine-looking fellow, but I only knew him by sight.

Craven, when in the Fifth Form, kept his fags dancing attendance on him all their spare time, and used to send them on long errands to Windsor. "Mug" was his fag for one half, and had a very lively time of it at first; but afterwards Craven treated him very much better. I was John Lister-Kaye's fag at one time, and found him more exacting than Locke, with whom I had had a very easy time; but he became a friend of mine when I was higher up in the school. "Mug" was his fag at the same time, and liked fagging for him very much, as he treated him very kindly. His younger brother, Cecil Lister-Kaye, was a friend of mine from the very first. Both brothers were very good-looking boys, with fair hair. The elder, afterwards Sir John Lister-Kaye, who rowed in the *Victory* at Eton, subsequently entered the "Blues." On one occasion, the Lister-Kayes and myself were invited to dine at Upton Park, with Mrs. Adair, a very

W. H. Onslow, aged 13, afterwards Lord Onslow.

[*To face p.* 82.

The Hon. Emily Cathcart, Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria.

[*To face p.* 85.

lovely woman, who, I recollect, was dressed in black velvet, which set off her superb figure and dazzling skin to great advantage. She was a granddaughter of the Duchess of Roxburghe and a great friend of my cousin, the Hon. Emily Cathcart, maid-of-honour to Queen Victoria.

One day, the Hon. Charles Finch, afterwards Earl of Aylesford, who was in the same division as myself, told me that he had stopped my cousin while she was walking with a lady in Eton, and that a few days later, when he happened to meet her again, she said to him :—

" I have a bone to pick with you. Do you know whom you kept waiting when you spoke to me the other day ? It was the Princess Louise (afterwards Duchess of Argyll) ! " The Earl of Aylesford, like myself, was a cousin of Emily Cathcart.

While at Eton, I used occasionally to spend the day with my great-aunt, Lady Georgiana Cathcart. She lived near Ascot, and once when I was driving with her and her daughter we called on the Ladies Murray, who had a fine house in the neighbourhood, and Lady Caroline told us that if we had come some minutes earlier, we should have met Queen Victoria, who had lunched with them in quite an informal way, saying :—

" Give me what you have ready, nothing else."

Lady Caroline told me that, owing to bearing the same name, she had frequently been mistaken for my mother's aunt at Richmond, who had recently died. She showed me an oak-tree which her brother, the Earl of Mansfield, had planted in his garden the last time he had come to see her. In her younger days, she had been lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Kent, at which time she was considered a great beauty.

One day, when I was dining at Ascot, I met my cousin Emily, who was wearing a lovely dress of violet velvet, trimmed with white lace, and said :—

" Her Majesty said I was not to wear this dress at Court, and I have only worn it once before, although it cost me a good deal of money."

Queen Victoria, it seems, would often take a dislike to some dress worn by one of her maids-of-honour.

I frequently went to Windsor Castle to see my cousin. On one occasion, I mistook the room, and had to wait for some time in a drawing-room. Presently, a lady came in, who was very charming in her manner towards me, and had some tea and muffins brought to me by a man-servant in the scarlet livery of the Palace. This lady I afterwards learned was the Countess of Erroll. Once, when I called at the Castle I was received by the Hon. Harriet Phipps, who told me that my cousin had left Windsor and that she had taken her place in waiting. She invited me to have some tea, which was brought in in a solid silver teapot, and served in very fine porcelain cups, on both of which was the Royal crown, and was very kind and amiable.

One day, my cousin Emily asked me to bring the late Lord Alexander Kennedy, son of the Marquis of Ailsa, who was in my division at Eton, to the Castle to tea, which I did. He and I smoked cigarettes in her room, and, when we heard her coming, threw them out of the window. However, she smelt the smoke and said :—

"I hope you have not thrown the cigarettes out of the window, for 'H.M.' is coming this way, and I shall get into trouble if she sees them."

We tried to calm her, but she appeared to be rather annoyed at the time.

Emily Cathcart was very good-looking, with dark eyes and black hair and a fine figure. In her general appearance, she always reminded me very much of the late Empress of Austria. Her manner was charming, and she was always very amiable, and had so pleasant a smile that it seemed as though it would be impossible for her to be angry with anyone. I remember her telling me once that at Windsor she rarely ever spoke English, having to receive so many foreign guests for Her Majesty. On the occasion that Kennedy and I went there, we saw the Duc d'Aumale walking away from the Castle as we arrived.

Queen Victoria liked to be read to by her maids-of-honour,

which was sometimes a very trying experience for them, particularly by night. A boy at Eton was one of her pages-of-honour, and, as he was late in coming out of school one day that his services were required, he did not stop to wash his hands, but hurried off to the Castle, in order to be in time for some ceremony. Afterwards, the train which he had to hold was found to have dirty spots on it, so he was immediately dismissed from his office by Her Majesty. This story was told me by Mr. James.

My mother told me that Queen Victoria was once lunching at the house of the Duke of Sussex, and, on being asked if the mutton cutlets were to her liking, replied carelessly :—

"Oh ! the chops are not bad." She also related that once, in her younger days, the Queen was visiting the country-seat of a certain nobleman, where everything imaginable in and out of season had been procured for Her Majesty's delectation, no matter at what cost. However, on the Queen being asked what she would be pleased to take, to the horror and amazement of her host, she named the only thing which was not in the house, and which there was no possibility of procuring. It was whispered that the Queen had asked for this particular *plat*, which was one of a simple but unusual kind, purposely, as she appeared to be amused at the consternation her request had aroused.

Just after I left Eton, Emily invited me to the Haymarket Theatre, telling me to inquire for the Queen's box. I arrived, and was duly ushered into the Royal box, which, however, was untenanted. So I sat there in solitary state, to the no small curiosity of the audience, who perhaps imagined that I must be some quite important person, until presently my cousin arrived, accompanied by a very handsome and exquisitely dressed woman, who, I learned, was Lady Churchill. The latter, who was lady-in-waiting to the Queen, was most fascinating, and had all the distinction of a *très grande dame*. She was most kind and gracious to me, even going out of her way to draw me out, so that I was soon quite at my ease in her company.

In winter, if we happened to have a frost hard enough to

make Virginia Water safe for skaters, we used to be taken there by Mr. James to skate and play hockey on the ice, a game in which my tutor always took part himself. Windsor Steeplechases were an event always looked forward to by the boys, for, though we were forbidden to go to them, we went all the same. Sometimes we would be attacked by roughs, who tried to prevent us crossing certain ditches to get to the race-course, and on one occasion a man tried to stop me. But I pushed him aside, managed to jump a ditch, and got safely to the course. Windsor Fair was at one time forbidden to the boys, but this did not prevent them all going there. I went once with Craven and saw a circus without paying anything, the man at the entrance having overlooked us as we rushed in. Afterwards, Mr. James happened to mention the Fair, when we all laughed and began to talk about the different shows we had seen. The master took it in good part, merely remarking :—

" It's lucky for you I did not catch you there."

The Christopher Inn at Eton was also out of bounds, but at times some of the big boys would invite the smaller ones there. If, however, one of the masters happened to catch sight of them coming out, there would be the devil to pay. I don't remember ever going to the " Christopher," though I did most things that were forbidden.

The elder son of General Sir John Douglas, Captain Niel Douglas, who was an Old Etonian and an officer in the Scots Guards, then stationed at Windsor, invited me to lunch at the barracks, where I was introduced to Lord Mark Innes-Ker, who used to ride his own horses in the Windsor Steeplechases. I enjoyed my lunch very much, as it was quite a novelty for me. Eton boys were often invited to the barracks to lunch with officers of the Household Brigade whom they knew, as so many Old Etonians went into the Guards. I remember Blane, who was a pupil of my tutor, once coming down to Eton just after he had left the school, and telling me that he was about to join the Scots Guards, who were then stationed at Windsor. Lord Rossmore, whom I knew very well at Eton, entered the 1st Life Guards,

and was killed riding in a steeplechase over the Windsor course in 1874. By a singular coincidence he had fallen at the same jump, while riding the same horse, the previous year. Rossmore, who was in the same division with me, was very popular at Eton. He was perpetually playing practical jokes, and I can recollect that on one occasion he made a bet that he would drive a trap through Eton. He won it, too, by driving through the town on a cart, disguised as a waterman, so that the masters did not recognize him. If one of them had happened to penetrate his disguise, he would perhaps have been expelled.

Gridley and I once went for a bicycle ride in the country, and, happening to be seen, were sent up to the Head Master, Dr. Hornby, who said :—

" It is too grave an offence for me to swish you, so each of you must write out a book of the *Iliad*, with accents, stops and breathings."

Fortunately for us, Mrs. Bower made Mr. James persuade the Head Master to let us off when we had done a quarter of the work.

When I first went to Eton, the Head Master was Dr. Balston, a very handsome, stately and severe-looking man, whom the masters and boys liked—at a distance. When Dr. Hornby succeeded him, it was feared that he would introduce a great many reforms, which the masters dreaded as much as the boys ; but these apprehensions proved to be groundless. While I was at Eton, Dr. Hornby was very much liked by the boys ; but I cannot say that his popularity extended to his colleagues, some of whom, I know, regarded him with far from friendly feelings.

There was a " sock "-shop, called Brown's, near James's house in those days, where excellent buttered buns were sold. An Old Etonian, Theobald, Viscount Dillon, told me that, on his return to Eton when past sixty, he tried the buns again, and exclaimed :—

" Goodness ! how these buns have altered ; they aren't half as good as they used to be ! " Then, looking round at the boys, who seemed to be enjoying them just as much as

he and his contemporaries had done in days of yore, he added regretfully :—

"After all, it isn't the buns that have altered. It is simply that I have lost my taste for them."

I used often to go to Brown's, generally of a morning, to eat a buttered bun, which I enjoyed immensely. There was another "sock"-shop, called Webber's, where in summer we used to indulge in strawberry messes. Marmalade was in favour with most of us for breakfast, and I recollect how Craven used always to send for eighteenpenny pots at a time, saying that the others were too small for his appetite.

One Fourth of June my father came down to Eton, and asked at my tutor's for Charles Douglas, the younger son of General Sir John Douglas, and William Kinglake, who was in a different house and whom I did not then know. We all walked down to the river to see the boats. It was a very pretty sight, and prettier still in the evening, when the fireworks began. I saw several lovely young girls, beautifully dressed, drinking champagne with their brothers, and envied the latter having such pretty sisters. William Kinglake was a nephew of the author of "Eöthen," who was a first cousin of my father. He was in the Boats the following year, but died soon after he left Eton. Charles Douglas, after leaving Eton, joined his father's old regiment, the 79th Highlanders, but soon retired from the Service, while still a lieutenant.

I passed my "exam." in swimming before Mr. Warre at my first try, and often went on the river. But I was a "dry bob," and generally preferred playing cricket in "Sixpenny," some of the fields by the river, which in winter were used for football matches. Doyne never went on the river, since, as he was not allowed to bathe, he could not pass the necessary "exam.," and so was forcibly a "dry bob." At James's, only Alexander and one or two others were "dry bobs," and, as the house was a small one, we had no cricket eleven, like other houses. James's football colours were a combination of reds of different shades with violet and black, which were not by any means pretty colours.

Yonge's were red and black; Day's, black and white; Evans's, scarlet with a black skull and cross-bones; Warre's, a combination of red, yellow and other colours; and Vidal's, yellow and black. The well-known cricketer, C. I. Thornton, was at Vidal's, and was a great friend of Williamson, while the latter was there. Thornton was a tremendously hard hitter at cricket, and I can remember many of his wonderful hits beyond the ropes when he was playing for Eton against Harrow at Lord's. The colours of the Second Eleven or Twenty-two at cricket were blue and black; the Eton Eleven, of course, wore light blue, as did the Eton Eight.

On St. Andrew's Day a football match—the game at the Wall—was played between Oppidans and Collegers, in which the latter were generally successful, so far as I can recollect. This match always drew a large crowd, but, for a spectator, I cannot imagine anything more tedious to watch, unless he be interested in the final result, and even then he must be gifted with an uncommon stock of patience to be able to watch it from start to finish. For those engaged in it it is, of course, different, as some players prefer the wall to the field game, and I have heard that it affords them more excitement, besides being a far greater strain on the nerves and muscles. A lady who would enjoy watching the game at the Wall would in all probability find pleasure in a Spanish bull-fight, though both would be distasteful to a really nervous, sensitive girl. A young Spanish lady once told me at Seville that to look at a girl performing on the trapeze made her feel faint, whereas she never failed to attend a bull-fight on a Sunday, in which she took a keener pleasure than in any other form of amusement. This shows how strangely one's nerves are constituted, and that this kind of thing is, after all, merely a matter of habit.

In the summer, Mr. James would often take us with Mrs. Bower on the river, when we would bring our dinner with us, and would often go as far as Monkey Island, or even to Maidenhead, returning at night by moonlight. We all rowed in turn and had dinner in the beautiful woods of Cliveden, which was at that time the property of the Duke

of Sutherland, but now belongs to Lord Astor, whose father subsequently bought the estate. The late Duke of Sutherland, who was then the Marquis of Stafford, was with me at Eton, but higher up in the school, and I can remember him very well. He was a good-looking boy with fair hair.

Lord Astor (formerly Mr. Waldorf Astor), the present owner of Cliveden, was at Eton also, though very many years after my time, where he was Captain of the Boats, and gained the Prince Consort's Prize for French one year. His father belonged to one of the best families in the United States, and the son became a naturalized Englishman.

These river excursions were most enjoyable, and, when coming home, we sang songs in chorus, which sounded well in the stillness of the summer night. I was nearly always taken by Mr. James, as I was one of Mrs. Bower's favourites, and she insisted on my being invited. A boy named H. B. Walker, who was then high up in the school, was also generally one of the party. Walker was very amusing, and used to chaff me to annoy Mrs. Bower, but all in jest, as we were very good friends. Mr. James was very pleasant during these outings, and would sometimes indulge his propensity for making jokes, which at times the boys would appreciate, though at others they found the wit a trifle strained. One day, Walker said :—

" That joke you made I think I could improve upon, sir."

" I did not mean it for one ; you always see a joke where I cannot see anything," replied Mr. James.

" Charles, you know you meant it for a joke," exclaimed Mrs. Bower.

" Well, if I did, I apologize," said her cousin, laughing ; " but you boys always appreciate my jokes better in school hours."

" Because there is generally more point in them, sir," remarked Walker.

" But the best of it is I never can see any joke in some of the things I say which provoke fits of laughter, and that always annoys me considerably."

" It's quite a habit of yours, Charles, to make these

Henry Hooker Walker, at Eton with the Author.

[*To face p.* 90.

The Hon. J. W. Lowther, present Speaker of the House of Commons.

[*To face p.* 91.

jokes," said Mrs. Bower; "I confess I don't care for them at any time."

"Ladies never do," retorted Mr. James.

And he laughed and looked very pleased at his remark, to which Mrs. Bower vouchsafed no reply.

Another boy who often went on these river excursions was a nephew of Mrs. Bower, named Holdsworth. He was a fine-looking fellow, older than I was and much higher up in the school. He was a very good oar, rowing in the *Victory* and also in the Eight; but he over-exerted himself in the latter and died shortly after leaving Eton. His father was a wealthy man, and his mother was called at one time the "Pocket Venus." He had a sister, a pretty, fair-haired girl, who in after years married the late Sir James Dimsdale, Lord Mayor of London, who was also an Etonian.

Walker also died shortly after leaving school, when he was barely eighteen. He died of a brain disease at his mother's house in Palmeira Square, Brighton. I happened to be at Brighton a few weeks before, and he came to see me.

One First of April, at Eton, I delivered a message to Walker, which was supposed to have come from Lord Rossmore, asking him to lunch at the "Christopher" at one o'clock. Rossmore, who had been very friendly with Walker at school, had lately joined the 1st Life Guards, who were stationed at Windsor Barracks, and often invited Walker there And so the latter, suspecting nothing, went to the "Christopher," and waited there for some time for Rossmore, with the result that he was not only disappointed of his expected lunch, but missed his dinner at James's. He was very angry with me at the time, but he often laughed afterwards at this practical joke.

I also wrote a note to a boy named Lewin C. Cholmeley, purporting to come from a person living in a street at the farther end of Windsor, where I had never been, to say that if he called there he would hear of something to his advantage. He, too, fell into the trap, went to the street mentioned, and hunted a long time for the house, but was unable to find it, as there was no such number there. When he

got back to James's he found that dinner was over, and I don't think he ever quite forgave me for the joke I had played upon him; certainly he never forgot it. Cholmeley was lower in school than I was at that time. When in the Fifth Form, he was in the Boats. I heard that, after I left Eton, he fell out with my tutor one Fourth of June, and was one of those who nearly drowned him in Chalvey. This affair might have entailed serious consequences for Cholmeley, had not Mr. James forgiven him and interceded in his favour with the Head Master. Cholmeley is now a wealthy solicitor in London.

When I had nothing better to do of an evening, I often used to go to Leyton's, at Windsor, which was famous for its pastry, and where a good many Eton boys were always to be found. My companion on these occasions was usually Lord Edward Somerset, who was in my division. On leaving Eton, Lord Edward Somerset entered the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, from which he subsequently exchanged into the "Blues." He died soon after his marriage, while still quite young.

The German master at Eton was Herr Griebel, from whom I took private lessons at the same time as Count Bentinck. We read together Goethe's *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers* and Auerbach's *Das Landhaus am Rhein*. Herr Griebel told me that after he had been in England some time he forgot German entirely. Then he went back to Germany, and entirely forgot English. "But now," he added, "I shall never forget either language, as I am far too old." I was in the select one year for the Prince Consort's German Prize, and the year following next in marks to the boy who won it. For the French Prize I was also rather high up in marks. Mr. Frank Tarver and his brother were the French masters at Eton then. One half the former got up a performance of Molière's *le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, which was acted by the boys and himself. Molière is said to have portrayed himself in *le Misanthrope*. It is well known that he used to read his comedies, first of all, to his old housekeeper, and when she smiled at certain passages, he felt sure that they would amuse the public also.

Gridley's younger brother, Reginald Gridley, after I had left Eton, rowed in the *Victory* and the Eight, and was a well-known oar at Cambridge, where he rowed for the University Eight against Oxford. Gridley himself, after holding a commission in the 5th Lancers and subsequently in the 78th Highlanders, was called to the Bar, but died soon afterwards. George Baird, who rowed in the Eight in 1873, was also at James's, and was my fag for a short time. When he was in the Fifth Form, Arthur Cavendish-Bentinck, now Duke of Portland, fagged for him. George Baird, after leaving Eton, joined the 16th Lancers, and is now a colonel. I saw a good deal of him at my tutor's, but all I remember about him is that he was a very nice fellow and that he messed with Blagrove. He had a cousin, Douglas Baird, who was also at James's. Craven, on leaving Eton, entered the Grenadier Guards, from which he retired as captain. He married soon afterwards, and died at twenty-two. Holdsworth messed with Thomas Wood, who was also in the Boats (the *Thetis*), and distinguished himself in school. I met him in after years at Aldershot, where he was in the Grenadier Guards, and I remember that he behaved very generously to Temple—"Mug," as we used to call him at Eton—when he was in bad health and poor circumstances, assisting him and seeing that he had the best medical advice in his illness, of which, however, he died when he was barely twenty years old.

Two other boys who were with me at James's were Percy Aylmer and Augustus Ralli. Aylmer, who was a very good-looking and exceedingly nice fellow, travelled with Colvin in after years, and now resides on his property in Durham. Ralli was a bright-looking boy, with very dark eyes, and was very popular in the house. Unhappily, he died of rheumatic fever at Eton in March 1872. There were, of course, many other boys at James's besides those whom I have mentioned, but I cannot now recall anything about them worth recording here. Doyne left Eton long before I did, and died of influenza some years ago in Ireland.

CHAPTER VIII

Athletic Sports at Eton—A "Scrap"—Lord Newlands—An Old Boy on Eton of To-day

HENLEY REGATTA was an event which was always eagerly looked forward to by us boys. I used to go there with Mr. James and Mrs. Bower and some of the boys in our house. Sometimes we went by river all the way; at others by rail. One year, while sitting in the Grand Stand, I overheard a conversation between a boy named Kirklinton-Saul and his mother. Said the latter:—

"I don't always expect to hear from you, my dear, but when you want money, be sure and write, won't you?"

To which request the young gentleman gave the answer which might be expected.

I could not help thinking at the time: "What a nice mamma! I wonder if there are many such mammas about?" The dinner at Henley used to consist of duck and green peas with beer, which the boys used to enjoy greatly; but there was such a crowd at the regatta, that there was always a tremendous scramble to get to the tables. Mr. James did not take dinner with him when we went to Henley, as it was so far from Eton. The toilettes of the ladies were very elaborate, though hardly equal to those one saw at the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's. Nevertheless, there were some very pretty dresses, and—what was still more important—some very pretty faces. For many young girls came with their mothers to see their friends and relatives compete for the Ladies' Plate, which

in those days Eton used to win year after year in succession.* The light blue of Eton was worn by the boys and by the pretty girls who accompanied them.

The Athletic Sports at Eton were always interesting to watch. The steeplechase course was a most severe one, some very big natural jumps having to be negotiated, ending with the brook, which was the biggest jump of all. H. M. Ridley was the fastest runner at Eton in my time.

I recollect one day having a try at the brook in the "field," which I succeeded in jumping. The late Lord Lonsdale and his brother, the present Earl, were standing some way off, and must have thought I could not do it, for the former shouted out when I landed safely on the further bank :—

"Well done, Black-eyed Susan!" *Black-eyed Susan*, I may mention, was the name of a popular burlesque, by Douglas Jerrold, which had a great run at that time at the Strand Theatre. One morning, before breakfast, I ran John Lister-Kaye one hundred yards for a bet of five shillings, he giving me five yards start, and managed to win, though he had felt very confident about beating me. I ran one year in the Hundred Yards for boys under sixteen at the Sports, and Holdsworth, who was acting as umpire, told me afterwards that I might have won it, had I not stopped a yard short, through mistaking the boundary line. He often

* During the four years I was at Eton, we won the "Ladies'" at Henley every time. The winning crews were composed as follows :—

1867 : W. D. Benson (captain), A. G. P. Lewis (stroke), T. McClintock-Bunbury, W. G. Calvert, J. H. Ridley, R. W. Morehouse, G. H. Woodhouse, J. E. Edwards-Moss, F. H. Elliot (cox).

1868 : T. McClintock-Bunbury (captain and stroke), W. C. Calvert, J. E. Edwards-Moss, F. A. Currey, J. Goldie (K.S.), F. Johnstone, J. W. McClintock-Bunbury, W. Farrer, F. E. Elliot (cox).

1869 : J. E. Edwards-Moss (captain), F. A. Currey, F. Johnstone, J. W. McClintock-Bunbury (stroke), F. C. Ricardo, J. S. Follett, F. E. H. Elliot, M. G. Farrer, W. C. Cartwright (cox).

1870 : F. A. Currey (captain), J. W. McClintock-Bunbury (stroke), F. C Ricardo, J. S. Follett, A. W. Mulholland, C. W. Benson, R. E. Naylor, A. C. Yarborough, W. C. Cartwright (cox).

asked me why I had done so, but the only reason I could give was that I was so short-sighted.

We had a play-room at James's, where we used to practise the high jump, and there were some boys who could clear a jump higher than themselves. In this room stood a large blackboard upon which all the names of the boys who had been at James's were carved, with the year they came and the year they left.

The cricket match between Eton and Winchester was played in alternate years at either school. When the match took place at Eton, the band of the Life Guards or the "Blues" would play on the ground, where there was always a large attendance of visitors, including a great number of ladies. But it was never so fine a sight as the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's. At one Winchester match I remember seeing Miss Evans (George Eliot), who had come as the guest of one of the masters, and whose presence created quite a sensation.

Once at Lord's, during the Eton and Harrow match, I was invited on to the drag of a friend of mine named C. N. Ridley, who was in my own division, where I had an excellent lunch, washed down by champagne. Ridley was a good-looking boy, with fair, curly hair and blue eyes, and his two sisters, who were exquisitely dressed on this occasion in light blue satin dresses with white lace, were considered remarkable beauties in London. They were quite young and very fair, like their brother, with the most lovely blue eyes of the shade of the myosotis. They might often be seen in the season riding in the Park, and were greatly admired by the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII., who invited them to Marlborough House. Unhappily, both these beautiful girls and their brother were consumptive, and I heard that they all three died of consumption not very long afterwards.

In those days, the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's was a far more pleasant function than it has since become. Only people interested in Eton or Harrow were there, and a good view of the game could easily be obtained. Now-

adays people go who do not know one school from the other, and the whole space is reserved for the M.C.C., so that if you do not happen to be a member, you cannot see the game at all. One constantly hears people say at Lord's now :—

" I don't know anything about cricket and care less, but I have come to see the ladies' toilettes."

In the old days this was not so. Lord's has certainly not improved since.*

The boys at James's used often to go into the pantry, where William, the butler, would give them a glass of claret, and water Mr. James's wine well for him afterwards. Often the butler would exclaim : " Ha ! spider up there ! " and while we were looking for it, he watered the claret. It was in the butler's pantry that I had the only fight I ever had at Eton, the day before I left for good. My opponent was the Hon., afterwards Lord, Henry Vane-Tempest, a son of the Marquis of Londonderry, who was a little lower down in the school than I was. I don't think either of us really wanted to fight, but we were egged on by others whose respective parts we had taken in a quarrel, and after a very short " scrap," which I got the best of, we shook hands and made friends. When I went down to Eton again, I met Vane-Tempest at my tutor's, and he told me that he was then leaving to enter the " Blues." He has since joined the majority, quite young in life.

* The Eton Eleven, during the four years I was there, was composed as follows :

1867 : C. R. Alexander (captain), C. I. Thornton, W. H. Walrond, H. M. Walter, W. C. Higgins, C. J. Ottaway, W. F. Tritton, M. Horner, W. H. Hay, E. Wormald, P. Currey. Match drawn.

1868 : C. I. Thornton (captain), H. M. Walter, W. C. Higgins, C. J. Ottaway, W. F. Tritton, W. H. Hay, P. Currey, Hon. G. Harris, J. Maude, S. E. Butler, G. H. Longman. Harrow beat Eton by seven wickets.

1869 : W. C. Higgins (captain), G. H. Longman, A. S. Tabor, F. W. Rhodes, F. Pickering, J. P. Rodger, Lord Clifton, C. J. Ottaway, M. Maude, Hon. G. Harris, E. Butler. Eton won by an innings and nineteen runs.

1870 : Hon. G. Harris (captain), G. H. Longman, A. S. Tabor, F. W. Rhodes, F. Pickering, J. P. Rodger, Lord Clifton, G. H. Cammell, M. A. Tollemache, A. F. Ridley, Hon. A. Lyttelton. Eton won by twenty-one runs.

Of the boys at James's, I may mention that Sir John Lister-Kaye married Miss Yznaga, an American lady, one of two sisters celebrated for their beauty and toilettes in Paris, where I often met them in society. Sir John was a gentleman in attendance on the late King Edward VII. Lord Mandeville, who was in the Grenadier Guards, and afterwards became Duke of Manchester, married the other sister. Cecil Lister-Kaye married the sister of the Duke of Newcastle, who was himself at Eton. Cecil Lister-Kaye told me recently that his son was at Eton, and that he often went down to see him. He, no doubt, on these occasions, thinks with some regret of the happy days of his youth at James's. I have come across some of those who were with me at Eton in quite unexpected places. For instance, I met the present Earl of Northbrook in Bombay. He was on his way to visit his uncle, then Viceroy of India, and had come to Bombay, he told me, to buy Arab horses. He was in the same division with me at Eton, and afterwards served in the Rifle Brigade and Grenadier Guards. Although I may have forgotten many of my schoolfellows at Eton, I can never forget those who were in my division. Among them was Henry de Vere Vane, then a very clever, fair-haired boy, whom I remember envying because he learned everything so quickly. He was the late Lord Barnard, and inherited the Cleveland estates on succeeding to this title. I had been told that in the hall of Raby Castle, his country-seat, a fire had been lighted two hundred years ago and had never been extinguished since. But Lord Barnard informed me that this is a legend, and sent me an account of a similar one :—

"*Fire kept in for two hundred years.*

"One of the loneliest spots in England, where there are only four cottages in an area of thirty thousand acres, was described at Brampton (Cumberland) Revision Court. The Conservative agent, Mr. Mawson, said he had visited the farm, which was situated on a remote fell between Bewcastle and Haltwhistle, on the border of Northumberland. Members

The Duke of Rutland

[*To face p.* 98.

of the farmer's family had lived in this particular cottage for six hundred years, and there was a tradition that the kitchen fire had never been out for two hundred years. The claimant slept in a bedroom eight feet square. There was a child there that had not seen another child for two years."

Another who was in my division was the Hon. V. A. Parnell, a good-looking boy, with black hair with a blueish reflection in it, and fine eyes. He was a good cricketer and clever in school. At times, when we were up to Mr. Thackeray, Parnell, as he reminded me recently, would, *faute de mieux à faire*, be engaged in shinning matches with a boy who sat next to him called Dobson. The latter was a very good-humoured fellow, who retaliated without losing his temper, though at times he could with difficulty refrain from betraying the pain which he endured so stoically with a smiling face.

The present Duke of Rutland, then Henry F. B. Manners, was at Eton with me, but higher up in the school, and if my memory does not deceive me, was in the Boats when in the Fifth Form.

The present Lord Newlands, then known as J. H. C. Hozier, was very high up in the school, and I can remember when he was in my tutor's division, as the latter used to say how clever he was, and he frequently came to the pupil-room at James's. Mr. James would often tell us about those who were up to him, but it was rarely that he bestowed praise on any boy.

When Doyne left Eton, I had his room, which commanded a view of the fine lime-trees, which in the summer looked very charming. On the wall hard by the boys used to stand or sit to criticize all the people who passed along the road running through Eton. This must have been a rather trying ordeal for some of the latter, for I remember that I used to find it a very trying experience when I happened to be late for chapel, particularly when I first came to Eton, to be obliged to run the gauntlet of a double row of boys, who never failed to pass remarks on everyone. The choir

at Eton, which was the same as that of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, was a very good one, and one of the boys who sang in it, named Hancock, was paid, I was told, one hundred and fifty pounds a year. Hancock sang occasionally the solo part in Mendelssohn's anthem, "O, for the wings of a dove," in a marvellous manner, his high notes being wonderfully clear; but his voice lacked expression, and, as boys and girls generally regard certain things purely from an æsthetic point of view, the impression it made upon us was one rather of surprise than of admiration. Some of us used to go on Sundays to St. George's, Windsor, and sit in the organ loft, where Dr. Elvey, who was a remarkably fine organist, played most beautifully.

After Dr. Hornby became Head Master, the custom of giving leaving books was abolished. Personally, I regretted this innovation, not because I did not receive any, but because I liked to make presents to my friends who were leaving Eton; and the expense was a small one, to which, I am sure, none of our parents objected.

Most of us look back upon our school days as the happiest part of our lives, for, to the schoolboy, the cares and anxieties which weigh upon us as we grow older are unknown, and, given good health, an Eton boy's life ought to be *par excellence* the very sum of earthly happiness. Lord Rathdonnell, late of the Scots Greys, who, when at Eton, as McClintock-Bunbury, stroked the Eight at Henley, and excelled at football and at most games, besides being very high up in the school and very popular, wrote to me some years ago, saying that the years he spent at Eton were by far the happiest of his life, and that he always looked back to them with intense pleasure. The Captain of the Boats at that time was Edwards-Moss, now a baronet. Horace Ricardo (now Colonel Ricardo, C.V.O.), whom I remember quite well, was then in the *Monarch*, and his brother Cecil rowed in the *Victory* and was Captain of the Boats in 1871. After leaving Eton, both brothers entered the Grenadier Guards, and each of them commanded a battalion before retiring from the Service. I remember that Doyne, who was never high

up in the school and for whom Latin and Greek were somewhat of a torture, telling me years afterwards that he looked back with regret to the happy days he had spent at Eton, which, all things considered, were perhaps the happiest of his life. Yet Doyne was not one of those who had any trouble in after life; on the contrary, he had everything which a man could possibly desire, besides enjoying good health. But the joyous, irresponsible days of school life were gone for ever, and, as he confessed to me, he would only too gladly have returned to them and lived them over again.

In regard to Eton at the present day, I heard not long ago from an old schoolfellow, the late Colonel Sir Josceline Bagot, a distinguished officer of the Guards and author, who had had a boy there, and who wrote as follows :—

> "It all seems much the same, though, to my mind, not improved in some ways. They have got more room certainly, but, for such a big place as it has become, I think the traditional freedom of the boys is overdone altogether. Much too much importance is given to boys in 'Pop,' and allowing them and Captains of Houses to smack boys with canes for certain offences more or less officially is, to my mind, a great mistake, and starts the rotten system of many public schools of 'monitors,' 'prefects,' etc. No boys should have that power, and it is much worse for them to have it than for the boys who get smacked. It all comes from the masters thinking themselves too grand to swish boys as in the old days; and the Head Master smacks them on rare occasions with a stick, whereupon they put on two pairs of trousers, etc., and merely laugh at it and him, and they barely touch their hats at all to the masters. They all smoke now to a great extent, far more than we ever did, and, though the Head Master is wild about it, he is powerless to do anything sensible to stop it; and some of these rich Jew boys and foreigners have far too much money and spoil things. If I were Head Master, I wouldn't have them at the school at

all. I was next to Lyttelton in school for a year or so, and like him, but he has no respect and control at all for such a position. Still, if drawbacks have crept in, it is still the best school in the world."

As time goes on, one hears everywhere, and always in a louder whisper, the serious, dangerous word, "decadence." But let us allow the evil question whether our culture is really going to ground to rest, and rather attempt a very naïve example: Suppose a true son of classical Greece—Socrates, for instance—were conducted in a dream into the midst of our modern culture. He would look with amazement at the marvellous means of locomotion, the production of the factories, the luxurious comfort of private houses, the magnificence of our theatres and so forth; but the question whether we ought to be proud and happy he would answer in his usual way:—

"In my country I knew Pericles and heard the dramas of Sophocles. I knew Alcibiades and saw Phidias at work, and my pupil was Plato. Now show me your living masters."

The next day Socrates would relate:—

"I dreamt this night I was in Persia. Everything is greater there than you can imagine. Immensely great are the treasures, the armies and navies, the towns and houses, the machinery employed. In short, everything is inconceivably great; only the people are very small. . . ."

CHAPTER IX

Lady Grace Stopford—Tipperary in 1870—Robbed at Punchestown Races—I get my own back

JUST after I left Eton, in 1870, I went over to Ireland to stay with my friend Doyne, who lived in County Wexford, and had a fine estate near the sea, about half an hour's walk from the beach. His mother and sister lived with him, and he and I rode about his property and amused ourselves very well, though he had no near neighbours, except the Earl of Courtown and his family. The eldest son, Viscount Stopford, who had been with us at Eton, was away at the time, though his sister, Lady Grace Stopford, was there. One day we called, and were received by Lady Grace, who was the only one of the family at home. After shaking hands with her, Doyne said :—

"I wanted to show my friend the fairest young lady in the county."

At which compliment she blushed and replied :—

"I am afraid he will be much disappointed."

"On the contrary," I observed, "I am agreeably surprised."

She then inquired if I knew her brother, and I told her that we were at Eton together. Lady Grace was a girl of about sixteen, with a lovely complexion, blue eyes and regular features. Her hair was of a reddish tint, similar to that which one sees in certain pictures by Correggio, and particularly in one in the Liechtenstein Gallery in Vienna, the face of which also bore a resemblance to hers. In her manner she appeared somewhat stiff, and more like the

English than the Irish, who are generally so free and easy. But then Lady Grace always spent the season in London, and lived most of her time in England. Her brother, Lord Stopford, now Earl of Courtown, was in the Grenadier Guards, and had lately joined his regiment.

Mrs. Doyne was a charming old lady, and her daughters had delightful manners and were exceedingly pleasant in every way. While I was with them, Mrs. Doyne told me that she and her family had received an invitation to Killarney, and asked me to go with them, which I did with great pleasure. The house we stayed at was a fine one, very prettily situated near the Lake of Killarney, and the weather being beautiful and very hot, it was very pleasant to go on the lake and visit the different sights in the neighbourhood. I was delighted with the scenery of the lake and the various waterfalls in the woods, some of the views being exquisitely lovely. One day, when Doyne and I were riding on donkeys on the rugged hills near the lake, a bare-footed Irish girl came up and spoke to us in Irish, showing her beautiful teeth. She had very black eyes and black hair falling loosely over her shoulders, and her legs, like her feet, were bare. She could not speak a word of English, but Doyne made her understand him somehow by means of gestures.

Killarney gave me the impression that I was in Italy. There were so many bare-legged boys and girls walking about, and the scenery was more like that of the south of Europe than the British Isles; while the almost tropical heat we were experiencing just then completed the illusion. One day it rained very heavily, so Doyne and I went to the Hôtel Victoria, where an American, who was playing billiards, said to us :—

"I guess I shall have to say that I have seen the Lake of Killarney from this billiard-room window, as I am leaving early to-morrow morning."

The tutor of a young fellow staying at the hôtel told me that I must have Scottish blood in my veins, because I walked so carefully, as if calculating every step I took, while

an Irishman walked without the least hesitation. I noticed that the good looks of the Irish people were found more in the lower classes than in those above them. Some of the bare-legged girls whom I saw were quite pretty, with something of the Spanish type of beauty about them. Their hands and feet were usually small, whereas those of some of the women of the upper classes were of very generous proportions. Everywhere I went I met with a "*gemüthlichkeit*," which is not to be found in England, go where one may; the Irish are so friendly and jolly, even if one does not know them.

On leaving Killarney, we went to Tipperary, and stayed at Cashel, with the Dean, Dr. MacDonnell, who told me that there were sixteen roads leading to the town, on each of which a murder had recently been committed. These crimes had, however, been committed for political reasons, for if a man did not meddle with politics, he might travel along these same roads at night with his pockets bulging with gold in perfect safety. The Dean, who afterwards became a Canon of Peterborough,* had a pretty daughter, a very amiable and clever girl, who is now the wife of Sir Shirley Salt.

I also stayed at Wells, an estate belonging to Mr. Mervyn Doyne, my friend's elder brother, who had married Lady Frances Fitzwilliam, the eldest daughter of Earl Fitzwilliam. The house was a very imposing one, built in the Elizabethan style and standing in the midst of extensive grounds. Lady Francis Doyne was a nice-looking and extremely pleasant

* *A propos* of Peterborough, I once heard a good story about a Bishop of Peterborough—Dr. Magee, I think—which was told me by my tutor at Eton. Some people, who had never seen him, were very anxious to hear him preach and therefore went early in the morning to the cathedral to secure good seats. A man showed them over the cathedral, where they retained the best seats they could find, and, on leaving, one of the party gave their cicerone, whom they took for the verger, five shillings. The latter put the money in his pocket, and then to their astonishment said: "I am not the verger, but the Bishop of Peterborough himself. However, I shall keep the five shillings all the same, for I have found you a good pew, and what I have received I shall give to the poor."

woman. At dinner one evening she told me the following rather interesting story :—

" I happened to dream one night in town, just before we were leaving for Ireland, that I had lost my dressing-case. Therefore, before starting, I told my maid to take particular care of it during the journey. However, when we arrived in Dublin, I left her in charge of the dressing-case for two or three minutes at the station, and somehow she must have put it down for an instant, since, on my returning to her, she exclaimed : ' Oh, my lady, the dressing-case is gone ! ' My husband had all the cars which were leaving the station stopped, but my dressing-case was nowhere to be found. He telegraphed to Scotland Yard, in London, but with no success whatever, and I have never recovered it to this day. I had at the time eight thousand pounds' worth of jewellery in it, besides valuable stones belonging to my ancestors, which can never be replaced."

Speaking of London, Lady Fanny said :—

" We had a house in Mount Street for the season, and one evening, when we were giving a dinner-party, a band began playing outside our house. It played rather well, so I sent my footman out to the conductor to ask him to continue playing all the time we were at dinner, and to give him a sovereign if he would do so. But the footman brought back the sovereign, and told me that the conductor refused to play under five pounds."

Lady Fanny also said :—

" People soon forget one in London. As a young girl, I lived with my father in Grosvenor Square, but after my marriage I was not in London for two years. When I returned to town, I found that everyone had forgotten me entirely."

Earl Fitzwilliam, Lady Fanny's father, used to give two big dinners in town to his tenants, to each of which fifty guests were invited. At one of these dinners the service was entirely of silver ; at the other entirely of gold.

I was invited with Jim Doyne to stay at the Shelbourne Hotel, as the guest of Earl Fitzwilliam, for the Punchestown

Races. The first day of the races it poured with rain, and Jim and I went to the course on an Irish car. On the way he chaffed a man and a girl on our car whom he had never seen before, who were engaged in a flirtation, and said to the girl aloud :—

" Don't listen to the tales he is telling you ; they are all lies."

The girl blushed, and the man, looking very much annoyed, answered :—

" She knows I am telling her the truth."

There was a great rush to get into the stand, and Jim and I got separated. I tendered an English five-pound note for admission, but the man issuing the tickets said :—

" I don't take English notes, only Irish ones."

I told him I had a ticket for the Marquis of Drogheda's private stand, but he said that I must first pay the sovereign entrance to the other. Suddenly, a man came forward and said :—

" I will change your note, if you will give it me or come with me."

I followed him through the pouring rain to a tent, where he showed me three cards, which he threw on a table, saying :—

" I'll bet you a fiver you don't name the court card."

" But I don't wish to bet," I replied.

" You must play," rejoined he, " or I'll keep your money."

I looked round for a policeman, but there was not one anywhere near, and, while my eyes were off him, the man disappeared. I tried to find him all day, but without success.

In the evening, when I returned to the Shelbourne Hotel, Lord Fitzwilliam's sons, Thomas* and Charles Fitzwilliam, Lord Aberdour, Jim and myself dined together in a private

* The Hon. Thomas Fitzwilliam, who was then in the 10th Hussars, married Elgiva Kinglake, whose brother was at Eton with me. She was very pretty and a remarkably good rider, but she died quite early in life, and her husband did not long survive her. She was a great friend of Mary, Duchess of Hamilton, and I remember once, at a meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds on the Exmoor hills, being much struck by the beauty of the Duchess, who was present with Elgiva Fitzwilliam, for they always hunted with these hounds in those days.

room. Lord Aberdour, who is now Earl of Morton, said :—
" I was making a bet with a man when someone nearly knocked me down and took away my watch and chain, and in the confusion of the moment I could not discover who it was."

" I did not come off any better," remarked Charles Fitzwilliam, who had been at Eton and was now in the " Blues," " for I was paid a bet with half a five-pound and half a ten-pound note pinned together."

The next day, when it rained again, I went to the races, and walked about, keeping a sharp look-out for the man who had stolen my " fiver." Presently I caught sight of him, and going up to a constable, inquired if he could arrest a man on suspicion, which he said he could. The fellow was performing the three-card trick at the time, and was promptly arrested. He, of course, loudly protested his innocence, saying :—

" It was not me, but the Scotsman who did it, and he ain't here to-day. I don't know the young gentleman at all."

The constable asked me if I were quite sure that this was the man, to which I replied in the affirmative. He was then marched off, and a head constable came and took down my affirmation, which I signed. The three-card gentleman called out to me :—

" I'll give you twenty pounds if you'll let me off," and the constable, overhearing this, said :—

" Now he has confessed to taking the note ; I see it's all right."

During dinner at the " Shelbourne " that night I told my friends of my adventure, when they all said :—

" You must prosecute the man for the good of the public."

I decided to follow their advice, and, about a month later, I went with Jim to Naas, where the fellow was to be tried, and where, as Jim happened to know the county court judge, Baron de Robeck, we were given seats on the Bench. When the prisoner was brought in, he at once pleaded guilty, upon which the judge sentenced him to repay the five

pounds, which he did, and to three months' hard labour. He was also ordered to pay the costs of the prosecution, which came to as much as five pounds, but these I refused to accept.

At Naas we lunched with the Duke of Leinster, who had been at Eton with us, and was then with his militia regiment. He was much interested in my adventure, and glad to hear of the result. At the station a man came up to me, and telling me he was the prisoner's solicitor, asked me to give him some money for persuading his client to plead guilty. But when I spoke to Jim about it, he answered :— "Tell him to go to the devil."

And the man of law, over-hearing the remark, took himself off without more ado.

I stayed some weeks longer with Jim Doyne,* when I went to London for my " exam." for the Army.

* Jim Doyne, in later years, bore some resemblance to the late King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, and at Pratt's, one evening, the late Duke of Beaufort walked up to him, and, holding out his hand, said : " I wish you good evening, sir." Doyne felt very flattered at the mistake, which, however, the Duke at once discovered. Nevertheless, when meeting my friend afterwards, he would always address him as " Sir " for amusement, and Doyne, who had a gift for repartee, would give an appropriate reply.

CHAPTER X

Dieppe under Prussian Rule—A Toilette by Worth—A Confirmed Gambler

DURING the Franco-German War, while I was at Eton, my parents remained in Paris, and though my father left the city during the Commune, my mother stayed until the very last, when she was persuaded to follow him. Towards the end of the war I joined my parents at Dieppe, and saw the Prussians enter the town, when eighteen soldiers were billeted on the owner of the house we lived in. Madame Gaillard, an American lady, the young wife of General Gaillard, who was afterwards appointed to look after Maréchal Bazaine when a prisoner, was with us at Dieppe. She was a very pretty woman, and she and the Baronne van Havre usually went with my mother to the afternoon concerts. I took lessons on the violin from the chief violinist, whose name was Lamoury. His brother was one of the first violoncello players in France, and played in the orchestra at the Conservatoire in Paris. Lamoury told me that he had begun to learn the violin too late in life to be a virtuoso on that instrument, as he had not begun to play it until he was fourteen, whereas you ought to start playing at the age of seven in order to be anything remarkable as a violinist.

The English Consul at Dieppe was a Mr. Chapman, and there were several English residents. Among them were Edward Blount, a friend of my father, who had been at school with Gambetta and spoke French almost better than he did English, and a Major Boland, from Bath, who had married a French lady, the sister of Jules Simon, one of the Ministers then in power in Paris. Boland was in the

habit of depreciating the French Army and praising the Prussians in every way. Owing to his having lived in the same house as his brother-in-law for many years before the war, he had had, although an Englishman, opportunities for ascertaining the real condition of the French Army.

"I knew from the first," he would observe, "that the French would be defeated, and that Bazaine was a traitor, who was playing into the hands of the Prussians all along."

Jules Simon seemed to share his opinion of the state to which the Empire had reduced France by embarking in this disastrous war, for which she was unprepared, whereas Prussia had been preparing for it for many years.

Dieppe is a very charming seaside resort in the summer months, and it was very pleasant to go to the Casino, where the band played of an afternoon, and listen to the orchestra, which in those days was excellent, as most of the performers came from Paris. The Casino was near the sea, and to sit there and watch the sea sparkling under the rays of the sun and the snow-white sails in the distance, bathed, as evening approached, in a rosy light, was to me a never-failing source of pleasure. At such an hour as this Time and Space seem to be eliminated. The incoming tide approaches with a gentle murmur. It encircles first one spot on the sands, then another; rests for a moment, and then continues its advance. The sea is a symbol for us of Eternity and of our passing away.

When the Uhlans entered Dieppe, followed by the Prussian infantry, the town was in a ferment, since no one knew what was going to follow. All kinds of rumours were afloat, and some people believed that a warship would bombard the town, if the invaders met with any resistance. The Germans requisitioned many things, with which the inhabitants were very reluctant to supply them, and ordered that all lights should be extinguished at 8 p.m., and that after 10 p.m. no one should leave his house. This condition of affairs naturally did not suit my father, and he deter-

mined to leave Dieppe at once. But this was a difficult matter, as to go by rail was nearly impossible, and by sea altogether out of the question. Finally we decided to hire a carriage and to start before daybreak, although we were very much afraid lest we should be stopped by the Prussians. We succeeded, however, in escaping detection and reached Dunkerque, where we took the train for Calais, and thence made our way to Boulogne. Here we stayed for some days at the Hôtel des Bains, and then embarked for Folkestone, from which we proceeded to Brighton.

At Brighton, where my parents took a house facing the sea, and not far from the Old Pier, we found Captain and Mrs. Berkeley, who had taken a house for the season in Regency Square; Mrs. Charles Woodforde, an aunt of my father, who was staying there with her daughter, and Sophia Kinglake, a sister of the author of "Eöthen," whom Thackeray once described as the cleverest woman he had ever met in his life. One day, I remember calling with my mother upon her, when she told us that she was knitting a scarf for John Ardagh, who afterwards became General Sir John Ardagh, and died some years ago. Shortly after we arrived, a very pretty, graceful and beautifully-dressed girl entered the room. She was a Miss Gordon, daughter of a General Gordon, and, in the course of conversation, said to me:—

"I always get my dresses from Worth, and sometimes I go and stay with his family at their country-place in France. I generally stop with them from three weeks to a month, and return to England with a fine lot of dresses. Worth would be horrified were he to see me to-day, because I am wearing gloves which do not match my dress. Once I put on grey gloves with a costume of an unusual colour, upon which he told me that if I ever did so again, he would make for me no more. So, you see, I have to study his taste in the matter of toilettes most carefully."

I inquired whether Worth charged very high prices for his confections.

"It is according to what you consider high," she replied.

"He charges from forty pounds for a dress, and will not make one under that price; but it is always perfectly finished and lined with silk. For ball-dresses he charges more. I get both my morning-gowns and ball-toilettes from him, for I consider that he is the only man who can make dresses which are worth wearing."

I asked if Laferrière were not very good, as I had heard so much about him in Paris.

"Yes, he is," she said, "but Worth I consider still better."

Miss Gordon was a girl of about eighteen, with a wonderfully clear complexion, brown hair, blue eyes, and rather good features. She had also a beautiful figure, for which reason it must have been quite a pleasure for a dressmaker to make for her. She was wearing on this occasion a blue costume, with a good deal of *passementerie* on it, and very pretty buttons in enamel, a white petticoat with flounces of lace, stockings *à jour*, and shoes with Louis Quinze heels. Her hat matched her dress, and the *ensemble* would have been a dream, had not her gloves, which were brown, spoiled—as she herself admitted—an otherwise perfect toilette.

While at Brighton, I used frequently to go on the Pier with my mother to listen to the band, which, however, played very badly. Captain and Mrs. Berkeley often came there too, and would sit with us until my father came to fetch us to lunch. Captain Dorrien was also at Brighton at this time, and occasionally some of the old society of Homburg would meet on the Pier, and talk over their experiences at roulette and trente-et-quarante

"I say, Fred," inquired Dorrien one day of my father, "how about your infallible system? What was it? Let me see: one louis *à cheval* between zero and two, one between twelve and fifteen, one between twenty-six and twenty-nine, and one between thirty-two and thirty-five. Isn't that it?"

"Yes, my dear fellow," answered my father, "and you double the amount if you lose."

"Oh!" exclaimed Berkeley, "that game is a martingale, and it nearly broke me."

"Then, old fellow," said my father, "you didn't play it the right way."

"Oh, yes, I did, and in very much the right way, for I lost all I had. . . ."

"I wish I were at Homburg to try it again," continued my father.

"You would only lose again," said Berkeley.

"I am sorry that I ever played there at all," said Dorrien.

"So am I," exclaimed Berkeley, "but there is an attraction there that somehow one cannot resist."

"I feel I should win if I played at Monte Carlo," said my father.

"You always felt like that at Homburg," remarked Dorrien. "You said, if you remember, one evening, that you felt like winning, and you lost heavily."

"But I won afterwards—three hundred louis."

"My dear fellow, you forget how much you lost. You can talk like that to people who know nothing about the game, but as for me, who have lost thirty thousand pounds at it, you cannot make me believe that white is black."

"Can't I?" said my father, laughing.

"No, you can't, and you are foolish to try to make yourself believe that you can ever win at that game."

"I agree with you entirely," observed Berkeley.

"I always hope to win back what I have lost," said my father.

"That you will never do at roulette and trente-et-quarante," said Dorrien.

"Don't you play at all now then?" asked my father.

"Yes, at baccarat and the Stock Exchange."

"That is as bad," remarked my father.

"I am not sure it isn't worse," said Dorrien, laughing.

"Quite as bad," exclaimed Berkeley, "but I do the same thing."

" I shall have a try this winter at Monte Carlo," said my father.

" You have had one lesson ; why do you want to burn your fingers again ? " asked Dorrien.

" If you do," remarked Berkeley, " *vous y perdrez vos pas, mon cher ami.*"

And then they talked about other things.

CHAPTER XI

The Princess von Metternich—The Lady of the Luxembourg Gardens

PARIS was very dull in the way of entertainments and parties after the Commune, and people spoke of hardly anything but the siege. Mrs. Healy, an aunt of Viscount Dillon, who lived in the same house as my parents in the Rue d'Albe, her *appartement* being on the *entresol*, had remained there throughout the siege and the Commune, and told us that she had always contrived to get everything she wanted in the way of eatables, though she had had to pay an enormously high price for them; twenty francs a pound, for instance, for butter, which she obtained as well as eggs and meat, and consequently was never obliged to dine off a mouse or any delicacy of that description, like most of the people in Paris. Theobald, Lord Dillon, often came to see his aunt, and one day he related to us how he had become acquainted with Sims Reeves, and how he had been the means of the latter continuing his studies at Milan as a singer. It was entirely through Lord Dillon's generosity that Sims Reeves became so well known, as he had advanced him a large sum of money. Albani was also first brought into notice in England by Lord Dillon, who was so enchanted with her beautiful voice that he soon made known to everybody the "star" he had discovered. Albani was a frequent guest at his beautiful country-seat, Ditchley Park, for he and Lady Dillon not only admired her most exquisite voice, but her very charming personality as well.

The last time I met Lord Dillon was on the pier at Brighton, when I happened to be on leave from Aldershot,

where my regiment was then stationed; and, I remember, I introduced Lord Headley to him, at the former's request. The two noblemen discussed politics, upon which subject they did not agree. Later the same day, I introduced two young officers to Lord Dillon, as he told me he was very fond of young men, he himself being then an old man. The officers in question were both Old Etonians and attached to my regiment. One was Richard Sutton, a son of Sir Richard Sutton, who died before his father; the other, the present Sir Charles E. C. Hartopp, a nephew of the Duke of Norfolk, who had just been staying at Arundel with his uncle.

I happened to meet Whitehead, a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who had remained in Paris during the siege. I asked him whether he was not at all alarmed at the time, to which he replied that he did not know what fear meant, and had never been afraid of anything in his life.

I was still at Eton, but came to Paris for my holidays, and one evening went to a ball, at which I recollect the Princess von Metternich, wife of the Austrian Ambassador, was present, and that she left after remaining only half an hour. Sir Edward Malet, who was then First Secretary at the British Embassy, led the cotillion. It was a terribly dull affair, and I was quite glad to get away. Evidently, the Princess von Metternich saw at a glance what it was like, and only waited until her carriage returned, or no doubt she would have left even sooner. The Princess spoke English just like an Englishwoman, and when she spoke in German interlarded every sentence with French words, as all the Austrian nobility do. She had plenty of *esprit*, and when I saw her in recent years in Vienna, she always used to make use of the late Baron Nathan de Rothschild to assist her in collecting money for the poor of the city, and—some people were malicious enough to say—for herself as well. She had such a way of asking for charitable contributions that she scarcely ever met with a refusal, and never indeed from "her little Jew," as she was accustomed to call Baron Nathan.

After I left Eton, I returned to Paris, and, as it was summer, I often walked in the Luxembourg Gardens, where it was very pleasant to sit beneath the trees and read a book. One day, I happened to be sitting near a fountain which contained some gold fish. On the same seat sat a young girl with fair hair, who appeared entirely absorbed in a book which she was reading, and from which she did not raise her eyes for a moment. I asked her what was the name of the novel in which she was so interested. She answered that it was not a novel at all, but a serious modern French work on philosophy. And she handed it to me. I was not a little curious to know why she read such books, and questioned her on the matter, when she replied that they were the only ones capable of distracting her thoughts, and that, as her own life had been like a novel, she avoided such stories, for they usually reminded her of her own experiences, and made her sadder than ever. I inquired if she would mind letting me know her own history, and, at the same time, studied her more attentively than before. She was a fair girl, with blue eyes with long black eyelashes, a very clear complexion and long wavy hair. Her features were small and rather regular, and she had very fine teeth and a beautiful figure. She was dressed in deep mourning, and her petticoat was trimmed with Valenciennes lace, of which I could just catch a glimpse when she raised her tiny foot occasionally. She acceded to my request, and related to me the following story :—

" I was living with my parents in the country, when an aunt of mine asked me to come to Paris, saying that she would have me taught dressmaking. On my arrival in Paris, I went to live with my aunt and became an apprentice at a dressmaker's shop, which had a number of customers among the ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. One morning, when I was on my way to business, I noticed that a gentleman was following me, but it was not until some days later that I made his acquaintance, when he told me that he had fallen in love with me, and offered to furnish an *appartement* for me, and to give me three louis a day

to spend as I pleased. Soon afterwards I left my aunt, and not only did this gentleman carry out his promise, but gave me my own servants and carriage and horses. As I had not received very much education, I had various masters, one to teach me to speak and write French correctly, another for the piano, a third for singing. As for reading, I never had any taste for the rubbish which most girls affect, but studied the works of Racine, Corneille, Rousseau and Voltaire.* I gradually developed a passion for philosophy, and can say that I have read most of the works of the great philosophers, both ancient and modern, in French. I enjoyed my life thoroughly, and, as I was only sixteen and quite without experience of the world, I was foolish enough to believe that my good fortune would continue ; and it is needless to say that I took no thought for the future, but lived only for the present. My friend was a very wealthy Mexican and quite young ; perhaps a little older than you are, but not very much. He seemed perfectly devoted to me, satisfying all my caprices and spending a great deal of money on me, quite apart from what he gave me for myself. I was very fond of going to the Théâtre-Français, where he would always take a box and accompany me. We also went very often to the Grand Opéra, and occasionally to the

* Voltaire believed sincerely in God, but no one nowadays even thinks of reading his correspondence, which shows us all his faults, his kindheartedness, his charity, and his other good qualities. One of the strongest features in Voltaire's character was his sense of friendship. Génonville, who took away his mistress, Mlle. Livy, from him, remained his friend, and Voltaire laments his death in a poem of marvellous beauty, with all the warmth of truth. This poem and the one which follows it, *les Vous et le Tu*, in which also Mlle. Livy is referred to, are two of his most beautiful poems. Of Rousseau, Grillparzer says : "I read *les Confessions* and am terrified to recognize myself in them." How Rousseau would have been surprised if someone had called him the most perfect egoist. He lived with the woman who was so devoted to him and never married her, although it would have been a great happiness to her to bear his name. Corneille, according to Grillparzer, was an excellent poet, and his first works were admirable, but his later ones show a steady decline from his early standard, which is difficult to explain, except perhaps after reading his tragedy, *Feodora*. In Grillparzer's opinion, Racine was as great a poet as ever lived.

smaller theatres, for the latter of which, however, I had but little taste. On Sundays, generally after I had been to Mass —for, notwithstanding my predilection for philosophy, I still retained a remnant of faith in the Catholic religion— I drove in the Bois de Boulogne, sometimes alone, at others accompanied by my friend. In every respect, my life was most enjoyable, and I had no cares of any kind. This state of affairs lasted for a year, during which my friend was most devoted to me, and we never had an angry word with each other. He was kindness itself in every conceivable way, while I was perfectly devoted to him. Suddenly, one day, when I had been out alone shopping, I saw on my return home a note addressed to me lying on the table in the salon. Recognizing my friend's handwriting, I tore it open immediately. It contained only a few lines, which, however, I shall never forget so long as I live. Indeed, so engraven on my mind are they, that, were I to forget everything else, I should never forget them ! "

On saying this, she suddenly burst into tears, and sobbed so violently that it was not for some little time that she was able to continue. Then she said :—

" You will forgive me, for my grief is almost too great for me to endure. Imagine my astonishment and dismay when I read this note, which had been hurriedly written :—

" ' *Ma chérie,—Je suis forcé de partir immédiatement pour la Mexique ; je n'ai pas même le temps de venir te dire àdieu.*'*

" I could scarcely believe my own eyes, and read those lines again and again, sobbing all the while, and incapable of realizing what had happened. I had only a few hundred francs left, all the rest having been spent ; and, to make a long story short, I had very soon to leave my *appartement* and return to my aunt. I have been with her now a week, and I need not tell you how very hard I find it to return to work, for which I feel I am no longer fit. Besides, my aunt

* " My darling,—I am obliged to start immediately for Mexico : I have not even time to come to bid thee good-bye."

is continually reproaching me, and treats me much worse than she did before. I cannot stand it any longer. . . ."

At this point, she stopped and was silent for a while. Then she suddenly asked me if I could assist her as her friend had done, adding that she was not one of those girls who could love several men. I told her how I was situated, and she said she would come to a restaurant in the Quartier Latin with me and take some refreshment. We went, I remember, to some restaurant near the Luxembourg Gardens, and, when we were alone, she told me that it was a pity that I could not afford to make her my *maîtresse attitrée*, as she thought I might perhaps succeed in making her forget her Mexican. Although I did not aspire to have such warm blood in my veins, yet perhaps she liked the contrast. She wept bitterly, and when she left me, said :—

" *Vous avez beaucoup de cœur ;* and, if I meet you again, it will be in three days' time in the Luxembourg Gardens. If I do not come, you will know that I have done as I told you before I should do—put an end to my existence. There is nothing else for me to do, and *le bon Dieu me le pardonnera.*"

I went to the Luxembourg Gardens three days later, and sat on the same seat, but, though I waited until it grew dark, there was no sign of her. I returned to the Gardens every day for weeks and weeks afterwards, more out of habit than for any other reason, and thought of her and wondered what had become of her all the time I was there. I did not even know her Christian name, but I rather fancied it was Mariette. The consequence was that I was seized with a sudden fit of melancholy, which I was imprudent enough to give way to, and was continually reading Goethe's *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers*, until I felt convinced that I should end my life in the same way as she had done. For, though I never heard anything more about her, I made quite sure that she had acted as she had threatened she would.

Shortly after this, I decided to go to Bonn on the Rhine, to study at the University ; and Miss Kathleen O'Meara, the author of " The Salon of Madame Mohl," who was a young girl at that time, gave me a letter to the wife of Professor

Dr. Binz, a sister of General Salis-Schwabe. I was then very anxious to enter the Austrian Army, and tried very hard to do so. Through the kindness of Mr. Somerset Beaumont, of the Foreign Office, my request was put before Prince Richard von Metternich and Baron von Hübner ; and the latter, who was at that time Ambassador in Paris, informed me, when I saw him at the Embassy, that I should have to become an Austrian subject. This was easy enough ; but the examination was not, as since the War of 1866 it had been made much more severe. It was in pursuance of this intention to enter the Austrian Army that I made up my mind to study at the University at Bonn. My father was very much against my doing so, but I eventually prevailed upon him to let me go, though he warned me that I must put up with any evil consequences that might result from this *coup de tête* of mine.

CHAPTER XII

Bonn—An Anecdote of Beethoven—The King's Hussars—The Howard Vyses —A German Professor on England—Domesticated Habits of German Girls—Professor Delbrück

ON my arrival at Bonn, I stayed at the Hôtel Rheineck, which commanded a splendid view of the distant mountains. Here I made the acquaintance of the late Mr. Ranyard, the celebrated astronomer, who told me that the well-known author " A. L. O. E." was his aunt. Mr. Ranyard was also stopping at the " Rheineck," and at the midday *table d'hôte* sat next to a Frau Phillip, a German lady from Frankfurt, who was rather stout, but good-looking. He made love to her, and, though he spoke German very badly, she appeared to understand him. At four o'clock we used to sit out on the verandah of the hôtel, which overlooked the Rhine, and take our coffee there, with an excellent *Kuchen*, for which Germany is famous. Some days after my arrival at Bonn, Ranyard, who was flirting with Frau Phillip, quite forgot that he had to catch the boat to Cologne, and missed it. He was quite in despair at this, as he had not enough money with him to stay any longer at Bonn. However, the proprietor of the hotel said he would lend him some, which he could repay him when he arrived in England. Ranyard accordingly arranged to stay on a day or two longer at Bonn, as the hotel-keeper was confiding enough to advance him £5. I mention this incident to show how kind Germans are at times, though, of course, there are exceptions everywhere.

I called on Professor Dr. Binz and his wife, who lived in a pretty villa with a delightful garden attached to it. The latter's sister, Miss Salis-Schwabe, and her brother, who was an officer in the 7th Dragoon Guards, were staying with her

on a visit, and I went for several rides with them. Miss Salis-Schwabe was a nice-looking girl, with a considerable fortune of her own, and lived chiefly in England. She afterwards married the late Sir Frank Lockwood, the well-known Q.C.; and I was told by the Hon. Mrs. Henry Orde-Powlett, who knew her, that she was always very disappointed if her husband did not come home every day with fifty guineas as "refreshers" in his pocket.

Frau Professor Binz told me that she knew of a Professor Dr. Andrä, who had a pretty daughter, so that his house would be just the very one for me to live at; and I accordingly made arrangements to take rooms there, with board.

Fräulein Margarethe Andrä was a rather pretty girl, a blonde, with blue eyes, but she was, I thought, somewhat insipid, and very strait-laced. She was well read and a free-thinker, like her father, who never went to any church. Professor Dr. Andrä was very clever, and, indeed, some people said he was the cleverest of the professors at Bonn University. I remember him telling me about his wife, whom he had recently lost. She knew, according to him, exactly what he was going to say before he opened his mouth, and had also foretold many events before there was a chance of their happening, in a marvellous manner. I asked Andrä if he would not like to see his wife again.

"No," he replied. "I loved her very much, but I have no desire to live again, and, what is more, I am sure that after this existence there is no other. And it is much better so."

He lectured on Anthropology and Mineralogy, two sciences in which I took no interest. I attended the lectures of Geheimrath von Sybel, the famous historian, who, Dr. Andrä said, was a Republican at heart, but pretended not to be, in order to keep in with Bismarck, who since 1870 had been all powerful in Germany. Von Sybel was one of the finest lecturers I ever heard. He contrived to make his subject most interesting, however dry it might otherwise have appeared; and his lectures were always crowded with

students, whereas those of some of the other professors were attended by very few, as it was entirely optional which lectures the students at the University attended.

Bonn is the birthplace of Beethoven, a fine statue of whom was erected in 1845 on the Poppelsdorfer Allee. Grillparzer writes in his diary for 1843 :—

"The windows of my grandmother's house faced the courtyard of the dwelling of a peasant called Flehberger, who bore a bad name. This Flehberger had a very pretty daughter, called Lisa, whose reputation was also not of the best. Beethoven appeared to be much interested in the girl, and I can see him as he came up the little street, dragging his white handkerchief after him, until he came to a stop at Flehberger's house, where the frivolous beauty was standing on a wagon filled with hay, working with a pitchfork, and laughing the while. Beethoven stood silent and looked at her, until the girl, whose taste lay more in the direction of peasant boys, made him angry by rude words or by obstinately ignoring his presence. Then he walked away, but did not fail, the next time he passed that way, to stop and look into the courtyard. Indeed, his interest in the girl went so far that, when her father was arrested and put in prison for being concerned in a drunken brawl in the village, Beethoven endeavoured to rescue him, and narrowly escaped having to share the captivity of the man whom he had so unwisely protected."

It is said that Beethoven wept when his "Overture to Leonora" was first played at Vienna, where it met with no success. He only passed his youth at Bonn, and then went to Vienna, where the Archduke Rudolf, Prince Kinsky and Prince Lobkowitz gave him an annuity of 4,000 florins (nearly £350) for life, in order that he might devote his time entirely to music, free from all financial cares. The fact that the same provision was never made for Mozart, who was an Austrian by birth, makes one think of the proverb : "*Nemo propheta in patria.*" Grillparzer, Austria's greatest poet, wrote the funeral speech read at Beethoven's tomb in Vienna on March 27th, 1827, and on May 1st, 1880, a statue to his

memory was erected there, near the garden of the Hof Burg, on the Ringstrasse.

Captain Horrocks, whom my father knew very well, was then living at Bonn with his family. His brother held an appointment at the Court of the Grand Duke of Hesse. Captain Horrocks once wrote a three-volume novel, which my mother tried to read, but said that she never could get beyond the first volume. She lent the first volume of the book to several of her friends, but not one of them ever asked for the second and third. When I mentioned Captain Horrocks's name to my mother, she said :—

" When I think of him, I cannot imagine how he could have written such a dull book. I have never yet come across any one who has had the courage to read the whole of his novel."

Horrocks was, nevertheless, an amusing man, who had a great deal of dry wit. He had several very pretty daughters, the eldest one being considered the belle of Bonn at that time. I remember his remarking to me once that a poor man could never dress well, as he always bought cheap clothes, and they never lasted any time. " Depend upon it, whatever is cheap is bad," he always used to say.

The regiment stationed at Bonn was the King's Hussars. It was commanded by Prince Reuss, and there were seven princes amongst its officers. I knew the two Princes Bentheim, and Counts von der Goltz, Metternich, Moltke and Bernstorff. The last-named was a gay young officer, who spoke English like an Englishman. I saw a good deal of him. His father had been Prussian Ambassador in England, and he had a brother serving in the Garde Kürassier Regiment in Berlin. Prince Reuss was very severe with his officers, and insisted that, when they attended a ball, they should wear their swords the whole time, except when actually dancing. On one occasion, an officer, who had omitted to replace his sword after a dance, was put under arrest for a week and confined to his quarters. Bernstorff, so he told me, once entered a tavern of bad reputation in Cologne in plain clothes, as he did not like to go to such a place in uniform, and on his return to Bonn was placed under arrest

for a week. Notwithstanding the severity of the punishment meted out for minor offences against discipline, very little, if any, notice was taken when officers in uniform became intoxicated at balls. I can remember attending a ball at the Royal Hôtel at Bonn, at which several officers of the King's Hussars were present wearing their dark blue uniform with gold lace, as they were never allowed to attend dances in plain clothes. One of them insisted on dancing, though he was so intoxicated that he could scarcely stand, and the others were highly amused at his efforts to dance with a lady, who must have been in entire ignorance of the state her partner was in.

When the King's Hussars gave a ball at Bonn, which they did once every winter, they only invited the officers of the 7th Kürassiers from Cologne, and not a single infantry officer from the Line regiments at either place. Some of the English at Bonn were invited to this ball, but I cannot say that it came up to one's expectations. In the first place, it was a terribly stiff affair. The officers stood in one part of the ball-room; the ladies, mostly seated, occupied the other part, and at the end of a dance, an officer generally conducted his partner back to her seat and left her with her lady friends. The supper was not at all a bad one, and there was plenty of champagne, but the guests had to pay for what they ate and drank. However, it was considered so great an honour to be invited to this ball that no one grumbled; in fact, they appeared to think it quite natural that they should have to pay for their refreshments.

The King's Hussars was regarded as one of the crack Prussian regiments, and undoubtedly some of its officers were of very high social standing. But by no means all of these officers were wealthy, and I was told that the Princes Bentheim had only £150 a year each, besides their pay. The officers generally rode in the Poppelsdorfer Allee of a morning, making their horses perform *la haute école*, as though they were at a circus. Only one corps of students mixed at all with the officers. This was the well-known Borussia Corps, the members of which—the *Borussen*—

wore a white cap somewhat similar in shape to that worn by French officers. This corps was composed entirely of members of the Prussian nobility, most of them being counts and barons, and they did not associate at all with any of the other student corps. They fought duels with the *Schläger*, and got cut about the face, but the more they were disfigured, the more pleased they appeared to be. Some of the *Borussen* joined the King's Hussars afterwards, but what became of their scars I do not know, for, strange to say, I have never seen any officers with these ugly marks on their faces. Perhaps, after a time, the scars disappear; I can think of no other explanation, for all the corps students are forced to fight duels.

I can remember Dr. Andrä once showing me a tiny shop at Bonn, above which the royal arms of a certain country were displayed, and when I inquired the reason of this, he told me the following story, which I give in his own words :—

"When the heir to a certain principality was a student at Bonn, he happened to enter this shop, in which there was a very pretty girl serving. The latter, who pretended ignorance of his identity, invited the Prince to come and see her one evening. The Prince went, and a violent flirtation was in progress, when the door opened, and the owner of the shop entered. This person affected the utmost astonishment and indignation, and, informing the Prince that the girl was his wife, threatened that, unless the would-be destroyer of his domestic happiness were prepared to write him out there and then a cheque for several thousand thalers, he would make the affair public. The Prince, anxious to avoid a scandal, complied with his demand, and, moreover, gave him permission to display the arms of his country over his shop-front as supplying His Highness with goods. After the Prince had left Bonn, the cunning rascal sent the girl, who was not his wife at all, back to Cologne, from which she had come, it was said, for the express purpose of assisting the shopkeeper to entrap the Prince."

I used to go to the "Kneipe," where the corps students

assembled, with a young American named Howard Vyse and his younger brother.* We always went of an evening, when songs, principally "Studenten Lieder," were sung, and there was heavy drinking. On one occasion, the younger Vyse, on coming out into the night air, after attending one of these entertainments, told me that he felt so queer that he could not find his way home, and asked if I could put him up for the night. I took him to Dr. Andrä's house, and he slept in my sitting-room. Next morning, the professor inquired why I had brought Vyse home with me, and I told him the reason, quoting, at the same time, the words of Nietzsche :—

"*Alles ist erlaubt, nichts ist verboten.*"

To which he replied that such were not his views ; that he considered that everyone ought to lead a very moral life ; that it was wrong to get intoxicated, and that, although he never entered a church, he lived as moral a life as many religious people, who often professed to be better than they really were.

Professor Andrä was an intimate friend of the famous author, Berthold Auerbach, and once, when he was staying with Auerbach, the latter was engaged in writing his celebrated novel, *Das Landhaus am Rhein.* One day, Andrä

* Mr. Howard Vyse, the father of these young men, came to see me in Paris after I had left Bonn. He dined with us, I recollect, and we afterwards went to a theatre, and from there to various places of amusement, so that it was nearly daybreak before we reached the Hôtel Bristol, in the Place Vendôme, where he was staying, and where he insisted on my passing what remained of the night. As he offered me an exceedingly comfortable bedroom, I did not refuse. I dined a few days later with him and his wife at the "Bristol," where they had a suite of apartments usually reserved for royal personages, which the late King Edward VII. had occupied just previously. While we were at dinner a courier came into the room to inquire if everything were satisfactory. This man's services, it appeared, had been exclusively engaged by Mr. Howard Vyse, and he was accustomed to order dinner and settle the accounts. Mr. Howard Vyse told me that he was obliged to remain three months at the Hôtel Bristol owing to his wife's state of health, as the doctor would not allow her to travel to Nice, where he intended spending the winter. He was a very wealthy banker from New York, and the two sons who were at Bonn with me were his only children.

asked him to walk to Poppelsdorf, where the professor was going to lecture. But he declined, saying that to do so would put some of his ideas for his novel out of his head, as it was essential for him to keep constantly in mind what he intended to write about. Andrä showed me the house on the Rhine which Auerbach had described in his novel, and one day took me there to visit a retired merchant, who, after making a fortune in America, had bought this beautiful villa in the Koblentzer Strasse, which had a very fine garden leading down to the Rhine. Andrä told me that he detested novels; nevertheless, one day, when I happened to be reading *Auf der Höhe*, by Auerbach, he asked me to lend it him, and, after reading it, said :—

"After all, it is very well written, and I am pleased with it; some of the ideas are uncommonly good, and the plot is ingenious."

Excellenz von Dechen, Minister of the Rhine Provinces, told me that Andrä might have occupied Bismarck's position,* but that he was too honest a man to change his opinions. Andrä told me that Germany was far more fitted than France for a republican form of government, and that, if the War of 1870 had had a different issue, Germany would have been a republic, as France is now. He entertained a poor opinion of England and the English, whom he considered the most selfish and self-opinionated nation in Europe, and years behind Germany in intelligence. He held that Darwin, whose works he had read, had merely been the first to publish the ideas of a well-known German professor; and he himself

* The sister of Sir Howard Elphinstone, at one time Equerry to the late Duke of Edinburgh, related to me that, when she was in Germany with her brother, they went one day to secure places for some ceremony in which a good many royal persons were interested. When they entered the room, a man showed Sir Howard Elphinstone the places reserved for him and his family, and as this person wore a kind of dress coat with gold lace, Sir Howard took him for a manservant, and, on going away, slipped a thaler into his hand, which he accepted without making any remark. Later in the evening, Sir Howard and his sister discovered that the man whom they had tipped was Bismarck, who at that time, of course, was not so celebrated as he subsequently became.

had lectured upon Darwin's theory,* in which he was a firm believer, long before he had ever heard of him.

Andrä told me that at all the dinners which he attended, as a professor of the University, he took precedence of all the officers of the King's Hussars and of any titled person who had not some higher State appointment than he held. When I told him that this would not have been the case in England, he smiled and said :—

"In your country, with your antiquated laws, how can you expect so much civilization as in Germany? The English have a great deal to learn, and it will be a very long while before their barbarous customs are knocked on the head. So far as civilization is concerned, England is in a worse condition than France, and, Heaven knows, France has yet a good deal to learn."

In his opinion, Bismarck was a man of great intellect, but without any conscience whatever. Moltke, he told me, was quite positive that Germany would defeat France before the war had begun, and he was a man "*welcher schweigt in sieben Sprachen,*" as he rarely ever spoke. Moltke's son, afterwards Field-Marshal Count von Moltke, was then in the King's Hussars at Bonn, and I knew him very well, but, save for indulging in some amorous escapades and getting very much into debt, he did not distinguish himself, though I have no doubt he deserved the Iron Cross which he obtained in the War of 1870, with

* Darwin's theory has of recent years been disproved by men of science, such as Professor Dr. von Wettstein, Warning, Henslow, and others. Only in certain instances can Darwin's theory be accepted; but it has been discovered recently that the new formation of species among plants and animals is possible in different ways, and not only in the manner Darwin implies. His theory of descent, which was firmly believed in by men of science in the sixties and seventies of the last century, is now pronounced to be a theory altogether out of date, and has been superseded by those of Moriz Wagner, Karl von Nägeli, Henslow, A. von Kerner and Professor A. Weissmann. "The Origin of Plant Structures by Self-Adaptation to the Environment," by Henslow, published in 1895, and Warning's "Geography of Plants," published in the following year, are well-known English books on this subject which may be recommended to those interested in it.

most of the officers of the King's Hussars. Of Field-Marshal Freiherr von der Goltz it was said :—

> " Freiherr von der Goltz,
> Von seiner Dummheit ist er stoltz."*

I often would ask Andrä what books I ought to read, and one of the first he recommended was Hauff's *Lichtenstein*, a charming romance in the style of Sir Walter Scott. Heine was a great favourite with Andrä, and he could repeat his *Lieder* off by heart.† Goethe he ranked far above Schiller, and considered the first part of *Faust* vastly superior to the second. He had a very high opinion of Lessing's works in general. Of modern authors, he recommended Karl von Holtei's *Die Vagabunden*, which was, he told me, quite a classic, and I have read it again and again with pleasure. It is somewhat in the style of *la Vie de Bohème*, by Mürger, but I prefer it to the French work. In comparing Lesage with Scott, Victor Hugo seems to think more highly of the latter; but Andrä considered that *Gil Blas* would outlive all Scott's novels, which was also the opinion of Grillparzer. It was through Andrä that I became a supporting member of the " Verein zur Verbreitung naturwissenschaftlicher Kenntnisse in Wien," which I have been for many years. The ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolf was formerly the Protector of this society, a position which was held recently by the late Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Austrian throne.

Andrä had held a post in Siebenbürgen, in Hungary, under the Archduke Johann, for some years before his appointment to be a professor at Bonn. He was very fond of the Hungarians and told me that he and some friends were one evening at a restaurant in a village in Hungary, where three or four musicians played so delightfully that his party kept giving them money to continue, and that he was sure that they

* Baron von der Goltz is proud of his stupidity.

† Grillparzer says of Heine that his first verses in the *Reise Bilder* and some of his last poems are of great merit, while those of the intermediate period must be considered decidedly bad.

went on playing until about five o'clock the following morning. He was passionately fond of music, and I would often ask him to play me some Austrian marches and waltzes on the piano, which he did with the true Austrian spirit. His daughter never played the piano, telling me that unless you can play exceptionally well, it is better to leave it alone. I wish all English girls were of her opinion.

German girls are as a rule very clever, and have a good deal to say for themselves. They are highly sentimental, far more so than English girls, and can generally read French and English books easily enough, though I found that they could speak very little of these languages, as they had very little practice and few occasions to do so. Every girl in Germany can do the most difficult needlework, embroidery and knitting wonderfully well, in addition to which she thoroughly understands how to cook a good dinner. Fräulein Andrä generally cooked the dinner herself, though she had servants, one of whom was a sort of cook. I remember that, in more recent years, at the Hôtel Neckar at Heidelberg, I caught sight of a pretty, graceful young girl wearing an apron going into the hôtel kitchen, and, on my asking who she was, I was told that she was the daughter of a count, and engaged to be married to a young count of high family, but before her marriage she was required to learn cooking for six months at this hôtel.

There were at this time several English families whom I knew residing at Bonn, among them being Captain and Mrs. Bean, who were living there to educate their children, and to whose house I was often invited to tea. I recollect once Mrs. Bean telling me and some other friends of hers that she intended going to a masked ball dressed as a gipsy fortune-teller, with packs of cards and bells sewn over her costume. On my arrival at the ball, I had no difficulty in recognizing this dress, but the voice of the wearer seemed very different from that of Mrs. Bean, and it transpired that the fortune-teller was Captain Bean, who, as his wife found herself unable to go to the ball, owing to a severe cold, had assumed her costume and come instead. He intrigued a

great many people who were there, telling them their fortunes and more about themselves than they cared to know, and got a good deal of amusement out of his impersonation, no one but myself having the least idea who he was the whole time.

There were also two sons of Peabody, the millionaire, at Bonn. The name they were known by was George, and one of them was married and had two very pretty daughters. The Georges were quite unaware who their father was until after Peabody's death, when they were angry at only being left two thousand pounds a year each, the bulk of Peabody's enormous fortune having been bequeathed to charities.

The Carnival was very amusing for young people, as everyone had to be disguised and masked during the three days it lasted, and this custom afforded a good deal of fun. Besides, every house was thrown open, and we entered the houses of different people whom we knew with our masks on, and partook of tea and cakes without being recognized. The students, and, indeed, most young men, wore a blue blouse and white kid gloves, and a mask, over which a blue cap with a red tassel was worn. Some of the English girls at Bonn asked me to get up a ball, but only the bachelors would have anything to do with it. I arranged with the proprietor of the Rheineck Hôtel that the ball should be given there, and he prepared his large dining-room for the dancing and a room adjoining it for the supper. The supper was to be provided at so much a head, wine being extra, as is the general custom in Germany. The members of the committee wore red, white and blue rosettes in their buttonholes. About sixty or seventy people came to this ball, including the officers of the King's Hussars, who, of course, were present in uniform, and it went off very well, as it was conducted on English lines, and was a much more free and easy affair than the average German ball. The supper was a very passable one, and a great deal of wine was consumed, particularly sparkling Moselle and champagne, so the company was pretty merry. Miss Edith Horrocks was the belle of the ball. She danced chiefly with a young Baron

von Plessen, an officer in the King's Hussars, whom she afterwards married, though, as there was not much money on either side, the young officer's father, who was a general of cavalry, at first made some difficulties. It was five o'clock in the morning before the last guests had taken their departure.

During the winter several small dances were given by different English families, and these I generally attended. I also went to some German balls, but, as there were no English present except myself, and they were conducted in a very stiff and formal manner, I cannot say that I derived much pleasure from them, apart from the dancing itself, of which I was then very fond.

At Von Sybel's lectures I made the acquaintance of a young man named Hans Delbrück, whom I liked very much indeed. He afterwards became a university professor, and was imprisoned some years ago for having expressed certain political views which were not in accordance with those of the "All Highest." He is now Professor of History at the University of Berlin. Some little time before the War he was interviewed by the correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, when he gave his opinion about the possibility of a war between Great Britain and Germany.

During the spring and summer there was very little going on at Bonn, with the exception of steamboat excursions up and down the Rhine. For the residents, the winter is the season, but the climate at that time of year is no better than in England; indeed, it is perhaps even worse than in some English towns, as in the morning there are often thick fogs rising from the river. Living at Bonn is cheap—cheaper than at Wiesbaden or Frankfurt, to say nothing of Homburg, which is far more expensive and much more pleasant in summer. But there are many worse places than Bonn in the winter, so far as amusements are concerned.

CHAPTER XIII

The Countess Czerwinska—The Countess Broel Plater—Mlle. de Laval—The Duchesse de Grammont—An Absent-Minded Gentleman—Dusauty, the Fencing Master—The Marquis of Anglesey—Charming Venezuelans—Miss Fanny Parnell

AFTER finishing my studies at Bonn, I returned to Paris and rejoined my parents. I was very happy in Paris, of which I have always been very fond; but what I missed there chiefly at that time was the companionship of young fellows of my own age. This reminds me of what Jim Doyne once said to me when he came to visit me there :—

"I should like Paris better than London, if I could only fill the place with my English friends, and send some of these Frenchmen to London instead."

I often experienced this very same feeling in Paris. It was very rarely that I met a Frenchman of my own age that I cared for, as I did for some English and Americans. Once at the Opéra Comique I happened to sit in the stalls next a young Frenchman, who was very pleasant, and whom I got to know well afterwards. This was the Vicomte Frédéric de Kilmaine, who, though of Irish extraction, could not speak a single word of English. A few days after I had made the Vicomte's acquaintance I went for a drive with him in his pretty victoria to the Bois de Boulogne, where we had some refreshments at one of the cafés there before returning to Paris. He often afterwards came to take me for a drive, and we became very good friends. The Vicomte de Kilmaine, however, was an exception so far as young Frenchmen were concerned, for I never became very intimate with any of them. M. de Lesquier d'Attainville, grandson of the Prince de Rivoli, Duc de Masséna, was a

very nice fellow, and I liked him exceedingly; but he was older than myself, and I did not see him very often except at the different houses which I visited of an afternoon or evening. I also liked Prince Jean Radziwill, who was a Pole, but I saw even less of him than I did of M. de Lesquier d'Attainville, and, besides, he was much older than I was, and a few years make a world of difference when one is very young.

In after years, at Franzensbad, in Bohemia, I made the acquaintance of the Countess Broel Plater and her son and daughter-in-law. The Countess, by her first marriage, was the Princess Lubomirska, and Prince Jean Radziwill was her son-in-law. The Countess was delighted to hear that I had known Prince Jean so well in former years, and told me many things about him. I often used to meet the Prince at Baroness Adelsdorfer's hôtel in Paris, and also at the Countess Czerwinska's, *née* Countess Czajkowska, and I remember him telling me that he was best man at the last-named lady's marriage. It was a marriage of affection, and a son was born a year or so later; but subsequently the pair had a quarrel and refused to live together any more. The husband was afterwards quite willing to make it up, but the Countess absolutely declined to do so, though Prince Radziwill said he did everything he could to persuade her to be reconciled. The Countess had the right to keep her little son Stanislaus, who was a boy seven years old. At the time I knew her in Paris, according to Russian law, in the event of a separation or a divorce, the mother has always the custody of the sons, and the father that of the daughters. This ought to be the rule in England, but, as we are an eccentric nation, our laws quite naturally differ from those of all others.

The Countess Czerwinska was a very good-looking, fair young woman, of about four-and-twenty. She was extremely well read and very intellectual, and appeared perfectly to idolize her son. She was very fond of the poet Mickiewicz, whose poems she often recited to me in Polish, afterwards giving me her own translation of them in French. It was

said that she was employed by the Russian Government to find out political secrets, and the salon at her hôtel in the Rue Chaillot was always filled with men from the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, like M. de Lesquier d'Attainville, and also with representatives of the various embassies.* She asked me once to procure her an invitation to a private masked ball given by the millionaire Ménier, who had made his fortune with the famous chocolate of that name, which I did, and escorted her also to the Concours Hippique at the Palais de l'Industrie.

The Countess Broel Plater was an old lady, who in her younger days had been, she told me, lady-in-waiting to the Empress of Russia, consort of Nicholas I. She also informed me that she had been brought up in the Palace at St. Petersburg, and that she was really a daughter of the Tsar, as everyone at the Court knew. One day, when we were taking coffee and listening to the band in the Kur Park at Franzensbad, she piqued my curiosity not a little by telling me that there were so many secrets at the Russian Court, that to reveal them would make one's blood run cold, and that, to her knowledge, three cold-blooded murders had been perpetrated at the Palace at Petersburg during the time she

* Another lady employed by the Russian Government to worm out State secrets was the Countess Stadnicka, whose acquaintance I made in recent years in Vienna, and she would often ask me the most difficult questions, which I never attempted to answer. She told me that for information of a certain nature she was often paid very large sums. The Countess Stadnicka had very lovely blue eyes, which were universally admired, and a fine figure, but she was no longer in her first youth. She was the mother of Graf von Metternich, who was the owner of vast estates and a minor, and the Countess had a lawsuit in Vienna to obtain control over her son's property during his minority. She was a wonderful linguist, speaking English, French, German, Italian and Russian fluently, and could tell one more about the Austrian nobility than anyone else I ever met in Vienna, as she was a Viennese by birth, and her father, who was one of the old nobility himself, had occupied a high position. She seemed to know everyone, but though a woman of wonderful intelligence, she had a rather spiteful tongue, and was therefore feared by some people. She always spoke to me in French and often said: *"Vous êtes drôle, vous, car vous n'aimez que le fruit pas mûr, ce qui est d'abord très fade et n'a point de goût."*

was living there. She mentioned all the details of these crimes, which had been committed at the instigation of those in power at that time, and even the names of the victims, observing that at the time of their occurrence she was pledged to secrecy, failing which, she would have been poisoned herself. "No one," she concluded, "can possibly realize, unless they have lived, as I have, at the Russian Court, what fearful things have happened there, simply in order to satisfy the caprice of a sovereign. Whether it was the destruction of a girl, man or woman, it mattered not, so long as the removal of the person served to conceal something which the Tsar desired should not be made public."

While relating these events, the Countess became quite excited, and her recital of them was so dramatic that one could almost imagine that she had actually taken part in them. She gave me, in fact, quite a creepy feeling, so that I was really relieved when she came to an end of her accounts of these tragic episodes. She afterwards told me that she was going to Nice with her son, whom I frequently met at Franzensbad with his lovely young wife, and I used to sit in the Kur and talk to them. The Countess Broel Plater had a charming villa, in which she had an aviary containing all kinds of rare birds, and it was her delight to sit near this aviary, admiring the gorgeous plumage of her beautiful birds and listening to them sing, while she thought how fortunate she was to have finished with the Russian Court and its dark tragedies. She told me that she knew the family of Count Branicki at Nice, and also the Countess Zamoyska, a very lovely woman, who had only very recently married, and was at that time the greatest heiress in Poland. Liszt says of Polish women: "*Ce qu'elles veulent, c'est l'attachement; ce qu'elles espèrent, c'est le dévouement; ce qu'elles exigent, c'est l'honneur, le regret et l'amour de la patrie, ce qui faisait dire à l'Empereur Nicholas I.: 'Je pourrais en finir des Polonais, si je venais à bout des Polonaises.'*"

The Countess invited me to stay with her at Nice in the winter, if I were able to go there, but, for some reason, I was

prevented from doing so. She took a great fancy to my little girl, Xenia, who was with me at the time and was then seven years old, saying that she reminded her of a near relative of her own, who also bore the Russian name of Xenia, which increased not a little the Countess's interest in my daughter.

In Paris I always attended the "*jours*" of the Countess Dzialyńska, sister of Prince Czartoryski. Her daughter, Countess Hélène Dzialyńska, spoke English fluently, and told me she could learn any language in a fortnight. She wrote a book in French against capital punishment, called *Sur la peine de mort*, which had a large circulation. The Princess Czartoryska was a royal princess, a Bourbon, and lived at the Maison Lambert. Among their friends was a Swedish officer attached to the Embassy, who was a frequent guest at their soirées. He was no longer young, but always wore a corset and lavender kid gloves, and never took his gloves off even to eat his supper. In his younger days he had been dubbed, "*la fille du régiment*," and this nickname still clung to him. I met him there frequently, and he still considered himself quite irresistible *auprès des dames*.

I used to go about a good deal in Paris at this time with Cecil Slade, a boy of fourteen, the son of a friend of my father, General Sir William Slade. He usually called for me of an afternoon, and we took long walks on the Boulevards. A girl friend whom I made was Mlle. Julie Piétri, who was about fourteen. I often called at her father's house in the Champs-Elysées, and one day I said to Madame Piétri, before her daughter, that I wondered why French girls were not allowed the same liberty with boys which English girls enjoyed. Madame Piétri answered that it might be all right with English girls, but if French ones were allowed to be alone with gentlemen, the consequences might be disastrous, as French girls could not control their feelings. I thought this a strange thing to say before her daughter, and I observed that Mlle. Julie looked rather confused at her mother's remark and blushed, but she did not say anything

in reply. About this time, I made the acquaintance of a young girl called Isabelle, about whom I have already written in "Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna." Isabelle was allowed more freedom than Mlle. Piétri, and was not always with her mother, and I found out that Madame Piétri may have been right in her conjectures. Nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that French girls are treated rather too severely in this respect, and that if they were permitted a little more liberty, they would not suffer so much as their mothers suppose.

In Paris, at this time, I had many friends among girls, but few among young fellows of my own age. I cannot say that I was in love with any of the former; indeed, I felt quite indifferent towards them. I certainly admired Isabelle very much at first, but only for a time, and was almost glad when our flirtation came to an end. Such, however, is the perversity of human nature, that no sooner had I lost her than I began to regret her. After some weeks had passed I saw her again, when I believed that she had deceived me with an American, and was not worthy of my regret. She informed me that this American had made her certain proposals, which she had refused; but I had a strong suspicion that this was not the case, and that her admirer had afterwards left Paris. I never met her again. She suddenly disappeared, and, though I was very curious to learn what had become of her, I was never able to find out. She vanished like some fantastic apparition, leaving no trace whatever behind, or like a pebble cast into the water, which leaves only a momentary impression on the surface to indicate the spot where it has disappeared.

Some time afterwards I made the acquaintance of a Mlle. de Laval, who was poor, but of a very noble family. Her ancestors had been Ducs de Laval, and she was related to some of the old noblesse of the time of Louis XVI. They had almost all been guillotined, and but few members of her family remained. She frequently told me stories about her ancestors, some of whom had been reduced to poverty. Mlle. de Laval was an intimate friend of a Mlle. Gabrielle

de Tercin, a very pretty actress, who played at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre. I was a good deal in the company of these girls, and used often to sup with them after the theatre. Mlle. de Tercin had a friend who was very wealthy, and had furnished a fine *appartement* for her, to which I sometimes went with Mlle. de Laval.

Another acquaintance of mine was a certain baroness, the widow of an attaché in Paris. She was at one time considered a very lovely woman, and certainly possessed very fine auburn hair and a very good complexion. She had a pretty hôtel in the Rue Lord Byron, where she received a great many visitors in the evening, chiefly of the sterner sex. She told me once that the old Duc de Persigny had called upon her when she was alone and handed her an envelope.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est que cela?*" she asked.

To which he replied in trembling tones :—

"*Oh, Madame, ce n'est qu'une petite fleur, rien qu'une petite fleur . . . que je viens vous offrir.*"

She opened the envelope and found that it contained fourteen thousand francs in banknotes. She at once threw the notes in the ducal donor's face, saying :—

"*Sortez, Monsieur, à l'instant de chez moi ; je ne veux ni de vous ni de votre petite fleur non plus.*"

The Duke entreated her to listen to him, but she only added :—

"*Entendez-vous, je veux que vous sortiez d'ici.*"

Whereupon he withdrew, and she never set eyes on him again, so she told me. I met her years afterwards in Vienna, when she was not so rich, and, though nearly sixty, was dressed more like sixteen and painted up to her eyes. She told me that Austrians were not so generous as Frenchmen, but that she preferred Englishmen to all others. She was now inclined to regret her treatment of the Duc de Persigny, though she laughed at the recollection of it still. Prince Rudolf von Liechtenstein called upon her in Vienna and sent her some beautiful flowers, when she remarked to me :-

"To think that I have to content myself in Vienna with flowers ! But the Austrians are all so terribly mean."

The Duchesse de Grammont

Amongst my mother's friends in Paris society at this time was Madame Leleu, whom she saw very frequently. Madame Leleu was a widow, and lived in a large *appartement* close to the Madeleine. When her husband was alive, she was very fond of dining with him at different restaurants, but since his death she had lived very quietly, and merely invited a few friends like ourselves to tea with her at five o'clock. Before her marriage she had been a Miss Beauclerk, and the Duke of St. Albans was her grandfather. She had at one time been engaged to Lord Cantelupe, but on her wedding day, while she was actually waiting in her bridal dress at the altar, she was informed that Lord Cantelupe had died quite suddenly. She told me about this sad event herself one day when she was visiting her aunt, Mrs. Healey, in the Rue d'Albe, but I don't remember what was the cause of Lord Cantelupe's death.

My mother also saw a good deal of the Duchesse de Grammont, who was a daughter of The MacKinnon of MacKinnon. She was very clever, though somewhat stiff in her manner, and while her husband was living gave some very smart dinner-parties. The Duchess had a fine house at Folkestone, a place of which she was very fond ; but after her husband's death she would sometimes let this house for the season at forty guineas a week. Her son, the present Duc de Grammont, married a daughter of Baron James de Rothschild, one of the Paris family of that name. The Hon. Mrs. Graves, a first cousin of the Duchess, who always stayed with her when in Paris, was a very great friend of my mother, and often dined with us in the Rue d'Albe.

The Duchesse de Caracciolo, an American by birth, who was remarkably good-looking and very "*spirituelle*," was a great deal in Paris at this time, and frequently came to see my mother, who was very fond of her. My mother always told me that the Duchess was just the kind of lady I should have admired ; but, as Fate would have it, I was not fortunate enough to meet her in Paris.

Mrs. Goldsmid, a Roman Catholic and the daughter of a baronet, who lived with her son in the Avenue des Champs-

Elysées, was also a friend of my parents, and she was very intimate with the Duchesse de Grammont, whom, with her sons, the Duc de Guiche and the Comte de Grammont, I met sometimes of an evening at her house. I met them more frequently after Mrs. Goldsmid's son married a very beautiful English girl, when the Duchess frequently dined there. After dinner we used to play cards, of which Goldsmid was very fond. He was at one time a great friend of my father, and they used to attend races together near Paris. He and his mother knew all the best people in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, as well as in the American colony. The son, before his marriage, which ended most disastrously for the wife, chiefly frequented the society of Americans, while his mother, who was a most intelligent woman, was fonder of the French. The conversation at their house, when guests happened to be present, was always carried on in French, as both mother and son spoke the language perfectly.

One day, when we were walking in the Champs-Elysées, my father pointed a man out to me whom, he said, he would not care to know at any price. He was a tall, well-built, fine-looking man, with a long fair beard. His name was Baron de Malortie, and he was a first cousin of Bismarck. I asked my father why he would not care to know him, to which he replied :—

" Because he is always fighting duels ; he has fought about thirty in Paris, and has always killed or wounded his adversary."

Some months later, I happened to be again in the Champs Elysées, when I saw my father in the distance, walking arm-in-arm with a man whom I thought resembled Malortie. In the evening I asked him with whom he was walking in so friendly a fashion in the Champs-Elysées that afternoon.

" It was Malortie," he answered. " He is such a nice fellow ; I don't know anyone I like better ! "

On one occasion my father was walking with two friends of his in Paris, when he turned to one of them, a Mr. Segrave, and said :—

" I don't think you know my friend . . ."

The Author's Father.

[*To face p.* 144.

When the gentleman addressed promptly replied in a loud voice :—

" No, and I have no wish to know him either."

My father told me that ever since then he had avoided introducing men to each other, as one never knew whether they had not had some quarrel, as was the case in this instance.

My father was subject to frequent fits of absent-mindedness, and I recollect once in Paris telling him a long story, and asking his opinion from time to time. He answered merely in monosyllables, and when I came to the end, and inquired what conclusion he had arrived at about the whole affair, he observed :—

" I was not listening to what you said, and have not the faintest idea what you were telling me about."

Once, in Paris, he invited some people to dine at our house, but forgot to tell my mother about it, so that when the guests arrived, there was no dinner prepared for them, and everything had to be sent for from a restaurant, which, of course, entailed great delay. On another occasion, there were seven or eight people dining with us, amongst whom was General Sir John Douglas, Lady Elizabeth Douglas, Captain and Mrs. Berkeley, the Marquise Brian de Bois-Guilbert and Mrs. Joe Riggs. When the soup, which my father was supposed to serve, was put on the table, he was so engaged in conversation with Lady Elizabeth Douglas, that he unconsciously helped himself to it, and began calmly to eat, talking all the while. My mother, having drawn Captain Berkeley's attention to what the host was doing, the latter said, laughing :—

" I say, old fellow, I hope you are enjoying the soup, but all this time you are keeping us waiting, and we should like to enjoy it as well."

My father then realized what he had done, apologized and said :—

" Upon my word, I am so absent-minded that I did not know what I was doing."

In later years, while in India, I made the acquaintance

of the Vicomte Arthur d'Assailly, and, meeting him afterwards in Paris, was invited to call upon him at his hôtel in the Rue Las Cases. I happened to mention this to my father, when he told me that I should be careful about the people whom I called on, as there were so many adventurers in Paris. Some months later, I went with my father to a club, where someone slapped him on the back, and, to my great surprise, it was none other than d'Assailly. My father then told me that he had known him for years, and that he was an excellent fellow, but that he must have been thinking of something else when I asked whether I should call on him, and so did not catch the name I had mentioned, and thought I had come across some adventurer or other.

The Baroness Adelsdorfer gave my father one day, when he happened to call upon her, a very important letter to post, which he promised to put into the letter-box as he was going out. She told him that she wanted an immediate answer to this letter, so that he was to post it at once. He carried this letter about with him for a whole week, when, in my presence, he suddenly discovered it in his pocket. On his returning to the Baroness, she asked him about this letter, to which she was still awaiting a reply.

"Oh! I posted it all right, depend upon it," he replied, laughing. "There has been some delay somewhere."

The Baroness, however, knew him of old, and exclaimed:—

"I know you must have forgotten to post it; I should not be surprised if you still have it in your pocket."

I met the Baroness Adelsdorfer once at Longchamps, near the entrance to the Grand Stand, just before the races began, when, stepping out of her carriage—a very fine turn-out—she came up to me very excitedly, and exclaimed:—

"It is really too bad of your father. I have been waiting here for him for half an hour, as he promised to get me a ticket for the Jockey Club Stand, and I don't see the least sign of him."

My father, as a matter of fact, had forgotten all about the poor Baroness, and did not put in an appearance at Longchamps that day. However, the lady fortunately managed

to get the ticket she wanted from some other member of the club.

At this time, my father used to be always with Captain Lennox Berkeley (afterwards Earl of Berkeley), and I recollect his saying to me on several occasions :—

" Whenever I have a difficult business letter to write, I always ask Berkeley's advice. I never met anyone who could write such a good business letter as he can."

Once, when Berkeley was away from Paris, he said to me :

" I wish Berkeley were here ; I have such a bothering letter to write and he could do it so well for me."

I offered to try my hand at this letter, and composed one which he said would answer the purpose. But I discovered afterwards that he had torn it up, and, later, he admitted having done so, saying :—

" You cannot write like Berkeley ; I don't know anybody else who can."

While on the subject of letter-writing, I may mention that my mother frequently expressed regret that she had not kept the letters written to her by her aunt, Lady Caroline Murray, observing that they were so well written and so beautifully expressed that they were quite equal in every respect to those of Madame de Sévigné.

I took lessons in fencing at this time from Dusauty, who had been in the " Cent Gardes " during the Empire, though Sir Edward Cunninghame, a well-known duellist in Paris, had advised my learning from Pons, who had been his instructor. I liked the way Dusauty taught me very much. He was one of the finest fencers whom I had ever seen, and taught some of the most redoubtable duellists, who often came to fence with him just before a duel. I fenced with some of them when Dusauty happened to be engaged in giving another lesson, which was a great pleasure to me. Dusauty was quite young, only seven-and-twenty, a very fine-looking, dark man, six feet, two inches in height. Unhappily, he died not long afterwards. His death, it was said, was attributable to the constant shouting and the amount of dust which he was obliged to inhale while engaged

in giving his fencing lessons, which caused him to contract the lung disease which proved fatal. I learned to fence with both hands, and preferred fencing with my left hand to my right. In after years, I lost the use of my right arm, and Colonel Crawley, an Old Etonian, who was then in my regiment, though he afterwards exchanged into the Coldstream Guards, and with whom I often used to fence, remarked that it seemed as though I had foreseen that I should one day lose the use of that arm.

When Captain Berkeley went to live at Fontainebleau with his wife and family, my father was mostly with Lord Henry Paget, who afterwards became Marquis of Anglesey. Lord Henry's only son, who, when his father succeeded to the marquisate, became Earl of Uxbridge, was a charming little boy, with very pleasing manners, who was generally dressed as a British sailor. He lived at this time almost entirely with the Boyds, and his aunt, Mrs. Yorke, had charge of him until he went to Eton. My father and I used frequently to meet him in the Champs-Elysées with his governess, when he would always run up to us to have a chat. His father, the Marquis of Anglesey, was very fond of horses, as was my father, and their tastes were pretty much the same. They were both greatly attached to Paris, though neither of them could really speak French, their knowledge of which was confined to a few words. Lord Anglesey, indeed, never even tried to speak the language, and avoided French people who could not talk English. My father, on the other hand, rather liked to meet them, and contrived somehow to make himself understood. The racing in the neighbourhood of Paris was a great attraction to both Lord Anglesey and my father, but I do not think the former ever made a bet. I cannot say the same for the latter, who sometimes betted rather heavily. Lord Anglesey was particularly fond of dining at restaurants, where he and my father in later years often dined together, sometimes inviting other friends. After dinner, as they both detested theatres, they played billiards, of which they were very fond, as they both played a very good game. Neither of them

cared for balls and parties, and they both, as a rule, hated all kinds of ceremony. After dinner they liked to smoke a pipe, though they were at times fond of a good Havana cigar. This was somewhat difficult to procure in Paris, but M. de Francisco-Martin, of the Guatemala Legation, would often make my father a present of a box of cigars, which he received direct from Havana free of any duty, as he belonged to the Corps Diplomatique. The society which they preferred was that which attached little importance to matters of etiquette and ceremonial, except on certain occasions, as, for instance, when Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, dined with Lord Anglesey. Then everything was carried to the other extreme, the Marquis priding himself on making a very great display in the way of silver plate and beautiful flowers, while the very best dinner which Madame Chevet, of the Palais-Royal, could supply, together with the choicest wines and liqueurs, was provided. An American lady, whom the Marquis admired very much, was usually invited to preside and entertain the Ambassador.

There was an Englishman in Paris whose name was Field, and at one time Lord Anglesey was on rather friendly terms with him ; but one day the Marquis told my father that he gave himself airs, so that he intended to drop his acquaintance. Field was a very short, dark, clean-shaven man, more like an American than an Englishman. He used to receive every afternoon, when he was with the Marquis, my father and myself, various lavender-coloured notes, highly perfumed, on receiving which he would exclaim :

" Another letter from —— —— ! " mentioning the name of a celebrated actress.

I asked him once, when he had given me the note to read, if she often wrote to him in that style, to which he replied that sometimes he received such notes from her every hour in the day. After Lord Anglesey had quarrelled with him I never met him again in Paris. I think he must have gone away, or perhaps he used to avoid the spot in the Champs Elysées where the Marquis and my father generally sat from five to six in the afternoon, to watch the carriages go by.

Lord Anglesey occupied a very fine *appartement* in the Avenue Kléber, which he rented when he was still Lord Henry Paget. I recollect my father and I meeting him in the Champs-Elysées just after his half-brother's death, when the former congratulated him on having succeeded to the title, and the new Marquis said :—

" I shall only have about £80,000 a year at present, I think, but perhaps more later, as my brother was heavily insured."

Some days afterwards, my father asked him whether he intended to put his servants into powder, when he replied :—

" I am afraid I can't afford that yet, as I should have to keep at least twelve footmen, six in powder, and the other six to relieve them ; but later on I may be able to manage it ; at least, I hope so."

The windows of Lord Anglesey's *appartement* facing the street were furnished with very conspicuous pink-coloured blinds, adorned on the outside with very large coronets, which caused a good deal of comment. I remember asking Lord Conyers, who was a friend of the Marquis, why the latter was so fond of displaying these large coronets on almost everything he used, and that Lord Conyers answered that Lord Anglesey had inherited this taste, which was a purely French one, from the French Kings, Louis XIV. and Louis XV., to whom his ancestors were related, but that in other respects his habits and ways were entirely English.

Folliot Duff and his wife and daughters were then living in Paris. He was a brother of Billy Duff, whose widow also resided there. Folliot Duff was a good boxer, and in Paris he conceived a great passion for fencing. I often called on the Duffs, when he invariably used to turn the conversation to his favourite hobby. He was a very agreeable man, but I never remember seeing him without his giving me a lecture on fencing, or occasionally, by way of a change, on boxing. Mrs. Folliot Duff was a very great friend of my mother, and, after her husband's death, she used often to come and dine with us.

M. de Francisco-Martin, son of the Minister for Guatemala, and brother-in-law of the Marquis de San Carlos, formerly Spanish Ambassador in Paris, was also a great friend of the Duffs. He lived in a very fine hôtel in the Rue Fortin, which he sold to the Marquis of Anglesey for £40,000. The latter, however, only lived there a month with his last wife. Francisco-Martin often used to pay us a visit of an evening, when his conversation ran mainly on horses and racing, for which he shared my father's partiality.

I used occasionally to visit the daughters of the Minister for Venezuela, who lived in a very fine *appartement* on the Avenue d'Iéna. One of them, who was then about sixteen, was an exceedingly pretty girl, with blue eyes, jet black hair, small but beautiful features, and very white teeth, and the way in which she spoke Spanish was charming to listen to, so soft did it sound. I often went to her *appartement*, when she would invite me to take tea, and sometimes I found her alone, as her sister, who was engaged to be married, was generally with her *fiancé*. The younger sister, whose name was Mercèdes, made me speak Spanish to her at times; at others we spoke French, and the time I spent with her seemed to pass very quickly—too quickly, indeed, to please me.

I recollect calling one day on Madame de Passy and meeting there the Marchioness de Peñafiel, whose husband afterwards succeeded the Count de San Miguel as Portuguese Minister in Paris. The Marchioness was wearing that day a very pretty hat covered with white flowers, for which, she told Madame de Passy, she had just given 300 francs. As she was on the point of leaving, it began to rain, and although the Marchioness's gorgeous equipage was waiting at the door for her, she was so fearful lest her new hat should be spoiled, that, with Madame de Passy's help, she covered it entirely over with a lace handkerchief, and then advanced bravely to her carriage, escorted by a footman, holding an umbrella over her head. The Marchioness de Peñafiel was a great friend of the Minister for Venezuela and his lovely daughters, of whom I have just spoken.

One day, when I happened to be visiting the Shards, who lived in the same house as Madame de Passy, I was telling the second daughter, Sophie Shard, a good-looking young girl, what trouble I had to get a good valet, when she said :—

" Why don't you take a pretty girl and dress her in a page's costume ? I am sure she would suit you much better than a boy. I should do this if I were you, and I know you will be grateful to me for the advice I have given you, if you only follow it."

I thought her idea, which reminded me of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, excellent, but, as I was not my own master, I could not quite see my way to carry it out.

About this time, I made the acquaintance of Madame Saba, who lived in the same *appartement* as Mlle. Daram, of the Grand Opéra. The latter was a very pretty girl, with an exquisite figure, who possessed a fine contralto voice. She made it a rule to get up at seven o'clock every morning to practice her singing, and never broke it. She always played page's parts, for which she was paid 18,000 francs a year, and, though she had a friend, a French marquis, who had about £16,000 a year, and wanted her to give up the stage, she refused to do so, saying that she wished to be quite independent. The *appartement* in which these two ladies lived was furnished with every comfort and convenience one could possibly wish for, including a good library ; and one day when they happened to be out when I called, I was given Labiche's plays to read to amuse me until their return.

There was an Irish lady residing in Paris, who used to give a dance once a fortnight during the winter. I recollect that amongst her guests on one occasion was a French countess, who wore a gown which was very *décolletée* indeed, so much so that several English ladies commented upon it. The lady of the house mentioned this to a young French count, who observed :—

" *On aime à voir ces choses, mais on n'aime pas qu'on vous les fasse voir.*" Saying which, he borrowed a shawl from his hostess, and, stepping up to the countess, put it over her shoulders, telling her that all the ladies were

so much afraid lest she should take cold. The countess, who was watching a game of whist at the time, thanked him for the attention without taking her eyes off the cards, and then pulled the shawl tighter round her shoulders.

Miss Fanny Parnell, who was half Irish and half American, was then one of the loveliest girls in Paris. She was also one of the best dressed and most attractive in every way. She was a severe critic of her own sex, and her opinion of English girls was not a high one. On one occasion she wrote to me :—

"*I think, as you do, that English girls are, many of them, very fast. They seem to be so anxious to get rid of their reputation for being dull and stiff that they set no bounds to their liveliness.*"

On another occasion, when I told her that I was going to Folkestone, she observed :

"The girls in Kent, what I saw of them, were each one uglier than the other. So your fate is, I fear, not to be envied, knowing as I do your strong *penchant* for pretty faces."

Miss Fanny Parnell died very young, quite in the flower of her youth, in the United States ; but the report I read in a newspaper to the effect that Mrs. Parnell died there afterwards in poverty was, I am pleased to say, incorrect, for her daughter, Mrs. Paget, informed me some years ago that when Mrs. Parnell died she was with her in Ireland, and that she was surrounded by every possible luxury.

Miss Minnie Warren, an American from Boston, who afterwards married a Vanderbilt, was one of the loveliest young girls I ever met. She was then living with her parents in an hôtel on the Boulevard Haussmann, and I used frequently to meet her at parties and balls given by wealthy Americans. One afternoon I went to tea at her house, as I always did by invitation two or three times a week, and found her father sitting down reading *The Times*. He never so much as looked at me, but went on reading, while I sat silent and feeling far from comfortable, until Mrs. Warren came in and said :—

"I suppose you have come to see my daughters; they will be home soon."

I felt very much relieved when, a few minutes after, I was shown into the charming daughters' salon, where I felt, as I always did, "*au septième ciel.*"

Another remarkably pretty girl whom I knew was Mlle. Waterlot, whose acquaintance I made through the Marquise Brian de Bois Guilbert. I introduced her to Miss Parnell, as she wanted to go to some American balls. She found, however, her inability to speak English a great drawback at these functions, as American young men did not care to talk French, which entailed too much mental exertion to please them. Mlle. Waterlot married some time afterwards the Comte de Lesseps, a son of the famous engineer of the Suez Canal.

CHAPTER XIV

Captain Howard Vyse—An Anecdote of Paganini—New Hats for Old Ones—Albert Bingham—Baron Alphonse de Rothschild—Madame Alice Kernave—Gambetta

DURING the winter months, I was very fond of going on Sundays to Pasdeloup's concerts, which were held in the Cirque d'Hiver. One Sunday, I met the Vicomte d'Assailly there, who told me that he preferred these concerts to those at the Conservatoire, as at the latter people did not cease to talk the whole time, which was very trying for those who, like himself, really cared for music. He was passionately fond of it. On one occasion, I went to Pasdeloup's concert with Captain Howard Vyse, formerly of the "Blues," an Old Etonian, and a friend of my father, who was nicknamed "Punch." He was placed in a seat near the kettledrums, while I sat some little distance away, as there were very few vacant seats. After the concert I asked Vyse how he had enjoyed it, when he told me that he had never slept better in his life, and had not once heard the kettledrums. He could speak very little French, but he thoroughly enjoyed going to the Palais-Royal Theatre, and would often tell me of a play there which was worth seeing, such as *le Réveillon*, by Meilhac and Halévy, of which he related to me the plot. He was always very lively, and sometimes rather amusing, and at times he would invite himself to dine with us, where he was always very welcome. Once, for some reason or other, my mother did not want him to stay to dinner, and told him that she was afraid she had nothing to give him. However, he asked her what there was, and, on being told, said :—

"If I had ordered the dinner myself, I could not have anything I like better."

So he remained and dined with us, notwithstanding the excuses my mother had made for the dinner. My father introduced him to the late Lady Louisa Meux, sister of the Marquis of Ailesbury, who lived in quite a palace in the Bois de Boulogne, and had very smart "turn-outs." She used to give very good dinners and once invited Howard Vyse to dine with her. Whenever afterwards my father wanted to annoy him, he would say that he was sure that Lady Louisa Meux would be pleased to see him at dinner. To which Vyse would answer angrily :—

"However badly I might want a dinner, I would not go there for anything."

The explanation of this was a secret between my father and Howard Vyse, and evidently an amusing one, since they always laughed heartily over it.

Lady Louisa Meux was very rich and highly eccentric. Her husband was in a lunatic asylum, and she herself was very queer at times. I never knew her myself, but my father said she occasionally reminded him of a sister of his, whom he also considered rather eccentric.

Signor Campobello, whose real name was Campbell, used to sing at a house to which I was sometimes invited of an afternoon. One day, when he had just sung a song, the lady of the house went up to him and asked him, in my hearing, to sing again. He replied :

"You are aware of my charges—five hundred francs each song." To which she rejoined :—

"I am perfectly well aware of it."

Campobello's wife was Madame Sinico, who was also an operatic singer and often sang at Covent Garden.

The Marquise Brian de Bois-Guilbert, a very pretty and distinguished-looking woman, when dining with us one evening, happened to remark how badly professional singers were treated by some people, and related a story of a man and his wife who were invited to dinner by some rich people in Paris on purpose to avoid paying them for singing after-

wards. However, after these two singers had had their dinner, they put a louis each on their plates in payment for it, and immediately afterwards left the house, much to the disgust and disappointment of their host and hostess, who had invited them expressly to sing to the other guests. The Marquise herself sang most beautifully and quite like a professional, having learned of the celebrated Professor Duprez (formerly of the Grand Opéra), one of whose very best pupils she was; and when she did so, always insisted that there should be no talking in the room, otherwise she would leave off singing at once. This was no idle threat, as I once saw her carry it out myself.

Captain Berkeley, who was very fond of hearing her sing, would often remark that English people, as a rule, always begin to talk when anyone sings or plays, and he once told a story, which, though I have no doubt it is a very old one, I may as well repeat, for the benefit of those unacquainted with it:

On one occasion, when Paganini was playing a violin solo, and had reached the most pathetic part, he was suddenly interrupted by a certain English peer, who touched his arm and said:—

"*Pardon, Monsieur, mais j'ai besoin de causer avec une dame.*"

It appeared that, in order to reach the lady in question, the Englishman had to pass Paganini, and the bow of the violin happened to be in his way.

"*Si ce n'est pas vrai, c'est très bien trouvé,*" as Captain Berkeley observed at the time he told me the story. Let us hope that the lady was worthy of the interruption. Possibly she was a Venus, in which case there may have been some excuse for this infatuated peer, whoever he may have been.

The Marquise de Brian de Bois-Guilbert used to pay frequent visits to the Duchesse d'Abrantès at her fine Château de Bailleul, where the latter's sister-in-law, the Comtesse de Faverney, painted a portrait of the Marquise, which she showed me. It was a very fine one, and, unlike most amateur

productions, really resembled the original. The Duchesse d'Abrantès was then a lovely young blonde, and one of the best portraits that I ever saw of her was one which she gave to the Marquise. She was taken in her garden, standing by a favourite horse, with her arm round the animal's neck.

In reference to the Duchesse d'Abrantès, the Marquise once observed, in the course of a letter to me :—

> "*Her whole family is greatly respected at Versailles, not only because it is illustrious, but because it is very pious and very charitable. What kindness of heart, perfect courtesy, and exquisite and truly Christian benevolence do we find in these illustrious families! I repeat: nothing is comparable to the courtesy and perfect breeding of the French nobility, which is doubly kind when one happens to have fallen into misfortune. Its soul is as lofty as its rank is elevated; its heart is excellent. The greatest nobility resides at Versailles, for it is in greater security there than anywhere else.*"

And she added :

> "*On m'a surnommée ici la rose blanche, puis la blanche apparition, et j'ai de grand succès de beauté, distinction, chose rare parmi les femmes; pour mon talent, on est en extase.*"

I went, in later years, to a very smart ball given by the Marquise de Blocqueville, at which I met the Comtesse de la Taille des Essarts and her daughter Gabrielle. The latter, with whom I danced, was a fair girl, who afterwards married the Marquis de Gabriac. I took the Comtesse, who was an English lady and a friend of my mother's, in to supper. When I left the ball, I looked for my opera-hat, which was quite new, and found a very old one in its place. They told me at the *vestiaire* that they thought the Marquis de Rey had taken mine. I accordingly sent him the hat with a note, asking the return of mine, and received an answer, saying

that he was not the person who had left this old hat, as his was quite new, and he would have no particular desire to exchange it.

"*Je regrette*," he wrote, "*d'avoir à vous annoncer que le chapeau que vous m'avez fait remettre hier n'est pas à moi; l'échange que vous supposez n'est pas de mon fait;* MON *chapeau étant entre mes mains. . . . Ayez donc la bonté de le faire reprendre chez mon concierge, numéro* 11, *rue des Saints-Pères, etc., etc.*"

At the same time, the Marquis expressed the hope that I should find my own hat, but this I never did.

The above incident reminds me of a story I heard about General Ronald Lane, of the Rifle Brigade, who was at one time Equerry to the Duke of Connaught. The gallant officer in question went, many years ago, to a ball in London, wearing a perfectly new hat, and, on leaving, found, as I had done, an old one in its place. He must evidently have determined to pay someone out for the loss of his hat, for the next time he went to a ball, which he did soon afterwards, he took this old hat with him, and, leaving the house early, had time to select the newest of the hats in the cloak-room and one that fitted him perfectly.

"You can see for yourself," said he to the attendant, "that this old hat can't possibly belong to me. I must look for it, and I shall soon find it."

In this way, he secured an almost better hat than the one he had lost, and, of course, he left the old hat in its place.

At a ball given by an American in Paris, the celebrated composer Waldteufel was conducting one of his own very delightful waltzes, which he used at times to play in rather slow time, putting always a great deal of expression into them, when the master of the house came up to him and asked if he would mind playing the waltz a trifle faster, since it would suit the dancers better. Waldteufel, whose *amour-propre* was wounded by this request, immediately afterwards struck up the "Dead March in Saul," and since then no

one dared to interfere with him when he was conducting his orchestra, which he did at all the principal balls, though his fee was £150 for the night. It was very interesting to watch him conduct his orchestra, which was excellent, though by no means numerous. At times, he played the violin and led the orchestra somewhat in the manner of Edward Strauss, though he went through more peculiar movements with his arms and legs than even the latter does. Edward Strauss always seems to dance himself when he conducts his orchestra and plays waltzes and polkas, and looks pleasant; but Waldteufel always looked furious. I remember at balls, when I was dancing a cotillion or a waltz, I used to be rather afraid of him, as one never knew at any time what eccentricity he might not be prompted to indulge in. Sometimes, he would stop his orchestra in the middle of a dance; at others, he would play an overture when you were expecting a waltz. In fact, with him one had to be prepared for anything. But the Americans in Paris were such beautiful dancers that these eccentricities rather pleased them, and, besides, they could dance to almost any *tempo*.

The Marquis de Grandmaison used often to dine with us in the Rue d'Albe. He was a very strongly-built, clean-shaven man, and wore his hair very short; so much so, indeed, that one day, when he had given a photograph of himself to my father, the latter said :—

"You look, my dear fellow, as if you had undergone ten years' penal servitude!"

Grandmaison laughed, as he always enjoyed a joke, even when it was at his own expense. Generally, he would retaliate, and my father and he used to make fun of one another. The Marquis, who belonged to one of the noblest families in France, and was a very wealthy man, owned a beautiful hôtel in Paris. He had lived in the United States and spoke English like an American. He was very fond of practical jokes, and would make us all laugh at the tricks he had played on various people. My mother rather liked him, but at times he was almost too noisy: in fact, very like

a schoolboy, as he was up to all kinds of fun. He belonged to the Jockey Club, and generally drove a fine four-in-hand to the races at Longchamps, and he was very fond of racing.

The Marquis de Bois-Hébert, the husband of the well-known author, used also to drive a very fine four-in-hand in Paris at this time. I knew him very well and have mentioned him in my book, "Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna."

The late Hon. Albert Bingham, brother of Lord Clanmorris, who drew the pictures in Lady Brassey's well-known book, used often to dine with us in the Rue d'Albe, and sometimes brought with him a little pug-dog called Félice, who was a great favourite, particularly with the ladies. Bingham was a very pleasant man, with plenty of conversation, and was most popular in Paris. He was very nice-looking and a good draughtsman, besides being clever in other ways. I remember him getting me an invitation to dine with the Naylor-Leylands, who had a fine hôtel in the Avenue d'Antin, in which the kitchen was at the top of the house. The Naylor-Leylands had as their secretary a man who had formerly been a captain in the Rifle Brigade. I was at Eton with Albert Bingham's nephew, Lord Clanmorris, who entered the Rifle Brigade. I met him afterwards in town and also in Paris. He married soon after the last time I saw him. He has recently died.

The Piétris sometimes came to see us in the Rue d'Albe, and, on the marriage of the eldest daughter, Marie, I was invited to the wedding, at which the two younger sisters acted as bridesmaids, and also to the ball given just before the married couple started on their honeymoon. About two hundred people were present at this ball, and the supper was an excellent one, with champagne. I danced with Mlle. Julie Piétri, who was a beautiful dancer, and looked very pretty that evening in a dress of pink tulle, with pearls as ornaments.

When Captain Hubert de Burgh, formerly of the 11th Hussars, who was an Old Etonian and a nephew of the

Earl of Cardigan, dined with us, as he often did, my mother always said that she felt sure that he would break a wine-glass; and he invariably did so. This was previous to his being attacked by the sad spinal complaint from which he died. One day, in the Champs-Elysées, he fell in love at sight with a German lady whom my father knew, and she told him that she had also fallen in love with de Burgh. My father introduced them to each other, and de Burgh afterwards left the lady his entire fortune. At one time my father always went with him to the different race-meetings round Paris.

In later years, Mr. Tugwell, a banker from Bath, who was on a visit to Paris, was very anxious to see Ferrières, the magnificent country-seat of the late Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. Accordingly, having obtained permission from the Baron himself, who happened to be in Paris at the time, we went there by train.

Ferrières is one of the most beautiful properties in the world, and enjoys quite a European reputation for its magnificence. We went all over the château itself, entering nearly every room. On our arrival at the top of the house, I recollect seeing some very elaborate coffins, covered with gold, standing up against the outside walls of certain rooms. The servant who showed us over the house explained to us about these coffins, and said whose they were; but I was only too pleased to go down the staircase again and see them no more. The servant showed us some of the beautiful *objets d'art* and paintings which adorned the walls, and told us that the house contained *objets d'art* to the value of nearly one hundred million francs. Baron Alphonse was the wealthiest of all the Rothschilds, and all the most remarkable *objets d'art* which had been amassed by the family in years gone by had been collected and placed in the Château de Ferrières. We were told that Rothschild rarely ever gave permission for visitors to see the inside of the château, as he did not wish journalists and others to describe the interior of this splendid house and the wealth it contained, which, we were assured, exceeded that of any other

in Europe. Tugwell, who could not speak French, was delighted to find that one of the gardeners had lived as head gardener on his estate near Bath, and had also been a gardener in the service of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. This man showed us over the greenhouses, and told us that he was one of twenty-seven gardeners employed at Ferrières, and that the collection of orchids was the finest in Europe; and Tugwell, who had a very fine collection himself, admitted, after seeing them, that such must be the case.

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild was a fair man with a long beard. He used, at one time, to ride a very fine chestnut horse, and to go every morning, accompanied by his daughter, also on horseback, to the Bois de Boulogne, returning to his hôtel in time for *déjeuner* at twelve o'clock. Mlle. de Rothschild died quite young, and the Baron, who never seemed to get over her death, died himself not long afterwards.

On one occasion, I went to the Chantilly and to le Vésinet races, and was shown over the splendid estate of the Duc d'Aumale. Colonel McCall, a friend of my father, was Equerry to the Duke, and his son, who was an Old Etonian, served in my regiment, which he commanded in later years. The Duc d'Aumale bequeathed this splendid property to the French nation. Le Vésinet races were not of much account, and were only kept going by the support of the royal owner of Chantilly.

I went, of course, to Versailles to see the magnificent château and the beautiful gardens, which are laid out in the most charming manner imaginable, and, though often imitated, have never been equalled. Le Petit Trianon, with its splendid collection of roses of every possible *nuance*—the "Souvenir à la Malmaison," "Prince Noir," "La France," "Niphetos," "Boule de Neige," and so forth—greatly enhance the charm of that part of the gardens; and when the great fountains are playing, the view from the terrace is quite fairy-like in its wonderful beauty, and the château looks like one of those magic palaces described in the "Arabian Nights." When there is a display of fireworks

and the fountains are lit up by various coloured lights, you may almost imagine yourself in fairyland or living in the days of the Caliph Haroun Alrashid, particularly if one happens to be in the company of a fair lady, as I was in that of Mlle. Renée Leclerc.

I went once to Enghien with my mother and the Marquise Brian de Bois-Guilbert, where we listened to a fine Prussian military band, which played, as the Marquise observed, better than most French military bands. It was, however, depressing to reflect that the Prussians were then in occupation and so near Paris. Enghien is a nice little place, with an artificial lake and some fine houses, and the public garden, where the band plays of an afternoon, is a very pretty one. The Marquise de Bois-Guilbert stayed there during the War, and for some time afterwards, before returning to Paris, where she usually lived.

I once visited the Fair of Saint-Germain with some friends. In one of the shows a woman conjuror singled me out, and asked me to hold a gold coin in my hand. Then, telling me to keep my hand tightly closed, she went away to a considerable distance, counted up to three and fired off a pistol. Afterwards, she asked me to open my hand and to count aloud in French the pieces it contained, which I found numbered over thirty. How the trick was performed I have never had the slightest idea to this day.

I was once at the Cirque d'Hiver, in Paris, when a woman was blindfolded on the stage ; after which her husband came up to me and asked if I had a foreign bank-note about me. I gave him an Austrian one, which he held in his hand, and the woman immediately cried out :

" Austrian ten-florin note, Number 178150."

I never was able to discover how this was done.

I went once with Madame Saint-Hilaire, who wrote some interesting novels, published by Dentu, of the Palais Royal, and her pretty daughter, Madame Alice Kernave, who had been an actress in St. Petersburg, to a *séance* of spirit-rapping and table-turning, in which they both firmly believed. But, to tell the truth, I did not think much of it, though

Madame Alice Kernave.

[*To face p.* 164.

The late Earl of Berkeley.

[*To face p.* 165.

the *séances* were always very well attended. I did not mind being kept in the dark when I sat near Madame Alice Kernave, but when I went there alone with her mother on one occasion I felt rather nervous. I never went again, but frequently visited the daughter, whom I admired at that time. She had received, while in St. Petersburg, very handsome presents from a Russian gentleman, who, she told me, had recently died. She was looking for a good engagement in *la haute comédie*, in which she was very clever. I met her some years afterwards at Nice, where she was acting at the theatre, when she told me that she had lived in great luxury while her Russian friend was alive, but since then had been obliged to live more economically in Paris.

I remember that once the Baron de Vay, a Russian, who lived during the summer at a villa he owned at Vévey, in Switzerland, called on my mother, in the Rue d'Albe, with his daughter, a pretty little girl of fourteen. In the course of conversation, the Baron mentioned that he made a rule of never knowing certain people for more than a fortnight, after which he always dropped their acquaintance, if he possibly could, for, as he explained, in that space of time he learned all their good qualities and none of their faults. I could not help thinking at the time, and I am still of the same opinion, that he was a most fortunate man to be able to do so. The Baron only spoke French and Russian, and did not know a word of English.

In later years, when the Earl of Berkeley was living with his wife and his sister-in-law, the Baronne van Havre, in the Rue de Saint-Pétersbourg, he took a fancy to the streich melodion (or viola zither), which is somewhat like the streich zither, and Sighicelli, the famous violinist of the Grand Opéra, came every evening to give us lessons, when we all three played together. The streich melodion is a favourite instrument in Vienna, where thirty or forty of them are at times played together by young girls in society at the Musik Vereins Saal, and the effect is quite charming. Some evenings, Taffanel, the flute-player of the Grand Opéra, brought his silver flute, and really enchanted all

whom Berkeley invited to his house. I remember that, one evening, Captain Francis Lowther, the father of Miss Toupie Lowther, the well-known lawn-tennis player, came there. He was a son of the Earl of Lonsdale and a friend of my father. He told Berkeley how well he spoke foreign languages, particularly French, when the latter replied that there was very little merit in his being able to do so, as he had spoken them all his life.

At the house of some American friends of ours I had the privilege of meeting the same evening two of the greatest men of their time: General Grant and Gambetta. General Grant appeared to me to be a short, stoutly-built and rather stern-looking man. On being presented to him, I happened to remark that the day had been a fine one, to which he replied:—

"I beg to differ from you, sir; the wind was a bitterly cold one from the North."

I afterwards spoke in praise of Paris, and said how much I preferred it to London, so far as its theatres and other amusements were concerned. The General replied that he was much pleased with what he had seen of Paris, but that London and the English interested him far more. He then asked me several questions about England and the British Army, which I answered to the best of my ability. My answers seemed to please him, since he asked me to give him my address, and called on me with his son the very next day; but I happened most unfortunately to be out. My impression of Grant was that he was a very kind-hearted man, but that he did not carry his heart on his sleeve.

Gambetta shook hands with me like the General, but, instead of letting go of my hand, kept it in his, the while he made a very long speech in French, which was so florid that I was quite carried away by his eloquence, and forgot almost where I was. He did not seem to expect a reply; anyway, he contented himself with one or two monosyllables from me, and praised England, the English, and the English Army in the most high-flown language. My impression of

Gambetta was that he was a passionate, warm-hearted son of the Midi, who certainly wore his heart on his sleeve. His appearance was not in his favour, as he was excessively stout and had a bad figure, but his attractive, captivating manner more than atoned for his physical defects.

CHAPTER XV

My First Night at Mess—Life at Shorncliffe—The Charltons

IT was not until two years after I had passed my examination for the Army, in 1872, that I obtained my commission, when I was gazetted as a sub-lieutenant to the 2nd Battalion of the 10th (Lincolnshire) Regiment. My regiment was at that time serving in India, but, since it was under orders to return home, I was posted to the regimental depôt at Shorncliffe, which was attached temporarily to the 2nd Battalion of the 9th (Norfolk) Regiment.

On my arrival at Shorncliffe, I reported to Lieutenant Richard Southey, the officer temporarily commanding the depôt, the senior officer, Captain Byron, being then on leave. He was a tall, good-looking man, with very pleasant manners, and I felt at once at my ease with him. He showed me the hut which was to serve as my quarters, and offered to do anything for me that he could, even placing his soldier servant at my disposal, until I had time to choose one from the depôt. My hut, which was similar to those occupied by other officers, contained two small rooms leading into one another; while the furniture, which I had had sent down from London, was of the kind usually found in barracks, consisting of a bed which could be easily taken to pieces, a chest of drawers separated into two parts, but which could be put together for use, a green and black Brussels carpet, and curtains to match. I also had an oak bureau, forming a chest of drawers and writing-table, which I had had all the time I was at Eton. The furniture supplied to officers by the War Office consisted merely of a table and two or

three ordinary chairs ; but, with my own arm-chair, table-cloth, various knick-knacks and a number of pictures which I had had at Eton, I managed to make the rooms look habitable, if nothing else.

At half-past six a bugle sounded for the officers to dress for mess, which was at seven o'clock. I confess that I felt not a little nervous on entering the ante-room in my new uniform, which was scarlet with yellow facings ; but Southey was already there and introduced me to most of the officers, who greeted me very cordially.

The president at dinner was a captain named Dunn, who sat at the head of the table ; the vice-president was a lieutenant. The president and vice-president hold office for a week, and are then replaced by other officers of the same rank. The conversation at table was very animated, mainly on general topics ; indeed, military matters seemed to be more or less tabooed. The string band of the regiment played during dinner, and, I thought, tolerably well, though, as I had just come from Paris, where I was accustomed to hear some of the best military bands, I was perhaps rather difficult to please. After the band had played "God save the Queen," and Her Majesty's health had been proposed by the president, all the officers standing to drink it, we left the table, the president and the vice-president being the last to leave. Most of the officers then adjourned to the ante-room, where I got into conversation with a lieutenant named Bethell, who had just joined the 9th (Norfolk) Regiment, and whom I had known as a boy in Somersetshire. Bethell was a very clever fellow, and in his examination for the Army had passed first out of three hundred. He was an excellent rifle-shot and a good all-round sportsman. Some years later he succeeded to the title of Lord Westbury, when he was transferred to the Guards.

In the course of the evening the adjutant, Lieutenant Maltby, came up to me and told me that I must put in an appearance next morning at early drill. Maltby was an exceedingly nice fellow, and a thorough soldier. He was very particular about his dress, and even in mufti was

always *tiré à quatre épingles.* The following morning I found him on the parade ground, when he handed me over to a corporal for instruction in the goose step. After I had been practising this engaging exercise for about an hour, the adjutant came up, watch in hand, and told the corporal that that would do for the day, and asked me to accompany him to the mess-room, where we ordered breakfast. With the exception of the orderly officer, who was obliged to attend early parade with the adjutant and who came in shortly afterwards, we had the room to ourselves, as the other officers did not as a rule breakfast until nine o'clock or later.

After breakfast, Maltby took me to the orderly room, to introduce me to the colonel, telling me that I must always address him and the majors as "Sir," but that this was only customary with other superior officers when on parade. The colonel, Lieut.-Colonel Knox, who came in shortly afterwards, was a tall, well-built man of about sixty, with grey hair and moustache and whiskers almost white, which gave him the appearance of being older than he was. He was very pleasant to me, and said:—

"I am very pleased to have you in my regiment, and am only sorry that you do not belong to it, as you are an Etonian, and I am very fond of Eton boys."

He then said I must come to his house, when he would present me to his wife and daughter.

At lunch, which was at half-past one, I was introduced to a lieutenant named Lovell, a good-looking fellow about five-and-twenty, with fair hair and moustache, whom I had not seen the previous evening, and with whom I became very friendly. He asked me to come with him for a walk to Folkestone, which was quite near, to which I readily consented. We had a pleasant walk along the cliffs, and I was quite charmed with Folkestone, with its green lawns facing the sea and its fine houses, standing for the most part in the midst of trim, little gardens, gay with summer flowers. During our walk Lovell explained to me many things about the Service, and told me many curious incidents which had happened while the regiment was at Yokohama, where it

had been stationed for several years, before being sent to Shorncliffe. He said that the regiment was very sorry to leave Japan, and that it was never likely to have such a charming station again. After a short time in England, it would probably be ordered to India, and that, in that case, he should exchange into a cavalry regiment, which he subsequently did. He was, however, very devoted to his present regiment, and said that the chief was an excellent man, and everything that one could wish for in a colonel, and that it was a rare thing to find all the officers pull so well together as they did. Unfortunately, the colonel would have to retire soon, though Daunt, the senior major, who would probably succeed to the command, would not make a bad chief.

A day or two later, I called at the colonel's house, where I was introduced to his wife and daughter. The latter was a tall, dark girl, in the early twenties, with very charming manners. The colonel asked me a number of questions about Eton and also about Paris, of which city he was very fond, though he had not been there for some years; and when I left, walked part of the way back to camp with me.

I found my life very easy with the 9th Regiment. I had to attend parade from seven till eight, and again from eleven till half-past twelve; but of an afternoon I was generally free to do as I pleased, as it was only occasionally that I had to attend afternoon parade, which, however, was over by four o'clock. After my duties for the day were over and I had changed my clothes, I usually went into Folkestone, returning in time for mess. At first the only people I knew in Folkestone were a retired colonel and his wife, who were friends of my parents; but Lovell introduced me to several of his friends. Among them was a certain Miss Burnett, who was very much in love with a lieutenant of the 9th Regiment, named Seaton, and at no pains to conceal the fact, which occasioned me no little amusement. Unfortunately, Seaton did not reciprocate the attachment with which he had inspired her. More to my taste than this lovelorn damsel was a lively young lady of some fifteen

summers, who was known to her intimates as "Vic." She was a general favourite with the subalterns of the regiment, as she was very fond of horses and dogs, and rather amusing in her conversation, in which she used slang expressions with considerable freedom. Miss "Vic" used to drive a very smart turn-out about Folkestone, and was quite an accomplished whip.

The 9th Regiment used to give "Penny Readings" once a fortnight, at which a good many people from Folkestone and Sandgate were generally present. At the first of these entertainments which I attended Lovell read some of "Artemus Ward," and in such an amusing manner that everyone was delighted. As I had the reputation of being a good performer on the zither, I was asked to play something on that instrument, which was quite a novelty. It was very well received, and next day I received a note from a lady unknown to me, who, I was told, was the mother of an officer in the "Blues," inviting me to dinner and asking me to bring my zither with me. I showed the letter to Maltby, who advised me not to accept it, as it would, in his opinion, be making myself too cheap. So I declined, with many thanks.

A subaltern of the 10th Regiment, named Richard Southey, went on leave about this time and left me his black servant. I found the fellow very attentive, but I soon began to miss things. Among them was a pearl stud, for finding which I promised him a shilling. As, however, it was not forthcoming, I offered him half-a-crown, and the next day he produced it, to my great satisfaction. But, as I soon found that this system of offering rewards for "lost" articles was a trifle too expensive, and I could not get rid of him till Southey returned, I was forced to protect myself by putting everything of value under lock and key. Nevertheless, he generally succeeded in discovering some means of relieving me of anything to which he happened to take a fancy.

Captain John Byron, a grandson of Lord Byron, who commanded the depôt of my regiment, returned about this time from leave. He was a rather handsome and very

Miss Augusta Charlton.

[*To face p.* 172.

Miss Ida Charlton.

[*To face p.* 173.

distinguished-looking man of forty, but inclined to be very arrogant in his manner towards those whom he did not like. Fortunately, he condescended to take a great fancy to me from the first, and made quite a friend of me, notwithstanding that I was so much younger than he was.

Soon after this, another sub-lieutenant, named Arthur Dillon, joined my regiment, so that I now had a companion at morning drill. Dillon was the son of an Irish baronet, who was also a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, though no one would have imagined that he hailed from the Emerald Isle, as he spoke without the faintest trace of an Irish accent, and was a very nice young fellow indeed.

One day I took Dillon over to Dover to call upon some people named Charlton, whose acquaintance I had made when a boy at Ostend, and who were now living in Victoria Park. Mr. Charlton had formerly served in the Queen's Bays, though he had sold out of the Service while still a cornet ; his wife was a very handsome woman, and they had six children, five girls and a boy, the two elder girls, Augusta and Ida, being remarkably pretty. Mrs. Charlton invited us to stay to supper, an invitation which we readily accepted, the more so that we were both at a susceptible age and the charms of our hostess's daughters had not been without their effect upon us. During supper Mrs. Charlton told us that a very smart ball was to be given shortly at Dover, to which they were going, and suggested that we should join them and bring two or three other young officers, saying that she could manage to put us all up for the night. Needless to say, we gladly accepted her kind offer, and on the day of the ball went over to Dover, with Bethell and another subaltern of the 9th named Townsend. As the ball was a military one, we all had to appear in uniform, and at the entrance to the ball-room were asked our names and regiments. Townsend gave his own and my name, and when they asked my rank, coolly replied : " Colonel, 10th Regiment." Next day, in the local newspaper, in the list of those present at the ball, I duly appeared as such.

After the ball, which was a great success, and at which

the Misses Charlton, who had recently returned from a visit to the Continent and wore dresses of the very latest Paris fashion, were immensely admired, we drove back to Victoria Park, where we spent what little remained of the night, and after an early breakfast returned to Shorncliffe.

Dillon and I found our life at Shorncliffe very monotonous when winter came on, for Folkestone was almost empty, and had it not been for the kindness of our friends at Dover, at whose house we were always assured of a warm welcome, we should have had a precious dull time of it. The only event of interest was the arrival from India of the 3rd Battalion of the 60th Rifles, all the officers of which were made honorary members of the 9th Regiment's mess, until their own mess was in order. I made the acquaintance of several of the new-comers, who seemed very nice fellows indeed. One of them, Captain Bingham, told me, *à propos* of the ball to which I had been at Dover, that once the 1st Rifle Brigade, when stationed there, had been invited to a ball given by the Buffs, but that when the "Green Jackets," in their turn, gave a ball, they did not condescend to invite any of the officers of the Buffs, nor any of the Dover ladies, all the guests coming down from London, which greatly disgusted everybody at Dover, and created a very bad feeling between the two regiments.

Not long after this, Captain Byron received news that our regiment was shortly expected from India, and would be stationed at Chatham. This, of course, necessitated the immediate removal of the depôt to Chatham, to the great regret of both Dillon and myself, for, on the whole, we had been very happy at Shorncliffe, and feared that we might not enjoy nearly so much liberty as we had had with the 9th Regiment.

CHAPTER XVI

An N.C.O. of the Old School—Major Blewett—Captain Byron—Sandhurst

ON our arrival at Chatham Barracks, I was allotted a single room in the officers' quarters, which was much smaller and less comfortable than either of the two rooms which I had occupied at Shorncliffe. Dillon was given a similar one, but Byron, being a captain, had better accommodation.

Dillon and I found our life at Chatham very different from that at Shorncliffe, and not nearly so pleasant. We had to attend early drill with the recruits under a sergeant, who was very severe, and made us drill exactly the same as the men. Some mornings it was so cold that our hands became quite numbed, and we could scarcely hold our rifles. But this martinet of a sergeant had no pity, and made us "carry on" until we were ready to drop with fatigue and cold. The recruits he bullied most unmercifully. One morning, a recruit arrived late for parade, whereupon the sergeant gave him several kicks on his shins, and pulled him by the ears, until the poor fellow almost yelled with the pain. His tormentor, however, soon silenced him.

"I won't have any of your blubbering," cried he. "If you don't stop at once, I'll give you three days' extra drill."

This sort of thing he could do with impunity, as the adjutant was rarely on the parade-ground during early morning drill. He appeared at afternoon parade, but paid very little attention to the recruits, occupying himself mainly with company drill. So matters continued until our regiment arrived, and even then there was not much improvement, for, so long as we remained in Chatham Barracks, the luckless

recruits were always drilled by the same sergeant, none of them daring to complain, from fear lest worse things should befall them.

The 2nd Battalion of the 10th Regiment was at that time commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Annesley, an amiable old gentleman, with a wife and family, who appeared to engross a good deal more of his attention than did his regiment. For of much that was going on he seemed quite ignorant, and it was purposely kept from him. In fact, the battalion was really commanded by the senior major, Major Blewitt, the colonel seldom putting in an appearance except on field days. Major Blewitt was a very smart officer, and though at times inclined to severity, exceedingly just. He was very particular about etiquette, and scarcely ever spoke to a subaltern, except to give him advice or to reprimand him, even in the ante-room. I recollect about the only occasion on which he condescended to address me.

There was a sub-lieutenant of a West India Regiment, whom I will call H——, attached at that time to the 10th. This young gentleman was very fond of écarté, and often induced me to play with him after mess. We played for half-a-crown a game, and I found that I generally lost, as H—— had a perfectly wonderful way of turning up the king almost every time he dealt. One evening, we were playing in the ante-room, where Major Blewitt was sitting, reading a newspaper. Presently, the major looked over the top of his paper, and observed that it was a pity that we could not find some better way of passing the time than playing cards; adding that, if he thought we were playing for money, he would stop us at once. Soon afterwards, we finished our rubber, and H—— left the room, upon which Major Blewitt called me to him and told me that he did not like to see me playing cards. On one occasion, he said, he was present when two young officers were playing écarté. One of them lost persistently the whole evening, but since they both assured him that they were playing for love, he did not interfere, though the way the luck continued to run in one direction was extremely suspicious. Subsequently, he

discovered that they had actually been playing for five hundred pounds a game, and that the loser had been completely ruined. The major added that, from what he had seen of H——'s play, he should be very sorry to sit down to cards with him, and to play with him for anything like high stakes would be simply madness. The warning he gave me on this occasion was certainly well justified, for a lieutenant of the Lincoln's, named Glass, afterwards lost considerable sums to H—— at écarté.

The captains of the regiment did not like Major Blewitt, who treated them off parade with a certain haughtiness, as though he were showing them condescension in speaking to them at all; while the N.C.O.'s, and particularly the sergeants, were all afraid of him, as he seemed to be aware of everything that was going on, and was very severe upon them if they did not treat the men properly.

One day on parade, when Major Blewitt was in command, he gave some extraordinary orders, which it was quite impossible for the regiment to carry out, and later, in the ante-room, he behaved in a very strange manner. It was then ascertained that his mind was affected, the result of a sunstroke which he had had in India. He went away on sick leave, but six months later had to retire from the Service, as it was found that he was never likely to recover.

The next officer in seniority was Major Hudson, who told me that he had served under my uncle and godfather, General the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, when the latter was Governor of the Cape. The major was a very pleasant man, but he had certain eccentricities, one of which was a partiality for white kid gloves and patent-leather boots, which he wore on parade, even in winter. He had little control over the captains, who did very much as they liked. One of them was almost perpetually drunk, and led his wife, a rather pretty woman and very well off, a miserable life, even going so far as to beat her, it was said. Some of the subalterns also drank a great deal more than was good for them, and there was one who was drunk on parade on at least one occasion.

Little, the senior lieutenant and adjutant, was, however, a very nice fellow, as well as a good soldier, and the same could be said for two other subalterns, Archibald Glen and De Houghton. The former was six feet seven in height, and reputed to be the tallest man in the Army. I liked him exceedingly, but, unfortunately, he soon left the regiment for the Staff College. De Houghton, who afterwards became a baronet, had received the Gold Medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving life at sea.

There was a subaltern in the 10th who prided himself on his knowledge of French. Once, when the regiment was stationed at Malta, a French warship happened to call there, and the officers were invited by the 10th to dinner. This lieutenant, being the best French scholar, was placed between the captain of the warship and another French officer. Presently, the captain asked him in French how long he had been at Malta, to which he replied, without hesitation, while everybody pricked up their ears to listen :—

"*Je suis un âne ici.*" ("I am an ass here.")

The French captain tried to look serious, but the other French officers burst into fits of laughter. One of them spoke a little English and explained to the company what the joke was, when they all joined in the merriment. Needless to say, this misadventure remained ever afterwards a standing joke against the unfortunate lieutenant.

Life at Chatham was very monotonous. Of society there was practically none, and, as the married ladies of the regiment were not on good terms with one another, there was little or no entertaining among the 10th. There was no theatre and only a couple of low-class music-halls. I went once to one of them, where there was a box reserved for the officers of the garrison, but did not feel inclined to repeat the visit.

While I was at Chatham, a big ball was given in the officers' mess-room at the barracks by the regiments forming the garrison. A good many people came down from London, and were conveyed back by a special train after the ball was

over. I invited my friends from Dover, and the two elder girls, Augusta and Ida, were, as usual, much admired. The affair was a great success, and the supper was on the most lavish scale, with plovers' eggs and every imaginable delicacy and champagne flowing like water.

In due course, Dillon and I were put to company drill. On one occasion I got my company into a hopeless position, up against a wall, and not knowing what to do, told them calmly "to stand at ease," to the great amusement of everyone, including the adjutant, who told the story against me at mess that night, observing that I must evidently be a person of resource, as anyone else would have been at a loss how to act.

A good many field-days took place at Chatham, of which the escalading of some high walls was a feature. I had sometimes to carry the colours in escalading these walls, a task which I did not much relish, as it was by no means an easy one.

I was growing so tired of Chatham that I was quite glad when I was sent with the rest of my company to Gravesend, to go through a six weeks' musketry course. I was constantly with Captain Byron, whom I very much liked, indeed, I preferred him to anyone else in the regiment, even to Dillon. Byron used to tell me that I was very foolish to leave the regiment, for one day he would, he thought, be in command, and then I should have a very good time of it. But my relatives were anxious for me to serve in one of the regiments for which my name had been put down on the Prince of Wales's private list, so I thought I was bound to accept the transfer when the offer came, which I was sure would be very soon.

While at Gravesend, I went up to town to see Aimée Desclée act in *Diane de Lys*, by Alexandre Dumas *fils*. I thought her the finest actress I had ever seen, with the exception, perhaps, of Sarah Bernhardt. She played the part with so much delicacy and refinement, her voice was so pleasing and her attitudes so graceful, that I was altogether charmed with her. Poor woman! She died very soon afterwards

from a chest complaint, while quite young. I was much pleased with an American actor, J. K. Emmett, at the St. James's Theatre, who played with a little child, singing a song in which the refrain was : " Schneider, how you vas." I also paid more than one visit to the Opera at Covent Garden, where Adelina Patti and Scalchi and the tenor Gayarré were delighting the audience.

On my return to Chatham I found the work very hard. The most trying part of it was being on guard at the barracks, where I was obliged to be on duty once a week for the whole twenty-four hours. The guard used to be turned out two or three times during the day, and also in the middle of the night, by the field-officer of the week, who sometimes made his round at one or two o'clock in the morning, when the subaltern on duty had to turn out the guard, besides having to go his round of the sentries. The officer on guard was not allowed to go to bed or take his clothes off, even after the field-officer had made his round of inspection, or he might get into the most serious trouble. There were other guards at some distance from Chatham, to look after the convicts, but this was during the day, and not nearly so trying as to be on guard at the barracks.

Not long after my return to Chatham, Dillon and I were sent to Sandhurst, for a six months' course of instruction. But before going, at my relatives' suggestion, I went up to town to see the Military Secretary of the War Office, who was then General Cartwright, to inquire what chance I had of being transferred to the Rifle Brigade. He asked me what influence I had, when I mentioned the Adjutant-General, Lord Airey, who had already presented me at a levée to the Prince of Wales, while I was stationed at Shorncliffe. General Cartwright then inquired if I had not any other interest, remarking that the Scots Guards were more easy to enter than either the Rifle Brigade or the 60th Rifles, and that, unless I had someone else behind me, he feared my chance would be but a poor one. I then told him that my cousin, the Hon. Emily Cathcart, maid of honour to Queen Victoria, had had my name put down for both the Rifle regiments,

by General Ponsonby, on the Prince of Wales's private list, upon which he smiled and said :—

"She could get you into either of these; in fact, she could get you into anything she pleased. If you had mentioned her name before, I could have told you so at once."

I found life at Sandhurst very much like being at school again, with more restrictions than there were at Eton. There was a great deal of "ragging" going on, and some fellows had their furniture and everything in their rooms broken. I was fortunate in being, for some unaccountable reason, rather popular with the ringleaders—not that I assisted them in any way, for this sort of horse-play did not appeal to me—and so escaped being one of their victims. Dillon was not so lucky, as at first he showed fight, but he soon recognized that the wisest course was to assume indifference. There were several sub-lieutenants of the Guards and cavalry regiments at Sandhurst, one or two of whom had been at Eton with me, and I made many friendships, one with a young fellow in the 78th Highlanders, with whom I often took long walks into the pretty country around Sandhurst. Apart from the instruction, I rather enjoyed my time at the college, as I got on well with nearly everyone. I had to go through the riding-school and ride horses over jumps without stirrups, which rather amused me, although there were some officers who disliked this part of the curriculum very much.

After I had been about a month at Sandhurst, the Military Governor of the College, General Sir A. Alison, sent for me and told me that I had been transferred to the 2nd Battalion of the 60th Rifles, stationed in India. I must confess that I was at first rather disappointed, as it was not the regiment I had asked for, and I did not much like the idea of going to India. I asked General Alison what I had better do, when he said that he would telegraph to the War Office, and that I ought to finish my course of instruction at Sandhurst. I anxiously awaited the reply; and the following day he sent for me again, and told me that I must leave at once and get

ready to sail for India, but that he thought the War Office would allow me a month to procure my outfit.

Next day I left Sandhurst for London, and, having obtained a month's leave, proceeded to Paris to visit my parents in the Rue d'Albe, Champs-Elysées. They, and my father in particular, told me that I had better accept the transfer, as I might have to wait a long time for the Rifle Brigade, and the Military Secretary had told me that I was appointed to the first vacancy that had occurred, as there was no vacancy in the Rifle Brigade then.

During my stay in Paris, I often rode in the Bois with my father on a fiery thoroughbred chestnut, whom I found a very different kind of mount from the horses at Sandhurst, as he started at the least touch of my heel, whereas the others had required both whip and spur. I made the most of my time, going often to the Théâtre-Français, where I saw Delaunay in plays by Alfred de Musset and Alexandre Dumas *fils*, and was delighted with his acting. He was the best *jeune premier* whom I ever saw, and always excellent in the art of stage love-making. I went to several balls and indulged in some flirtations with both French and American damsels, and was sorry when the day arrived that I had to take my departure for London to purchase my outfit for India. My mother was distressed at my having to go to India, particularly as the battalion had to stay out there for some years, and she was in very delicate health at that time.

CHAPTER XVII

I sail for India—Kandy—Dangerous Playmates—I arrive at Murree

MY father accompanied me to Portsmouth in the winter of 1873, where the troopship in which I was to sail for India was lying. We had first to touch at Queenstown, to embark a line regiment which had been ordered to Ceylon, and had a very unpleasant crossing, nearly everyone on board being ill. I had to share a cabin with two other sub-lieutenants, who joined the ship at Queenstown. One of them, named Basil Montgomery, was in my own regiment, having recently been transferred from the Highland Light Infantry. He was very tall, for which reason he was nicknamed "Longfellow" on board. The name of the other sub-lieutenant, who belonged to the 16th Lancers, was Babington, which, owing to his somewhat youthful appearance, was promptly abbreviated to "Baby." I myself duly received the sobriquet of "Julie," as Montgomery declared I was in the habit of murmuring this name in my dreams. It was that of a young lady whom I have mentioned in my book, "Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna," and whom I had lately met frequently in society in Paris.

The cabin we occupied was very small, and contained only one wash-basin, so we had to dress and wash one at a time; but we soon got used to this inconvenience.

Montgomery and Babington were both excellent fellows, and I was soon on very friendly terms with them, as I was also with another sub-lieutenant of the 16th Lancers, named Taaffe. Taaffe was very musical, having a good voice and playing the concertina capitally. The daughter of the

colonel of the line regiment we had on board, an extremely pretty and very impressionable damsel of seventeen, fell very much in love with him, and they used to sing duets together, to the accompaniment of Taaffe's concertina.

We had fine weather in the Bay of Biscay, where it is usually so rough, for which we were thankful. At Gibraltar we merely stopped for an hour to coal, but at Malta we stayed long enough for everyone to go on shore. Many of us dined at the Club and went to the Opera afterwards, which I thought very fair. The climate of Malta seemed delightful, but the town did not strike me as pretty.

Not long after leaving Malta, bad weather and a dense fog came on, and something went wrong with the machinery, so that the captain did not know where we were. He was so alarmed that he ordered the chaplain to read the prayers for those in peril at sea, as at any moment he thought the ship might run on a rock. Happily, the machinery was repaired, and at the end of three days the weather improved, and the danger was over.

At Port Said most of the officers went ashore, and some of them visited a gambling-house which bore a very evil reputation, an officer belonging to the 16th Lancers having been stabbed there the year before. Taaffe and I were among those who went, though Taaffe confessed to me that he felt rather nervous, fearing that some of the natives might recognize his uniform as that of the unfortunate officer's regiment.

At Ismailia we caught sight of M. de Lesseps, who sent an invitation to the ship, inviting six of us to visit him. Many of the officers thought that I ought to go, as I was the only one who could speak French; but this suggestion was overruled, and it was decided that the six must be chosen by seniority. As not one of them could speak French, and M. de Lesseps did not understand English, the interview must have proved a somewhat comic affair; at any rate, the six maintained a suspicious silence about it on their return.

Soon after we had passed through the Red Sea, which did not prove nearly so hot as we had expected, I fell ill with scurvy, and the doctor who attended me advised me to sleep

in the passage near the ladies' saloon, as the air was purer. However, an old dame objected to my sleeping so near the ladies, so the doctor got me a cabin to myself. On our arrival at Colombo, where the line regiment was disembarked, he obtained leave for me to go to Kandy and remain there until the ship sailed for Bombay.

While at Kandy, I went with Taaffe, who had joined me there, and two ladies to see the beautiful garden of Paradhenia, which is said to be the original garden of Paradise. We were all amazed at its beauty ; the tropical plants and the vegetation being indescribably lovely. While walking in the high grass, one of the ladies was bitten by leeches, which crawled up her legs and frightened her terribly. She was fortunate, however, not to have been bitten by something much more objectionable, as we afterwards learned that it was very dangerous to walk in the high grass, as it was infested by snakes, some of which were most venomous.

The grandeur of the scenery at Kandy and the wonderful vegetation enchanted us, as we had never seen anything to compare with it ; it was indeed quite a paradise upon earth. The climate was also delicious, and even in the middle of the day the heat could not be called oppressive, while the mornings and evenings were truly delightful. The residents, however, told us that it was very trying to the health, as it never varied in the least, summer or winter. The scenery between Colombo and Kandy was in parts most exquisite, and the brilliant colouring of the flowers, which were of every imaginable hue, made one almost believe oneself in fairy-land.

Having embarked the infantry battalion which had been relieved by the one we had brought from England, we sailed from Colombo, but after proceeding some little way along the coast, the troopship stopped for half an hour, to enable an officer who had to join his regiment to embark in a launch which came out to fetch him. This officer took with him by mistake a lady's trunk containing her dresses and underclothing, instead of his own, packed with his kit, which he left for the lady. The latter was in despair, particularly

when informed that she was unlikely to receive any news of her property for six weeks at least.

After a voyage of six weeks, we reached Bombay, and, after a little trouble at the Custom House over some Turkish cigarettes which I had brought with me, and upon which, to my surprise, I was obliged to pay duty, proceeded, with some other officers, to Watson's Hotel. At "Watson's," which I found very expensive indeed, I met Viscount Baring, of the Rifle Brigade, who had been at Eton with me. He told me that he was now on the Viceroy's Staff, and had come to Bombay to purchase some Arab horses for Lord Northbrook. Although it was winter, the heat was very great in Bombay, which I found very uninteresting, and, after a stay of two or three days, I set out for Murree, in the hills in the North-West Provinces, where my regiment was stationed.

I had as a travelling companion for the first part of the journey a Staff-officer named Parker, who, on our arrival at Mean Meer, invited me to accompany him to the house of his brother-in-law, a judge, where I was most hospitably entertained, and tasted for the first time a real Indian curry, which I thought delicious. From Mean Meer I took the train to Rawal Pindi, in the Punjab. On my arrival, I went to the dâk bungalow, where soon afterwards I received a visit from a lieutenant in my regiment named Beauclerk, a son of Lord Amelius Beauclerk. He was an exceedingly good-looking young man, with fair hair and moustache and a very pleasant manner, and was most kind, offering me a room which he had at his disposal and inviting me to dine with him in the evening. After dinner I was rather astonished at seeing his syce walking in front of his master's pony with a long stick, having at the end of it several bells, which he moved about in the grass. I asked the reason of this, when I was told that it was to frighten away the snakes, of which there were a great many poisonous ones hereabouts. Beauclerk told me that, a few nights earlier, he was dining with a Mrs. Kinloch, the wife of a captain in our regiment, when he saw a cobra quite close to her. She was playing the

piano at the time, and the snake was evidently quite fascinated by the music. Fearing lest, if she moved, the snake might bite her, he told her to continue playing, and then, picking up a stick which happened to be near him, hit the cobra on the head and killed it. He said that there was another very dangerous snake called a kerite, which, though very small, was most venomous, and that Mrs. Kinloch had found one quite recently in her bed. Happily, she discovered it before it had a chance to bite her.

Beauclerk told me that I ought to call upon Captain Kinloch, who, having passed through the Staff College, was at that time Acting Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General at Rawal Pindi. I did so, and was informed that Mrs. Kinloch only was at home. On being shown into the drawing-room, I was somewhat astonished to find a little girl there, playing with two panther-cubs, who snarled and showed their teeth at me. I asked the child whether she were not afraid of them, to which she answered :—

" Oh, no, not at all ! " and, opening the mouth of one of the cubs, thrust her hand into it.

I began to feel quite alarmed for her safety, and was not a little relieved when her mother made her appearance upon the scene.

Mrs. Kinloch was a very pretty young woman, with auburn hair and eyes of a greyish-blue colour. She told me that the panther-cubs had been captured by her husband a few days before, after he had shot the mother.

" Are they not lovely ? " she exclaimed enthusiastically. " So beautifully marked in reddish-yellow and black, with such fascinating yellow and brown eyes. It is delightful to watch them."

I replied that they were certainly very handsome and graceful animals, but that, nevertheless, I could not understand her allowing her daughter to have such dangerous playmates.

To this she rejoined that she did not consider there was the slightest danger, so long as you were not afraid of them, adding :—

"My little girl is not the least afraid."

The little girl was caressing the cubs at the time, while the animals were snarling and showing their long, pointed teeth, though whether in play or not I could not say, as I was not sufficiently acquainted with their ways.

Captain Alexander Kinloch, who was a nephew of Sir Alexander Kinloch, was, I may here remark, the most famous sportsman in India at that time, and had written a celebrated book on big game shooting in India and Tibet, which was considered to be the standard work on the subject. When I met him afterwards, he told me many interesting things about Tibet, from which he had brought a fine collection of sporting trophies. Amongst them were several specimens of the ibex, which is found on the summits of the highest mountains, and to "bag" one of which is considered the greatest feat a sportsman can accomplish in India, since to approach within rifle-shot of it often entails the greatest risk to life.

During the few days I remained at Rawal Pindi, I made the acquaintance of Colonel Montgomery-Moore, then commanding the 4th Hussars, and his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Montgomery-Moore, a daughter of Lord Seaton, to whom I had brought an introduction from my cousin, Emily Cathcart. They invited me to dinner, when they were most anxious to hear all the latest news from England, as they had been in India for some time. They were most kind and agreeable, and the colonel gave me some valuable information about Murree.

There was no railway to Murree, and travellers generally made the first part of the journey from Rawal Pindi by carriage, and the rest in a *jampan* (a kind of sedan-chair) as the road through the mountains was far too narrow and precipitate to admit of wheel traffic. I accordingly hired a carriage, and set off, but at a dâk bungalow, where I stopped to dine, I met a man, who, on hearing that I was on my way to Murree, offered to lend me a grey Arab which he was riding, observing that it would be a more pleasant way of making the journey than by *jampan*, and promising to send my luggage after me. I thanked him and accepted his offer,

though, as he was a complete stranger to me, I could not help feeling some misgivings as to his intentions, for, if he had a mind to make off with my luggage, there was nothing to prevent him.

The road which I had to traverse was very steep and in places almost impassable, but the Arab appeared well accustomed to the country and as sure-footed as a goat. I had, however, a few decidedly unpleasant moments, when, at a very narrow part of the road, where there was a precipice on one side, we met some buffaloes, as I thought they might take into their heads to charge us. But they happened to be quite peaceably disposed, and we got safely past them. It was late in the evening when I reached Murree, which I found covered with snow, as it stands 7,500 feet above sea level, and no greater contrast with the plains and Rawal Pindi, where the weather had been quite like summer, could be conceived. I made my way to the officers' quarters, where I was given a room, and my horse well looked after. I had received instructions from the Arab's owner to send him back to the dâk bungalow. This I did the following day, in the course of which my luggage arrived quite safely, not a little, I must frankly admit, to my relief.

CHAPTER XVIII

My Brother-Officers—"The Oyster"—In High Society—Our Menagerie

MURREE is a very charming town. The houses, which bear some resemblance to those of Switzerland, but are mostly constructed of wood and have rarely more than two storeys, are built on the summit and sides of a ridge, and command magnificent views over forests, cultivated fields, hills and deep valleys, with the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas in the distance. There was a fairly good club at Murree, containing a number of bedrooms for the convenience of the members when they happened to require them.

In the summer months my battalion was not actually stationed at Murree, but two miles off in the country, at Kooldunah. The officers lived in houses and villas very like Swiss cottages, and the men's quarters were at the top of a very steep hill, about ten minutes' walk from the mess. The battalion was at this time commanded by Lieut.-Colonel H. P. Montgomery, who had a brother in the Rifle Brigade. Colonel Montgomery, who was a fine-looking man of about fifty-five and wore a pointed beard which was beginning to turn grey, was universally popular, as he was a thorough soldier and devoted to his profession. He did everything possible to make his battalion as efficient as any in the Service, and prided himself upon its smart appearance and perfect discipline. He had the eye of a hawk for mistakes on parade, but would correct those responsible for them in a good-humoured, kindly manner, very different from some less experienced C.O.'s, who would often lose their tempers and swear when anything happened to go wrong.

The senior major, Major Ashburnham, the son of a baronet, was of somewhat striking appearance, having red hair and a red beard. Like his chief, he was a first-rate soldier and a thorough gentleman both on and off parade, and held in high esteem by the officers and men under him. He was known to his intimates by the nickname of "Brittles," about which he used to relate an amusing story :—

Once, when returning to India after being on leave in England, he happened to meet on board the P. and O., a man whose acquaintance he had made on the voyage home, when he had been accompanied by some brother-officers, who had, of course, always addressed him as "Brittles." This man, who was bringing his wife out with him, asked permission to present Ashburnham to the lady, and gravely introduced him as "Major Brittles," under the impression that such was really his name.

The junior major, whose name was Algar, was a very plain man, rather badly marked with the small-pox, and was by no means so popular as Ashburnham. He was a very keen sportsman, and when off duty was seldom to be seen without a rifle in his hand. One day I met him near Murree, when he told me that he had just seen a tiger, but that it had made off, adding that a tiger would nearly always run away from a man, unless he first attacked it.

The captains were nearly all very nice fellows. Captain Pauli, into whose company I was put, was a tall and very muscular man, with a pointed beard, which gave him a somewhat foreign appearance. He was a great sportsman, but kept very much to himself, and, except at mess, the other officers saw little of him.

The adjutant, Sydenham-Clarke, was a very good-looking fellow and always so beautifully turned out, whether in uniform or plain clothes, that he looked as if he had just come out of a band-box. He was very kind to the young officers at their drill and took the greatest pains with them. He was also much liked by the men, and did not bully them or allow the sergeants to do so, as was unfortunately the case in so many regiments at that time. In a word, he was the

right man in the right place, and how rarely this happens in the Service few people would imagine.

When I first came to Murree, I occupied a room in the officers' quarters. There was a large room on the ground floor which was unoccupied, and, as it was so intensely cold, the subalterns amused themselves by playing a game of battledore and shuttle-cock across a net. Hubert Lovett, a sub-lieutenant who joined the battalion a week after I did, and myself were the first to think of this game, which somewhat resembled lawn-tennis in the way we served. It was taken up afterwards by many officers who dined at our mess, and is said to have given the idea of lawn-tennis to the inventor.

Soon after my arrival at Murree, I fell ill with dysentery, owing, the doctor who attended me told me, to the sudden change of climate. I was laid up for some time, but when it began to grow warmer I gradually recovered.

The winter was a very severe one at Murree, and those who were fond of skating had excellent opportunities for indulging in this pastime. Fiennes-Dickenson, a lieutenant who had been transferred from the first battalion of the regiment, which was then stationed in Canada, was a most accomplished performer on the ice, cutting figures and the letters of the alphabet as well, and MacCall, a captain, who had also come from the first battalion, was but little inferior to him. Dickenson told me that life at Quebec and Montreal was uncommonly pleasant, and that they scarcely felt the intense cold there at all, as the climate was so dry, and there was so little wind. He said that it was the custom there for every officer to have a girl "chum," who went tobogganing and skating with him and shared all his amusements. But he never married this young lady, who always ended by marrying someone else. This "chum" was a girl usually belonging to society, and was invited to all the balls and parties given by the regiment and considered quite *comme il faut*. Dickenson added that he much preferred the life out in Canada to the life in India, though Murree was the very best station, which was generally only given to a crack regiment. Dicken-

son was a lieutenant of some years' standing and very well off, having succeeded to a fine property of his uncle, Lord Saye and Sele, called Syston Court, near Bristol, although his father, with whom he was not on the best of terms, had the right of residing there during his lifetime. He was a great talker and his conversation was often very amusing.

When summer came, the battalion moved to Kooldunah, where I occupied rooms in a small villa with a garden attached, in which Lovett and another sub-lieutenant named Sanford also had their quarters. Later on, we were joined by a young officer named Wilson, who had been transferred from a line regiment. We got on pretty well together, particularly Lovett and myself, who soon became great friends, and were constantly together. Lovett was a strongly-built young fellow, with black, curly hair, very white teeth, and a good-humoured expression. He was clean-shaven, which was rare at that time for a soldier. He had a very loud voice, and when he laughed he did it so heartily that everyone in the room used to turn round. He was quite colour-blind and never could distinguish one colour from another. Once he had to paint a river for a plan which he was required to draw, and would have painted it red instead of blue, if I had not been helping him.

Sanford was quite a boy, without any hair on his face, tall and fair, with rather a large mouth, for which reason he was called " The Oyster." One day, when he happened to be on duty, a rifleman was overheard by Lovett to say to another :

" Who is on duty to-day : Lovett or Wilson ? "

" Neither," was the answer, " it's ' The Oyster.' "

Much to Sanford's annoyance, Lovett, roaring, as usual, with laughter, told the story at mess that night, and remarked :—

" Why, even all the riflemen call him ' The Oyster ' now ! "

Sanford did not like me at all, because he suspected that it was I who had been the first to bestow this nickname upon him, and it is quite possible that his suspicions may have been correct, though I cannot be certain.

Wilson, the remaining occupant of our villa, was a rather good-looking and very smart young fellow, who spoke Hindustani very fluently. But he was very conceited, and imagined himself a much greater sportsman than he was. Once, when he had been on leave to Kashmir, he returned with such a wonderful collection of big game trophies that none of us could bring himself to believe that they had all fallen to his own rifle, and MacCall said to him at mess :— "Wilson, I tell you what it is—you have bought all that big game from some *shikarri* in Kashmir!" At this remark Wilson became furious, and next morning, in the orderly-room, reported the incident to the Colonel, when MacCall was put under arrest until he had apologized to his aggrieved brother-officer. This, however, did not cause him to change his opinion on the subject.

MacCall, whose father was Equerry to the Duc d'Aumale, spoke French perfectly, wore an imperial with his moustache, and might easily have been mistaken for a Frenchman. He shared a villa with a sub-lieutenant named Arthur Powys Vaughan, an exceedingly nice fellow, who had been at Harrow and had taken his degree at Oxford before entering the Service.

With the exception of our medico, Surgeon-Major Macnamara, the quartermaster, Fitzherbert, and the junior major, whose wife was in England, all the officers were bachelors. Consequently, we were very badly off in the matter of ladies' society, so far as the battalion was concerned. Mrs. Macnamara, who was a sister of Sir Howard Elphinstone, Equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh, was a very charming elderly lady, and I often used to go and take tea with her and her husband. She was partly Russian by birth and extremely musical, and took a great interest in the regimental band, in regard to which she was frequently consulted. I was put on the band committee and often attended the rehearsals of a morning.

Lovett and I used to pay visits to ladies whom we thought we would care to know, as is the custom in India. One day, we called on two ladies who had a charming villa, beau-

tifully furnished, and whom we rather admired, though we knew nothing whatever about them. They received us very coldly, at which we were surprised, until Mrs. Macnamara told us that they were two very fast ladies, who were protected by some well-known officers in Murree, holding very high positions on the Staff.

When I was alone one day, I noticed a very pretty woman, upon whom I left my card. A few days later, I received a very friendly note from her, asking me to dine with her on a certain evening. However, in the meantime, I sprained my ankle, and was put on the sick list, and therefore not allowed to go out. But, I thought that, as it would probably be a *tête-à-tête* dinner, which I should not like to miss, I would go in a *jampan*, carried by two men, and no one would be any the wiser. I hesitated whether to go in plain clothes or in mess uniform, but finally decided for the latter. I had not made any special effort to be punctual, and, in point of fact, arrived half an hour late. On entering the drawing-room, I found quite a number of people impatiently awaiting the advent of the belated guest, amongst whom I recognized, to my consternation, the General commanding the troops in the Punjab ; and I was still more taken aback when I learned that I was dining with the Secretary of State for India, and that my hostess was his wife ! However, these great people were very nice to me, and the General, who did not seem at all to resent my having kept him waiting for his dinner, asked me several questions about my colonel and regiment, as, though there were several other officers present, I was the only "Greenjacket." For this I was duly thankful, since if one of the senior officers of my battalion had happened to be there, I should have got into trouble for going out to dine when I was on the sick list.

It was the custom to take your *khitmagar* with you when you dined out, and I did so on this occasion. The next evening at mess, I noticed my *khitmagar* opening a bottle of Château-Laffitte for me, and asked him where he got it from.

"I saw last night that *Sahib* liked this wine the best,"

he replied, "so I brought half a dozen bottles of it away from the dinner-party for *Sahib!*"

I burst out laughing, thinking to myself that I could not well scold my servant for looking after me so attentively.

Apropos of native servants, when I first joined the battalion, I had a Christian "bearer," whom I had brought from Bombay, and who spoke English. But at the end of my first month at Murree, when I saw my mess-bill, I discovered that a quantity of brandies and sodas were charged for which I had never had. When I called my "bearer's" attention to this, he incontinently bolted from Murree, taking some of my property with him. However, he was eventually laid by the heels, and I had to ask for leave off parade to go down to the Law Courts at Murree to prosecute him. This taught me that it is better not to engage "bearers" who talk English and call themselves Christians.

Among the senior lieutenants in the battalion was Albert Phipps, a brother of the Hon. Harriet Phipps, maid of honour to Queen Victoria, with whom, as I have mentioned elsewhere, I once took tea at Windsor Castle in my Eton days. Phipps, who was fair and rather stout and always wore an eyeglass, was a godson of the Prince Consort, the only one who was still alive. He once told me that Queen Victoria had written a letter in her own hand, recommending him for an appointment with the Viceroy, but that the officer who was specially charged with its delivery had the misfortune to lose it. Rather than permit this officer to be punished for his negligence, as he undoubtedly would have been, Phipps refused to allow his sister to mention the matter to Her Majesty, and suffered in silence the loss of an appointment which was not only a very agreeable one, but would have meant a great increase of pay. How many men would have acted as nobly as he did? Very few, I am afraid.

One night, while riding home after mess, along a very dark road, Phipps's horse fell with him. He was not hurt, but his eyeglass was broken in two, and as he could not get another one in India, he wore half an eyeglass for about three months, until a fresh supply was sent from England.

Our Menagerie

At the villa where I lived in the summer months we kept several animals, including a wild cat, which was very savage and nearly as big as a wolf, a bear, which we tried to tame, a hyena and a monkey. These animals belonged to Wilson, who one day let the bear loose, and we had considerable trouble in recapturing it.

CHAPTER XIX

A Subalterns' Court-Martial—A Terrible Experience—High Mess-bills

AMONGST our amusements at Murree were balls, which were given periodically at the Club by the officers of the battalion. Although the majority of the fair guests were married women, there was always a sprinkling of unmarried ones amongst them, most of whom had come out to India in the hope of finding husbands. The band of the regiment furnished the music, and there was always a very good supper, with an abundance of champagne and other wines, so that they were very enjoyable affairs indeed. After one of these balls a most unpleasant incident occurred.

It happened that I had danced with a Miss W——, a very pretty and attractive girl, whom, later in the evening, I saw dancing with a young officer whom I will call Eugene, and who, I noticed, appeared very much *épris* with the damsel. Next day, to my profound astonishment, I was placed under arrest, and told that I must appear before the Colonel. When I did so, he informed me that Eugene had told him that this Miss W—— had complained to him that I had insulted her. I indignantly protested my innocence, but the Colonel told me that, though he did not doubt my word, I must, nevertheless, write a letter to the young lady, asking her pardon, if I had unintentionally given offence. I wrote the letter and sent it to Miss W——, but received no reply.

At a garden-party given by the battalion a few days later, I saw the lady whom I was supposed to have insulted. I hesitated whether to speak to her or not, but finally decided

that it was best to do so and inquire why she had not answered my letter.

"I don't know why you wrote to me," said she, "and, to tell you the truth, I don't in the least understand what you meant in your letter."

I then explained everything to her, when she exclaimed:—

"I am extremely angry with Eugene. He must have invented what he told your Colonel, and so soon as I go home, I shall write to Colonel Montgomery, and tell him that the whole matter is a mere fabrication of Eugene. I am sorry that you should have suffered through the abominable untruths of a silly boy."

Miss W—— was as good as her word, and the Colonel read her letter to Eugene and myself, in the presence of all the other officers. He said that Eugene had acted in a most ungentlemanly manner, and deserved to be severely punished for spreading about false reports calculated to injure a brother-officer. He concluded by hinting that the subalterns would best know how to deal with him.

The hint, needless to say, was not lost upon these young gentlemen, and after mess Eugene was informed that he must appear before a court-martial that evening, in the villa where I lived. The president of the court-martial was a sub-lieutenant named Basil Montgomery, who was no relation of the Colonel, but the son of a Scottish baronet. Wilson acted as prosecutor, while Lovett defended the prisoner.

Eugene was brought in between two subalterns, and the charges against him were read to the Court. The principal charge was: "Conduct not befitting an officer and a gentleman, in having accused a brother-officer wrongfully, thus subjecting him to arrest and further possible inconvenience"; but there were several others. The Court found the prisoner "Guilty," with no extenuating circumstances, and sentenced him to receive ten strokes with a cane on his bare back from each sub-lieutenant, to be sent to Coventry for one month, and not to be allowed to attend any balls or garden-parties during that period. Eugene took his punishment

very well. The corporal part of it was probably less hard to endure than the deprivation of all social amusements and the ostracism to which he was subjected. It had, however, a very beneficial effect upon him, and he showed afterwards a very noticeable improvement in every respect. Eugene, I may mention, was a very good horseman, and rode in steeplechases, both in England and in India.

Montgomery, who was the president of the court-martial upon Eugene, had come out to India by the same troopship as myself, but he did not join the battalion until much later, as he was taken ill at Bombay, where he had to remain for some weeks. He suffered a good deal, as I had done, from the change of climate when he first came to Murree. He was a very fine young fellow, about 6 feet 2 inches in height, and a most perfect gentleman, though perhaps he put on a little too much "side" at times. A good many years later, he succeeded to the baronetcy, his brother, who was in the Guards, having met with an accident which proved fatal.

After a ball at the Murree Club one night, just as I was preparing to ride back to my quarters, a tremendous thunderstorm came on. I waited for some little time, but, as there seemed no immediate prospect of the storm abating, I decided to face it, but told my syce, who was waiting for me with my pony, that I would take a short cut home, instead of going by the usual road. The syce walked in front of me, carrying a lantern to light up the way, as it was a very dangerous path, with a most fearsome abyss on one side, and in places so narrow that there was only just room for a pony to walk along it. Suddenly, the lantern which the syce carried went out, and, as neither of us had any matches with which to relight it, we were plunged into total darkness, only relieved from time to time by flashes of lightning. The pony all of a sudden stood stock still and refused to go on, and, on dismounting, I saw through a flash of lightning a tree lying right across the path. I therefore thought it safer to proceed on foot, leading the pony, while my syce went in front; and we continued thus

for nearly a mile, not knowing whether the next step would not plunge us into Eternity. But providentially at intervals came flashes of lightning, which made it easier for us to advance. At last we reached the end of the path, and made our way to the villa, drenched to the skin, but heartily thankful to find ourselves in safety. We had, indeed, had a terrible experience, and when I told Lovett that I had come home by the short cut, he would hardly believe it possible, as the night was so dark and the path so narrow.

During the rainy season Murree was anything but a pleasant spot, for it rained without intermission for days and nights together, until the place resembled a wide river. All parades were suspended during the rains, but the officers had to go out to perform their duties and to mess and back; and, though we were protected by indiarubber coats and goloshes, it was very disagreeable. The men's quarters were, as I have mentioned, situated at the top of a very steep hill, and although, since Colonel H. P. Montgomery had been in command of our battalion, he had a zigzag road constructed, so that the ascent might be made gradually, it was always rather an undertaking for the orderly officer to ascend the hill after mess to turn out the guard, and in wet weather it was simply detestable. The descent, too, was very dangerous, as the road was terribly slippery, and several accidents happened to both men and officers.

The officers' mess was at the foot of this hill, and on a clear day the view from it was one of the grandest one can possibly imagine, for the air is so rarefied that it enables one to see further than one could otherwise. The towering peaks of the Himalayas, plainly visible, despite the immense distance, the dazzling whiteness of the snow, and the deep blue of the heavens, made a wonderful picture. But grand as the view is, I almost prefer that from the Kurhaus, at Ischl, though it is on a much smaller scale. It is almost like comparing the beauty of an orchid to a rose, which, though less sublime in its appearance, captivates the senses far more. There is something foreign in this Oriental scenery, which appeals less to an Englishman than the

exquisite beauty of Switzerland or the Salzkammergut, in Austria.

The General at that time commanding the troops in the Punjab was an extremely popular general and a friend of Royalty, but he had made a *mésalliance*, having married the divorced wife of a doctor. It was for this reason that he had been given a command in India, instead of in England. Lieut.-Colonel Montgomery-Moore, who commanded the 4th Hussars at Rawal Pindi, and who spent the summer months with his wife at Murree, did not call on the General's wife, nor did most of the officers of that regiment, and, as I had been introduced by my cousin to the Montgomery-Moores, I felt that I could not well visit the General's wife. Several of the officers of my battalion also did not call, though others were frequent visitors at her house.

When the General inspected us, our Colonel ordered the band to play *Die Wacht am Rhein*, which they played the whole time out of deference to the Colonel, who was a great admirer of all things German. Not that he cared for the air, for as he himself once said, he could only distinguish two tunes. One was "God save the Queen," and the other was any other air, as he had no ear for music at all.

At this inspection all the officers were called upon singly to show their ability in taking command, some of the entire battalion, others of a company. They nearly all acquitted themselves well, and the General, who was himself an old Rifleman, complimented the Colonel on the efficiency and smartness of his battalion, and praised all the officers, N.C.O.'s and men.

Our Colonel, as I have said, was a most excellent commanding officer. At times he would take command of half of the battalion, while the senior major commanded the other, and imitate the tactics employed in war, in order to teach the officers and men how they should conduct themselves in actual warfare. On several of these occasions, I acted as his A.D.C., and, mounted on my pony, carried his orders to the junior major and captains, which I much enjoyed.

High Mess-bills

The mess-bills of the officers of the battalion were so high during the year that the War Office complained that they were higher than any cavalry regiment, averaging £20 to £30 a month. The Colonel therefore requested the officers to see that they were reduced in future, as it was not pleasant for him to be accused of encouraging extravagance. The officers afterwards paid for what they required, and asked that no champagne should be put down on their mess-bills. A great deal of champagne was usually drunk at dinner, particularly by the subalterns, and it cost from fifteen shillings to a sovereign a bottle. Spirits were very little drunk, and, taken on the whole, the officers were very temperate, rarely taking more than was good for them. Among the men there was very little drunkenness compared with other regiments, and not a single case of desertion ; in fact, there were scarcely any prisoners at all.

Lovett and I, who were both anxious to see something of Kashmir, obtained three days' leave and set off on horseback. The country through which we rode was very pretty, the fields being beautifully green and besprinkled with scarlet poppies, while the hedges were covered with white roses. We passed the first night at a dâk bungalow, and starting at four o'clock the following morning, in order to avoid the heat of the sun, rode until midday, and then rested at another dâk bungalow until evening. Resuming our journey, we presently entered a lovely valley, with a river flowing through it. This river, the Jhelum, separated British India from Kashmir, and the view from the dâk bungalow at Kohala, on the Indian side, to which we made our way, after refreshing ourselves by a swim in the cool water, was very beautiful. The heat in the bungalow was intense, though they employed *punkahs* to relieve the discomfort we suffered, and towards midnight a terrific storm burst, the crashes of thunder being the loudest I had ever heard, while the lightning was so vivid that it lit up the whole of the surrounding country.

We spent the next day in bathing and fishing in the river Jhelum, and, after dining at the bungalow at

Kohala, walked across the bridge which spanned the river. On the Kashmir side we found two sentries posted, who had been placed there by the Maharajah of Kashmir to prevent anyone unprovided with a pass entering his dominions. These sentries raised all sorts of difficulties to our entering Kashmir, but we crossed over all the same, and took a long walk in the country, which was very hilly and rugged, with very narrow paths. When night came on, we returned to the bungalow, but, having observed that the two sentries had their beds placed on the bridge, we determined to get even with them for the trouble they had given us. Accordingly, we returned to the bridge, carrying two big buckets full of water, and, finding both the sentries wrapped in peaceful slumber, dashed the water over them, and then, having thrown the buckets into the river, ran for our lives. The luckless sentries, startled out of their sleep, snatched up their rifles and pursued us. But they failed to overtake us, and we reached the bungalow in safety. We were somewhat uneasy lest inquiries should be made about us at the bungalow, but nothing happened during the rest of the night, and in the early morning we set off on our journey back to Murree.

On our return to Murree, we decided to say nothing of our escapade in Kashmir, as if the Colonel got to know of it he would have us placed under arrest. Phipps, whom I told about it some time afterwards, remarked that it might possibly end in officers' leave to Kashmir being stopped, but, fortunately, as no one knew who had played the trick upon the sentries, his fears were not realized.

CHAPTER XX

Sialkote—Amateur Theatricals—An Ingenious Thief—Death of Albert Phipps—Agra—Voyage to England

IN the autumn of 1874 the other sub-lieutenants and myself had to go through a course of instruction at Sialkote, in order to qualify as lieutenants. At Rawal Pindi I called on Mrs. Kinloch, my acquaintance with whom had been renewed at Murree, where she had been staying. Not long afterwards, I was shocked to hear that she had gone out of her mind. She died without recovering her reason.

Sialkote is by no means a pretty place, being very flat, with few trees to temper the rays of the sun. Its ugliness was, however, relieved to some extent by a view of the distant mountains. Although it was autumn, the heat was intense, and in the daytime almost intolerable.

Lovett, Montgomery and myself occupied a house, which, though it had one storey, was very large. We were attached during our stay to the Royal Horse Artillery ("A" Battery, "A" Brigade) and messed with them. Our instruction took place in the mornings under Lieutenant Hart, of the R.E., who put us through a course of surveying, fortification and tactics. Most of the instruction took place out of doors. Of an afternoon we generally prepared our work for the following day, and in the evening we dined at the R.H.A. mess, which was about ten minutes' walk from our house. The officers of "A" Battery were very nice fellows, particularly Captain Hobart, who commanded it, Lieutenant Armytage, and Veterinary-Surgeon Batchelor, and did all they could to make things pleasant for us. The evenings

at mess, however, were rather dull, as so few members dined there, though at times they were enlivened by the presence of guests, generally officers from the 5th Lancers, who, with two infantry battalions and a regiment of Bengal cavalry, were also stationed at Sialkote.

The 5th Lancers were a very lively lot, and their mess was very amusing. On one occasion, after mess, they dragged a lieutenant over the billiard table, with the result that the cloth was cut all to pieces by his spurs, and, not content with this, smashed all the crockery and glass in the mess-room. One morning, on parade, another lieutenant, who rode very badly, fell off his horse, whereupon his brother subalterns "ragged" his room and broke everything they could lay their hands on. The unfortunate owner, who had not the sweetest of tempers, took their behaviour in very ill part, and shortly afterwards exchanged into a Highland regiment stationed at Gibraltar.

Some of the 5th Lancers were, however, very nice fellows, particularly two sub-lieutenants named Russell and Beaumont, who were very friendly with Montgomery and myself, and we often dined all together.

One evening the sub-lieutenants of my battalion invited Beaumont and Russell to dine at the R.H.A. mess, and afterwards we all proceeded to our house, where we had prepared a *nautch* for them, having sent to the bazaar for a number of dancing women. These women danced most fantastic dances, and wound up the entertainment by dancing with some of the subalterns, who were wearing their white Indian mess uniforms. The officers of my battalion, I may mention, had adopted a pink silk sash round the waist, which we wore instead of a waistcoat, owing to the intense heat.

The colonel of the 5th Lancers, Lieut.-Colonel Massey, was popular with all ranks, and one of the captains, Benyon by name, was a most charming man. C----, another captain, a very ugly, red-haired man, was most clever and amusing, but much disliked both by his brother-officers and the men of the regiment. He often dined at the R.H.A. mess, where he entertained everyone with his stories after dinner. One

story which he told was of a young fellow who was staying at a nobleman's country house, where a lady, with whom he was in love, gave him an assignation, and agreed to put a flower in the keyhole of her door when she retired for the night. Someone, with a predilection for practical jokes, catching sight of the flower, removed it and placed it in the keyhole of another door, with the result that the luckless young fellow invaded the privacy of a judge and his wife. There was a terrible scandal the next day, and the victim of this misadventure had to leave the house at once.

C—— was very fond of botany, and I remember that once, when I happened to meet him, he showed me a mimosa, which was so sensitive to the touch that the moment one handled it it drew in its leaves. He came to a tragic end in South Africa, where he was shot by one of the men of his troop, not, it was generally believed, accidentally.

Armytage, the lieutenant in the R.H.A. whom I have already mentioned, was the son of a baronet and a very pleasant fellow. He had a pet dog which he used always to bring into the mess-room, and which would perform tricks. He related how once, when he had been ordered on foreign service, the captain of the troopship, hearing that he had a dog, objected to his bringing it on board, as he had made a rule against it. When, however, Armytage showed him the little dog and made it perform its tricks, the captain was so amused by them that he said he would make an exception in this case. Armytage was a good actor, and used to organize amateur theatricals. One evening, he got up a play, in which he took the leading part, and acted very well in the comic style. The other parts were taken by men of "A" Battery, and the performance, to which a good many people came, was a distinct success. Afterwards, a dance was given in the mess-room, but, as there were about twenty officers to each lady, it was more pleasant for the ladies than for us. The sub-lieutenants, indeed, went away as soon as they could, not being at all attracted by our fair guests, who were mostly past their first youth, while the few girls present were very plain.

There was an excellent polo-ground at Sialkote, and many of the officers played of an afternoon. There was also a croquet and lawn-tennis ground, and these games were played a good deal by ladies in very old-fashioned dresses, as ladies in India, as a rule, dress very badly and quite out of date.

The officers rode home from mess of an evening; and I used sometimes to make my pony "Chang" mount the steps of our house, and enter my room, after which he would go off alone to the stables. Once at Murree, for a bet, I rode "Chang" up a long flight of steps to a church and down again, and he never put a foot wrong. Batchelor, the "vet" of the R.H.A., had a horse which sometimes, on his reaching the mess-room, he would tell to go home, when the horse would find its way back to the stables, which were some distance away.

Two new sub-lieutenants came to Sialkote to go through the course. One, named Marsham, an Old Etonian and a very nice fellow, was in my regiment; the other, whose name was Wood, belonged to the 4th Hussars. He was nicknamed "Lakri" ("wood"), as he was of rather swarthy complexion. Wood had a very nice chestnut pony, which he often lent me, and one day Lovett remarked that I never looked so well as on this pony, which seemed to be made for me. He had another pony, a smaller one, and this he sold to me. But it had a very nasty temper, and would sometimes turn its head and try and bite my feet; while it was continually rearing and kicking, and, in short, was a regular devil. One evening, when I went to dine at the mess of a Line regiment, I tied it up to a tree, but it managed to get rid of its bridle and bolted. It was only with difficulty caught, when I rode it home again.

"Eugene," who had behaved so badly to me over the affair of Miss W——, was not at Sialkote, having been sent to another station for his course. While at Murree, he had fallen desperately in love with a Miss B——, and had proposed to, and been accepted by, her. But, as he was so very young, and the lady was not considered a desirable

match, the Colonel took the matter up, and the affair was broken off. At the station he went to he fell in love with another lady, but this did not come to anything either; and he nearly broke, not his heart, but his neck, there in riding a steeplechase. However, eventually he recovered from his "smash" and rejoined the battalion.

I became very unwell at Sialkote, from what the doctor said was a liver complaint. However, it did not much interfere with my studies, though I was confined to the house for some time. During this period a curious incident occurred.

One morning, I noticed that a candle, which I had placed by my bedside and blown out just before I fell asleep, was much shorter than when I had extinguished it. The following night I carefully noted the length of the candle before I blew it out, and next morning it was again much shorter. I could find no explanation of this, as I had locked my bedroom door before going to bed, until I remembered that there was a small opening at the bottom of the door, just large enough to permit a person to wriggle through. But this did not account for the thief having been able to pass through my sitting-room, which led to the bedroom, and the door of which I had also locked. I talked the matter over with Lovett, who offered to lend me his dog, which he said was a very good watch-dog and could sleep on my bed. I accepted his offer, but the animal had so many fleas that I was kept awake all night, and decided to dispense with its company in future. The following night I determined to watch myself, and presently heard someone crawling through the opening of the door. I at once struck a light, upon which the intruder promptly crawled back again. Then everything appeared clear to me. The thief was none other than my bearer, who had a key to my sitting-room, which he opened, and then, crawling through the opening in the bedroom-door, made for my candle, which he abstracted and replaced by a much smaller piece. The natives are great pilferers, who will not stop at robbing one even of a piece of candle.

One day, as I was sitting in my room, reading a book by Jean Paul, it seemed to me that suddenly the room began to swing to and fro. It proved to be an earthquake, which, however, did no damage to the town, though it gave everyone a bad fright.

Soon after I was able to get about again there was an interval of three weeks in our course at Sialkote, and all the sub-lieutenants went away on leave. Montgomery went to Murree, while Lovett and Marsham started off on a shooting-expedition. The battalion, which was taking part in the autumn manœuvres, was under canvas near Rawal Pindi, and I accepted an invitation to stay with Surgeon-Major Macnamara and his wife in their tent. The first evening I dined with them I noticed that I was served with precisely the dishes I liked, whilst those I did not care for were not handed to me at all. I inquired of Mrs. Macnamara the reason of this, when she replied :—

"I asked your *khitmagar* when you arrived what you liked for dinner, and what you did not like. Therefore, you see, I know now exactly what your taste is."

Indeed, nothing could exceed the Macnamaras' kindness to me during the whole time I was with them.

A couple of days later, Phipps invited me to go for a drive with him, during which he told me that he was returning to England on leave, when he would get his promotion, and he doubted whether he would ever come out to India again. That evening, after dining at mess, I was taken ill, when Surgeon-Major Macnamara, who attended me, said that I was suffering from jaundice, and should have to stay in bed some time. During my illness I received visits from one of the senior lieutenants named Hope, a grandson of Lord Hopetoun, who brought me several books to read, amongst them being "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell, which he particularly recommended to me, and with which I was delighted. Lloyd, another senior lieutenant, with the local rank of captain, often came to see me. He was a very dark, wiry fellow, of about thirty, and was a great sportsman. He was going into the Indian Staff Corps, as he spoke several

native languages fluently. Lloyd was a particular friend of mine, and corresponded with me regularly for years afterwards.

One morning, I had a visit from Macnamara, who told me that Phipps had been taken seriously ill with congestion of the lungs, the result apparently of a chill which he had caught on the day I went for a drive with him. A few days later, I learned from Lloyd that Phipps had died during the night. When I next saw Macnamara, he remarked :—

" Phipps was so stout ; I knew I could not save him. He died from suffocation, as he had such a short neck."

When I was well enough to dine at mess again, I heard from the Colonel that, shortly before Phipps was taken ill, he had been told by the chief that his tunic was looking rather shabby, to which he had replied :—

" Oh, sir, it's good enough to bury me in ! "

He had laughed as he said this, which was a habit of his when he made any remark which was at all strange.

A cable was sent to Queen Victoria, as well as to Phipps's sister, announcing his death. Her Majesty cabled at once to the Colonel, asking for all particulars about the sad event, at which she appears to have been genuinely grieved.

I was much cut up by Phipps's death, and I felt it all the more keenly, as I had been with him so recently. I remember how on that occasion he had kept talking of his approaching return to England, and had observed :—

" I should have liked it very much in years gone by, but now I do not look forward to it with half the pleasure I did then ; it may be because I have all my friends out here. I am so used to living out here with all the fellows, and they are all so nice, that I don't think I should go home now if I had not to do so."

Poor Phipps was buried in his old tunic, as he had foretold in a jesting way to the Colonel. He was barely thirty years of age.

After I had quite recovered from jaundice, I returned to Sialkote, which I did with regret, as I would have much

preferred remaining with my regiment. At Sialkote things went on very much as before, the only incident worth recording being an accident to my pony "Chang."

This pony, which I had bought soon after coming to Murree from Sydenham Clarke, the adjutant of our battalion, had the reputation of being the best polo-pony in India, and one day Lovett begged me to lend him to him for a match in which he was to play. I replied that "Chang" was not up to his weight, and that he would probably lame him; but, eventually, on his promising most solemnly to ride him carefully, I consented, though with many misgivings. Some hours later Lovett came into my room, looking very crestfallen. I knew at once what had happened, and exclaimed :—

"You have lamed 'Chang'!"

"Yes," he answered; "I am frightfully sorry; I could not help it."

I ran out of the room to see the pony, who was so lame that there was no chance of his being of much service afterwards. However, it was no use blaming Lovett, since it was my own fault for being so weak as to allow a valuable animal to be ridden by a man too heavy for him.

After this mishap, I was obliged to ride my little devil of a pony when I required a mount at Sialkote, though at times Lovett lent me his horse, while at others Wood lent me his good-looking chestnut pony. I made Wood an offer for this pony, but he declined to part with it at any price.

I continued to suffer from liver complaint, and was attended by Surgeon-Major Clarke, of the R.H.A., who advised me to try and get sent to England. I subsequently saw the senior medical officer at Sialkote, who said that I ought to obtain leave either to the hills or to England. I appeared before a medical board, who certified in writing that my illness was caused in and by the Service.

The Chief Resident at Sialkote offered me the Maharajah of Kashmir's shooting, which was usually reserved for royal personages, and which the Prince of Wales had when in

India ; but Montgomery urged me strongly to go to England, and I followed his advice. I had afterwards, as the ensuing pages will show, good cause to regret my decision.

Before leaving Sialkote, I made arrangements to sell the things I did not want ; but, on showing the list I had made out to Batchelor, of the R.H.A., he told me that I ought to have described them far more elaborately, so as to enhance their apparent value. I asked if he would describe them for me, which he did, and, greatly to my amusement, made everything appear infinitely better than it really was. However, he said that they would make much better prices that way, which I found to be the case when the sale took place. My pony "Chang" I sold to Montgomery, as he had partially recovered from his lameness.

On leaving Sialkote, I went by rail to Delhi, where I visited the Palace, which I thought very beautiful. At Delhi I called on the officers of a Line regiment stationed there, and was invited to make use of their mess during my stay in the city, where great preparations were being made for an approaching Durbar. I left a few days later for Cawnpore, and visited the places by the river where the British were massacred during the Mutiny. On my way from Cawnpore to Agra, I made the acquaintance of a French cavalry officer, the Vicomte Arthur d'Assailly, of the Chasseurs à Cheval, a very smart-looking fellow, more like an Englishman than a Frenchman, who spoke English perfectly. The Vicomte told me that at Cawnpore he had paid several hundred rupees for a *nautch* in his room, which he had strewn with rose-leaves. On reaching Agra, we drove to our hotel through the Bazaar, and in the evening went to visit the Taj, with which we were quite enchanted. It was the most magnificent building I had ever seen. The marble of which it was constructed was of the purest white, and seen by moonlight, which enhanced the whiteness of the marble, it was indescribably beautiful ; while the deep blue of the starlit heavens formed a delightful contrast. It was, in fact, just like a palace of "The Arabian Nights" ; and while strolling about the charming gardens we could

almost imagine ourselves living in the days of the Khalif Haroun Alraschid.

In the train going to Bombay I met an officer of the Rifle Brigade, named Captain Crompton, a man of about thirty-five, with grey hair, who was going home on sick leave. But as, he told me, he was rather doubtful about being able to pass the medical board at Bombay, he intended to appear before them just as he was, without going to his hôtel to change and wash, considering that he would look more like an invalid in that travel-stained condition.

He was as good as his word, and obtained six months' sick leave without any trouble. As for myself, I went to Watson's Hotel, where I was glad to have a bath and change my clothes, as the journey had been a most unpleasant one, and I was begrimed with dirt. On appearing before the board, the senior medical officer asked me various questions, to which I must have answered too laconically to please him, for presently he inquired sarcastically :–

"And what may your rank be; I suppose general or colonel at the least?"

"No," I replied; "I am only a sub-lieutenant."

"Oh, indeed! I thought from your manner that you were at least in command of a regiment."

However, after a brief examination, I was informed that I could go, and that I had been granted six months' leave to England, as my illness was caused in and by the Service.

At Watson's Hotel I met d'Assailly again, who told me a good deal about himself. It appeared that he was a rich man, having an income of some £6,000 a year, and was amusing himself by travelling round the world. He had already visited Japan, Ceylon and Java, the last of which he considered by far the most beautiful of the three countries, and, as regards vegetation, truly marvellous. He admitted that Ceylon was lovely, but, in his opinion, it could not compare with Java, the natives of which he also preferred to the Cingalese.

I was very glad to leave Bombay in 1875, though, as I disliked the sea very much, I was not looking forward to

the voyage to England with any pleasurable anticipations. Among the passengers on board the troopship were Captain Crompton, a Lieutenant Howard, who belonged to the Rifle Brigade, and Viscount Campden, of the 10th Hussars, whose younger brother, the Hon. H. Noel, was in the same battalion of the Rifle Brigade as Crompton and Howard. Lord Campden, who was an amiable young man, with a slight figure and reddish hair, occupied himself during the voyage by reading Darwin's "Natural Selection," which was seldom out of his hand, and did not talk much with anyone, with the exception of Crompton.

There was a battalion of infantry on board, under the command of a Lieutenant-Colonel Rose, who had his wife and daughter with him. The latter, who was a charming little girl of thirteen, with golden hair and blue eyes, took such a violent fancy to Howard that the other officers used to chaff him and inquire whether he intended to wait until she grew up to marry her. Howard was a tall, good-looking fellow, with a fair moustache, and he seemed rather pleased than otherwise by the little lady's infatuation.

The captain of the ship complained of Crompton dining in evening clothes, and requested him to appear in uniform in future. Crompton answered that he had no uniform on board, as he had come out to India to work as a civil engineer. But the captain would take no excuse, and insisted on his wearing uniform at dinner and also on deck. Crompton thereupon asked me if I could lend him part of my uniform, as it only differed in the facings, the facings of one regiment's mess-jacket being black velvet, and those of the other scarlet, braided with black lace, like the Hussars. The uniform of both regiments was the same, supposed to be a dark green, but really black. I therefore lent him part of my uniform, as I had more than I required on board; but when he appeared in it at mess and on deck, the captain at first believed that it was his own, and that he had purposely avoided wearing it, and he had to explain that he had been obliged to borrow from me.

During the voyage I was a good deal with Crompton, and

had many interesting talks with him on all kinds of topics. He told me that his mother, who was dead, had published a translation of the poems of Heinrich Heine, which was considered to be the best that had appeared up to that time. She had held that this life was but a preparation for the one to come, and that whatever we cultivated in this existence, we should excel in in the next, and said that he was firmly convinced of the truth of this. He was a very clever man and had invented an automobile for the conveyance of troops, which he had sold to the Russian Government for £4,000, as the War Office would not pay him the price he asked. His knowledge, too, was astonishingly varied. Thus, when we touched at Malta, some of the ladies on board showed him the lace they had bought and told him the price they had paid for it, upon which he said that they had been imposed upon. For it appeared that he knew more about lace and how to make it than any lady on the ship, and I saw him showing them stitches which were quite new to them.

There were, of course, a number of invalids on board, some of whom were very ill indeed. I occupied a cabin with a lieutenant of the 11th Hussars named Reid, who was in rapid consumption. He was a good-looking young fellow, with dark-brown curly hair, and very much liked by everyone. He survived the voyage, as did a sergeant-major of the R.H.A., whom no one had expected to live until we reached England; but several other persons died, and were buried at sea.

CHAPTER XXI

Baroness James Édouard de Rothschild—At Carlsbad—Transferred to the 3rd Battalion

AT Portsmouth, I was met by my father and Ernest Berkeley, a son of Lord Berkeley, who some time afterwards obtained a commission in my regiment, and with them I travelled to Paris and stayed for a few days with my parents in the Champs-Elysées. I then started for Carlsbad, where I had been recommended to take the waters for my complaint. On leaving Paris, I found myself in the same carriage with an elderly English lady, a Mrs. Michell, and her daughter, whose acquaintance I made. They were on their way to Marienbad, as the mother was abnormally stout and anxious to reduce her weight, life, she told me, being a torment to her. At Nüremberg, a rather nice-looking woman entered our carriage, with a very smart footman in attendance, who carried an immense bouquet of flowers, which he deposited beside his mistress. This lady, it transpired, was the Baroness James Édouard de Rothschild, who had been spending the night at Nüremberg, and was also *en route* for Marienbad. The Baroness entered into conversation with us, and was very pleasant. She spoke English almost perfectly, having spent nearly half her life in England, though she was now living with her family in Paris. She had, she told us, been ordered to take the waters at Marienbad, as she was inclined to be very stout, and had sent on fourteen servants from Paris to get everything ready for her.

I got out at Carlsbad and drove to the Hôtel Goldenes

Schild, which was in those days the principal hôtel. Next morning I consulted Dr. Ritter von Hochberg, the doctor of the German Emperor, who was a very nice old man, and who told me to drink two full glasses of the Schloss Brunn waters and then walk for half an hour in the country every morning before breakfast. I followed his instructions and, after drinking the waters, walked out to the Posthof, where I breakfasted in the open air at a very good restaurant, being served by a pretty young Austrian girl, who was very tastefully dressed, with her hair arranged in quite the latest fashion. The walk back to my hôtel, along the banks of a river, which flowed through a delightfully picturesque valley, I enjoyed immensely.

While dining one evening at the Hôtel König von Hannover, I made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Andrews, an elderly American lady, who was very rich and lived in an apartment in the English quarter of Carlsbad. She asked me to come and see her at her rooms, which were very comfortable, and where she gave me a cup of English tea. Mrs. Andrews was very fond of taking drives into the country, and often invited me to accompany her. One day she introduced me to Freiherr von Klenck, the son of Baron von Klenck, who had been a great favourite of the late King of Hanover and always with him. Klenck, who was in a Hanoverian cavalry regiment, was a man of about thirty, with a fair moustache. He detested Prussians, and once, when I asked him if he would care to meet an officer in a Prussian Line regiment whose acquaintance I had made, he replied :—

" It is all very well for you to know him, as you are not a German. But I could not be seen with him. First of all, he is a Prussian, and then he is in a Line regiment, so that I could not go about with him, since I am in a cavalry regiment, as you know."

I usually met Mrs. Andrews and Klenck at the Hôtel König von Hannover, where we would engage a small table and dine together, going after to Sans-Souci or the Posthof to hear the military concert, which was very fine indeed.

The band which played there was that of the 35th Regiment König von Hannover, an Austrian military band, which had won the first prize at Brussels in the competition for military bands of all nations. It was composed of fifty men, and played the most difficult music of Wagner in the most brilliant manner, besides playing lighter music in a way which quite delighted me. In fact, it put all the military bands, English, French and German, that I had ever heard completely in the shade. A principal feature was that there were two men who played the cymbals, and that the big drum was an insignificant item, the side-drum being far more used. Sometimes, the band would play at Pupp's Café of an afternoon, while the people were taking their coffee at little tables. On these occasions, a fee of fifty kreuzers was charged for admission, and there was always great difficulty in securing seats.

The Kurkapelle, or string band, which played on most days of the week, under the direction of the famous bandmaster, Auguste Labitzky, was one of the finest string bands in Europe. Every Friday afternoon Labitzky organized a classical concert at Posthof, for which an admission fee of fifty kreuzers was charged. One day was consecrated to Wagner, another to Mozart, a third to Beethoven, and on a fourth a programme of mixed classical music was performed.

The places where afternoon coffee was taken were all in the country, people sitting at little tables under the trees. At Pupp's Café the waitresses had their Christian names, Mizzi, Fanni, Resi, and so forth, pinned on to their dresses. These girls were for the most part very pretty and pleasant-mannered. One gentleman, after having finished his cure at Carlsbad, received about twenty bouquets of beautiful flowers, which were all placed on his breakfast-table at Pupp's by the girls serving there. People said that it must have cost him at least a hundred florins in *douceurs* to the waitresses.

When I asked my doctor how much I was in his debt, he told me that he left the matter entirely to me. So I put forty

florins in an envelope, which the doctor declined even to open in my presence, saying that he felt sure that I had remunerated his services sufficiently.

After a cure of three weeks, I left Carlsbad for Franzensbad, for the after-cure, which my doctor had advised my taking. Here I secured very comfortable rooms in a villa with a beautiful garden behind it, agreeing to pay a fixed price per week for board and lodging. Shortly afterwards, the proprietress informed me that, had she but known that I was an Englishman, she would have asked me very much more than she had. She appeared very much annoyed, and, I am afraid, never forgave me for not having acquainted her with my nationality at our first interview.

I thought Franzensbad a very charming place, with its pretty villas with gardens attached to them; but the walks could not compare with those around Carlsbad. I was so tired after taking the waters at Carlsbad that I rested the whole time I was at Franzensbad, merely taking iron baths, which I found perfectly delightful. It was like bathing in champagne, as the water sparkled and gave one a tickling kind of sensation. The visitors at Franzensbad were chiefly ladies, but I made the acquaintance of a young Bavarian officer, Freiherr von Rüdt, who was very musical and played the violin beautifully, and used to meet him nearly every day at the concert in the Kurpark. The Kurkapelle used to play at one or other of the hôtels during supper, and I often went to these concerts. The bandmaster, Tomaschek, was a very good conductor and a great favourite with the ladies, who often sent him presents.

During my stay at Franzensbad I paid a visit to Marienbad, where I renewed my acquaintance with Mrs. Michell and her daughter. I thought Marienbad even more beautiful than Carlsbad, surrounded as it was by woods and hills. The walks around it were really exquisite, and nothing could be more pleasant than to take a walk in the woods on a summer's day and have coffee and listen to the band at one of the cafés.

Transferred to the 3rd Battalion

On my return to Franzensbad I took a few more baths, and then left for Paris, where I received a letter from the War Office, informing me that I had been transferred to the 3rd Battalion of my regiment, which was stationed at Chatham.

CHAPTER XXII

My Brother-Officers—A *Mésalliance*—Christy Minstrels and Tobogganing

IT was through the influence of the Adjutant-General, Lord Airey, that I had been transferred to the 3rd Battalion of the 60th Rifles, in June, 1875. On joining, I went into the officers' ante-room, where a short, stout officer, wearing an eyeglass, addressed me, and inquired how I had managed to get transferred. I told him that it was through the A.-G., when he remarked :

"How is it that I was not consulted ? "

"I really cannot tell you," I answered.

"H'm ! " said he, transfixing me with his monocle.

A few minutes afterwards, when he had left the room, another officer came up to me, and said :—

"Do you know who that is ? "

"No."

"That is our chief, Lieutenant-Colonel W. Leigh-Pemberton."

"Is it really ? " said I. "I should never have thought it, for he looks too young for a colonel."

"You have put your foot into it, evidently," replied the officer, who appeared highly amused at what had happened. His name, he told me, was Corbet Stapleton-Cotton, and he was a lieutenant of some years' service.

I had a room in barracks close to Cotton's, and, after my things had been unpacked, I dressed for mess. During mess I again exchanged a few words with the Colonel, who evidently looked upon me as an intruder, since he addressed me in a very distant manner. I was introduced to the acting

adjutant, E. O. H. Wilkinson (the adjutant, Lieutenant Bagot, had been suspended from that post by the Colonel), whom I had known at Eton, but had never cared for much. Wilkinson, who was a tall, dark man, with a slight squint, a long body and very short legs, imparted to me the pleasing information that I should have to begin my drill all over again from the commencement, at seven o'clock the following morning, so that I was likely to be kept well employed for some little time to come. I also made the acquaintance of my captain, Cramer, who was a middle-aged man with grey hair. He had little to say for himself, and was not remarkable for his amiability, but was very musical, and played the piano wonderfully well, though entirely by ear. Amongst other officers with whom I spoke that evening were a sub-lieutenant named Robert Gunning and a lieutenant called Allfrey. Gunning, who, like Cramer, in whose company he was, had been at Eton with me, though I had only known him very slightly there, was a rather good-looking little fellow, and a great favourite of the Colonel, who called him "Cupid," and often invited him to his quarters. Allfrey was a tall, burly man, with dark curly hair, who was very loud in both his dress and conversation, which was usually about horses. He was a great admirer of Thackeray's works, and declared that "Vanity Fair" was the best novel in the English language, and that he had read it over and over again without growing tired of it.

Allfrey was a particular friend of Cotton, and I soon discovered that these two officers were the *bêtes-noires* of the Colonel, who, it was said, could not even endure the sound of their voices, and would give anything in the world to get rid of them both. Our chief's dislike, however, was by no means confined to Cotton and Allfrey. Two senior lieutenants, named Holled-Smith and Allen, and a captain called Robinson, had also the misfortune to be objects of his antipathy, a fact which he was never at any pains to disguise.

Holled-Smith was a fine-looking man, clever and entertaining, but with a somewhat brusque manner. He had

a very good baritone voice, which he cultivated by taking singing lessons, and he sang some songs very well. Allen and Robinson were both singular characters. The former, who was expecting his company, was a queer-looking fellow, with a partially-bald head and a peculiarly vacant expression. He was always highly perfumed, so that you knew when he happened to be near you, before you saw him. His dress was very eccentric, and his manner too. He was perpetually muttering to himself, and would gesticulate in the most weird fashion when no one was talking to him. Robinson, who was nicknamed "Rabelais," as he was always reading that author's works, was a kind of Hercules, and was the eldest son of a baronet and the grandson of an Irish earl. He was very eccentric, and would suddenly—for no apparent reason—throw himself into the most violent passions, and indulge in language at which even a private soldier would be horrified. Strangely enough, he appeared to have little or no idea of the effect of these outbursts upon those who had the misfortune to be present: probably, he hardly knew what he was saying. It was related that, upon one occasion, he used this terrible language before a lady, who incontinently took to flight. "Rabelais" inquired afterwards why the lady had left so abruptly, and, on being told, remarked that she must have been uncommonly prudish.

These two strange creatures disliked each other even more than the Colonel did them. One evening at mess, soon after I joined the battalion, I noticed that, though they were sitting next each other, they never exchanged a word the whole evening. I remarked upon this to one of the other officers, when I was told that they had not spoken to one another for years.

The senior major, Northey, was a very tall, dark man, who was an excellent soldier and understood his work thoroughly; but, unfortunately, his hands were tied by the Colonel, who seldom condescended to approve of anything he did. He was married to the daughter of a Polish nobleman, a refugee, whom he had met when the battalion was stationed in Canada. Major Northey was popular

with the men, and liked by the officers, but he had no influence at all.

The junior major, Collins, who was stout and wore an eyeglass, was also a married man. His wife was a sister of a bishop, and it was she who held the ribbons. Collins would have made a much better bishop than he did a field-officer, for he was a bad rider, who always felt uncomfortable on horseback, and, what is more, looked so. He seldom ventured on any observation concerning military matters before the Colonel, as when he did so, he generally got snubbed. The major took a great fancy to me, and often invited me to his house, where I sometimes met the bishop, who was delighted with my zither and paid me many compliments on my playing.

Tufnell, the senior captain, was a gentleman who entertained a superlatively high opinion of himself. He must have been very handsome when young, but was now somewhat "*fané*." He was very much in love with a girl named Miss Finis, the daughter of a butcher in Chatham, who, some years before, had been in love with my friend, Arthur Dillon. Poor Dillon, alas! was no more, having been thrown out of a Ralli car and killed while stationed at Colchester. "He was such a good fellow, and a very promising officer," said Captain Byron, in the letter he wrote to me in India, to inform me of the sad event.

Tufnell was so infatuated with Miss Finis that it was generally believed that he would end by marrying her. Nor was he the only officer in the battalion who was contemplating a *mésalliance*. There was another captain, called Carpenter, who was desperately in love with a pretty little shop-girl, who was only about sixteen. At first, the Colonel objected to Carpenter going about with this damsel, but when he learned that he was determined to marry her, he said nothing more, as Carpenter was a great friend of his. Carpenter retired some months afterwards, and married his little girl, who, I was told, made him a very good wife. His retirement was much regretted, as he was very popular with both officers and men.

The nicest captain in the battalion was de Robeck, who had been on the Staff of the Earl of Mayo, when Viceroy of India. He was a brother of Baron de Robeck, whom I already knew. De Robeck was a rather shy man, and dreadfully afraid of offending the Colonel. As time seemed only to accentuate the bad impression which I had been so unfortunate as to make upon our chief at our first meeting, partly owing to the fact that I was obliged to be a good deal in the company of Cotton and Holled-Smith, whose quarters adjoined my own, I told de Robeck that I thought it would be best for me to exchange into another battalion. He, however, advised me not to do so, observing :—

"The Colonel cannot stay with us very much longer, and in the 1st Battalion, into which you wish to exchange, they have a Colonel, Colonel Gordon, who, I am told, is much worse than ours. I hear that he has been the cause of no less than ten officers leaving the battalion, and the cases of desertion among the riflemen can hardly be counted."

I told him that the Colonel of the 1st was soon retiring, while our chief would remain with us for another three years, which had to be taken into consideration.

"No," he replied, "he has only two years more, thank God!"

I was always much influenced by what de Robeck told me, and generally followed his advice. I did so in this instance, but had I acted otherwise, it would have been much better for me.

Among the senior lieutenants was one named Wylie, an absurdly pompous individual, who was disliked by both officers and men. One day, when I happened to be orderly officer, I had just come off parade and was standing by the officers' mess, when Wylie passed by. I wished him good-morning, but, because I did not salute him at the same time, though it was off the parade-ground, he reported me to the Colonel, who reprimanded me. Wylie was married to the sister of a recently-created peer, who, on the strength of this relationship, gave herself ridiculous airs, and was almost as pompous as her husband.

Christy Minstrels and Tobogganing

Arthur Greville Bagot, an old Etonian, who was adjutant of the battalion by appointment, though, as I mentioned, suspended, was a very different kind of officer from Wylie. He was highly connected, being the cousin of a duke and the nephew of a peer, and was a thorough gentleman in every way. He was a very good-looking man, and when not in uniform, always dressed very smartly in the latest fashion. An excellent soldier, he kept the men in first-rate order, which Wilkinson never could do, and, as he was rather a friend of mine, he invariably took my part with the Colonel, with whom he was on pretty good terms.

As there was very little going on at Chatham at any time in the way of amusement, Bagot organized from the battalion a troupe of Christy Minstrels, he himself taking the part of "Bones." I was asked to do my share, to which I willingly consented. We gave a performance in Chatham, which turned out a great success, a number of people having to be refused admission. The officers and men blackened their faces, and when I wished to re-enter Chatham Barracks, the sentry refused to let me pass, until I told him who I was. We gave a second performance at Chatham, which was so well attended that we agreed to engage the theatre at Gravesend and give an entertainment there. The result exceeded our most sanguine expectations, the theatre being crammed, while over four hundred people were turned away from the doors. Bagot made most amusing jokes, and sang several very good comic songs; Carpenter gave a solo on the concertina, besides singing in the chorus, and my performance on the zither was warmly applauded, and I got an encore. The *ensemble* was excellent for that style of entertainment; quite as good as any professional troupe, and the singing was above the average.

During the winter we had a heavy fall of snow, and, as most of the officers of the battalion had served in Canada, and had done a great deal of tobogganing there, this amusement was indulged in down the hill close to the mess. The toboggans were made to contain two persons, one sitting behind, and the other between his legs in front; and many

of the officers would place a lady in front of them on their toboggans, and come down the hill at a terrific pace, the ladies sometimes giving vent to piercing shrieks, from fear of getting a spill. Now and again a toboggan would upset, and send its occupants flying; but, as they usually fell into the snow banked up on either side of the track, it was very rarely that they were in the least hurt.

CHAPTER XXIII

Sarah Bernhardt in *Phèdre*—Vienna and Buda-Pesth

WHEN I got my winter's leave, I started for Paris, to see my parents; intending afterwards to visit Vienna and Buda-Pesth. On the last evening of my stay in Paris, I went to the Théâtre-Français, to see Sarah Bernhardt and Mounet Sully in *Phèdre*. The latter's acting was very fine, but Sarah Bernhardt was simply magnificent. The way in which she recited Racine's lines in her charming, musical voice, with its pretty timbre, was a real pleasure to listen to; while in the last scene she rose to the supreme heights of tragedy. I do not think I was ever more delighted in my life with a theatrical performance than I was with the splendid acting that night at the Théâtre-Français, as it surpassed all my expectations.

On my journey to Vienna next day, I had as a travelling companion an Austrian gentleman called Herr Neuss, who, on my happening to mention my visit to the Théâtre-Français the previous evening, observed that, in his opinion, the Burg Theatre, in Vienna, was the first theatre in Europe, and invited me to accompany him one evening to see a play of Shakespeare acted there. Herr Neuss told me that, from the way I spoke German, he had at first taken me for a German student, and that he was surprised to learn that I was an officer of the British Army.

On my arrival in Vienna, which was enveloped in a white mantle of snow, I went to the Hôtel Matschakerhof, which had been recommended to me, and which I found very comfortable. I lost no time in calling on Herr Neuss, who

presented me to his wife and their three young and pretty daughters, who were quite charming. I was invited to return to supper, and afterwards two of the girls played on two grand pianos which stood in the drawing-room. They both played beautifully, and had evidently been most admirably taught. An evening or two later, I went with Herr Neuss to the Burg Theatre, to witness a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was wonderfully well staged. The part of Juliet was played by Fräulein Frank, a very good-looking brunette, who acted well, though in the very tragic scenes she occasionally showed too much emotion. Another evening I saw Fräulein Frank in the *Jungfrau von Orléans*, a part which suited her infinitely better than that of Juliet; and in which she was truly marvellous. I also saw the celebrated Charlotte Wolter in *Richard III.*, in which play Lewinsky took the part of the King. I was very much impressed by the latter's acting, but I was decidedly disappointed with Charlotte Wolter, whom I considered inferior to Fräulein Frank, though the public thought otherwise. Wolter, indeed, in the opinion of the Viennese, was an ideal actress, and, in certain plays, they even preferred her to Sarah Bernhardt.

I was charmed with the military concerts at Vienna. Of an afternoon I several times went to the Volksgarten, where the people sat at little tables sipping coffee and smoking cigarettes. The military band, the Hoch and Deutschmeister, which played, was a string band, and the solo players were all very good. I was quite delighted with the way the band played a march, so differently from the sleepy fashion in which our English military bands played one. As is always the practice with an Austrian military band, when playing marches, a great deal of use was made of the cymbals in forte parts. They also played waltzes delightfully, and polkas with the proper rhythm, which so seldom happens. The Hoch and Deutschmeister played the most difficult music from the *Nibelungen Ring*, of Wagner, equally well, but their chief success was with light music, in which they were unrivalled.

On Sundays Johann Strauss's band played in the Musikverein's Saal, under its accomplished conductor, who always charmed the audience with its beautiful waltzes and inspiriting polkas. Yet everyone said that his band was very inferior to the string bands of the regiments stationed in Vienna. I heard Johann Strauss's band play more than once, and though I was pleased with it, the military band had far more attraction for me.

I paid a visit one evening to Schwender's, a dancing-hall, where, to the strains of a military band, people danced till the small hours of the morning, and was struck with the orderly manner in which those present conducted themselves. It was a great contrast to the scenes witnessed at similar resorts in England in those days, where drunkenness amongst both sexes was a common feature.

The Opera House, whose orchestra was quite the finest in Europe, had, of course, a great fascination for me. Wagner was then directing his operas, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, and they were admirably rendered. Fräulein Ehnn and Frau Materna created the chief women's rôles, and Winkelmann and Ritter were the leading tenors. A great feature at the Opera was the ballet, in which the *première danseuse*, Bertha Linda, delighted everyone with her graceful dancing, while the *corps de ballet* was excellent. Bertha Linda married the celebrated artist Makart, at that time the greatest painter in Austria.

From Vienna I went to Buda-Pesth, where I stayed at the Hôtel Königin von England. On the evening of my arrival, a gipsy band began playing during dinner, and continued until long past midnight. They played in a really wonderful manner, and collected a great deal of money. I visited the "Nepsinház" and other theatres in Pesth, and one evening went to a dancing-hall, where I saw the Csárdas danced most beautifully, and made the acquaintance of a young girl of fourteen or fifteen, named Tournay Wilma, a pupil at the theatre, who had a lovely contralto voice. She accompanied me back to my hôtel, and sang to me until the small hours of the morning.

I thought Buda-Pesth beautifully situated, with the Emperor's castle at Buda, and the Danube flowing between the two towns, but I would have infinitely preferred to live in Vienna, which is a far finer city. On my return there, I went several times to the Opera to hear *Manfred*, *Don Juan* and *Figaro's Hochzeit*, and then, after calling on Herr Neuss and his family, bade farewell to this most charming of capitals.

I may mention that, during my stay in Vienna, I took lessons on the zither from the celebrated Paschinger, who was quite a brilliant performer on that instrument, besides being a good violinist, and played the violin and occasionally the zither at one of the principal theatres, where he was first violinist. I also invested in a zither-table, which I purchased at Kiendl's, who made the best zithers in Europe.

While in Vienna and Buda-Pesth, I was much impressed by the appearance of the troops I saw. Among the cavalry, which was then considered the finest in Europe, the Hussars struck me as being remarkably well mounted, while the officers' uniform was very smart. The Dragoons, whose officers were mostly of the nobility, as were those of the Lancers, were also well mounted; while the Arciren Guards, who corresponded to our Life Guards, were a fine body of men, in green uniforms with red facings. There were at this time, in the Austrian Army, sixteen regiments of Hussars, the same number of Lancer regiments, and twelve regiments of Dragoons. The Hussars were all Hungarians, the Dragoons Austrians, and the Lancers Bohemians and Poles. The infantry was also very fine, and the uniform of the officers, though they wore no gold lace at all, very smart.

CHAPTER XXIV

Percy Hope-Johnstone—A "Special" to Aldershot—A Costume-Ball at Folkestone

SOON after my return to Chatham, my company had to go to Gravesend for a course of musketry. The officers who went were Cramer, Gunning and myself. We had to superintend the shooting of the men, though the musketry instructor, a lieutenant named Hope-Johnstone, was also present. Percy Hope-Johnstone, who was very popular with everyone, was a fine, powerfully-built man, and a very good shot, both with gun and rifle. He took great interest in the men's shooting, and was a most capable instructor. He was the heir to a baronetcy, and in later years laid claim to the peerage of Annandale, but his claim was not successful.

One day, Hope-Johnstone lent me his horse on the range, and the animal, not being accustomed to so light a weight, bolted with me, and set off at a furious gallop through the town. Fortunately, however, he soon ran himself out, and stopped of his own accord.

Hope-Johnstone often went with Gunning and myself for walks in the country around Gravesend. On one occasion, when we were sitting by the Thames, he said to us :—

"Supposing neither of you had any money at all. What would you do to learn a living?"

Gunning replied that he should become an actor; and they both said that they were sure that I could play the zither at concerts, and make a good deal of money by this. Then Hope-Johnstone remarked :—

"I know what I should do. I am a very fine fellow, well-built, rather imposing in appearance. Therefore, I should

be a footman, which is a devilish easy life, nothing to do and plenty to eat and drink."

Hope-Johnstone told me that he had a younger brother in the Guards, who had told him that he was not allowed to recognize in London officers of other regiments whom he had met in the country, unless he were introduced to them in town, and the same rule applied to civilians whom an officer of the Guards had met in the country. Hope-Johnstone said he much preferred life in a Rifle regiment, as he was far more free to do as he liked, and could obtain more leave than a subaltern in the Guards. He intended retiring from the Service so soon as he got his company, as he was very well off.

Allen, whose eccentricities I have mentioned elsewhere, came to Gravesend with his company, and used to walk about the town with his pockets full of sweets, which he would give to any pretty children whom he happened to meet. He brought with him a rather smart dog-cart and some fine horses, and sometimes took me for a drive, during which he used to entertain me with an account of the charms of a young flower-girl at Folkestone, whom he had known since she was quite a child, and whom he intended to marry, although she was only sixteen and he was forty. He did marry her, in fact, not long afterwards, when the Colonel insisted on his exchanging into another battalion, stationed in India. The officers' wives called upon her, out of compassion, it would seem, for the miserable life which she led. For Allen was so fearfully jealous that he even went to the length of locking the poor girl up in the house whenever he went out. He was subsequently transferred to another regiment, but his jealousy of his wife continued down to the time of his death, which occurred soon after he had been promoted major.

When the musketry-course was over, I returned with my company to Chatham. One day, I went with Cotton to Southend, and we missed the last train back. Cotton said that he must get back that night, as he was on duty next morning, and asked the station-master if he could have a

special train, when that official said that, if we would keep quiet, he would put us in a luggage-train, which was just on the point of starting. We were put into a van, which was half-filled with coal, and had anything but a pleasant journey, as there was nothing but the floor—and the coal—to sit upon. However, we reached our destination in the early morning, in time for Cotton to assume his duties as orderly officer.

Cotton told me that once, when stationed at Aldershot, he went up to town for the day, and missed the last train back. A lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, named Crofton, who was in a like predicament, asked Cotton if he would come with him in a " special," which he had just ordered, and the latter, of course, gladly consented. When they were nearing Aldershot, Crofton said :—

" I will send you your half of the bill for the ' special ' as soon as I get it. It will be a matter of forty pounds."

Cotton, however, did not see the force of this, as he had quite understood that Crofton, who was a very rich man, had invited him to come with him. Consequently, he refused to pay any part of the bill.

It was no wonder that Cotton occasionally missed trains, for he was constantly late for parade, for mess, and, indeed, for everything. One day, the Colonel, between whom and Cotton there was little love lost, remarked :—

" Cotton, you are always late ; I am sure you will be late for your own funeral ! "

Cotton, who was a grandson of Viscount Combermere, and whose father, the Hon. Sir C. Stapleton-Cotton, was a general of cavalry, died after the Zulu War of fever.

Cotton and I often dined together at a small hôtel at Rochester, which, if I am not mistaken, was the one where Mr. Pickwick stayed on the night of the ball at Rochester, described by Dickens. Occasionally we would converse in French, which Cotton spoke well, though, singularly enough, he had never been in France. At this hôtel, we occasionally met two officers of the Rifle Brigade, Viscount Bennet, son of the Earl of Tankerville, and Lord Torphichen, the last-

named officer an old Etonian, who would join us at dinner. Lord Bennet's mother was a French lady, and he used to make very clever jokes in French, which, however, lost by being repeated in English, on account of the *jeu de mots*.

Not long after my return from Gravesend, I was sent with Gunning to Dover, to go through a final course of instruction there, before sitting for my lieutenant's examination, and attached to the 104th Regiment at the Shaft Barracks. I was allotted a very comfortable room in the barracks, and Colonel Græme, who was then commanding the 104th, was very pleasant to me, as was a captain named Hunter, with whom I soon became very friendly. Our instruction, which was conducted by a Captain Savile, of the Staff College, occupied most of the morning and part of the afternoon, but by four o'clock we were generally free. My friends, the Charltons, were still living in Victoria Park, and naturally I lost no time in calling upon them. They were very pleased to see me again, and talked a great deal about poor Dillon, to whom, it appeared, Augusta, the eldest daughter, had become engaged to be married just before he met with his fatal accident. Ida, the second girl, who seemed even prettier than when I had last seen her, told me that she was engaged to a lieutenant in the 12th Lancers named Beck, a very nice young fellow, who had been with me at Sandhurst, and whom I had liked very much there.

Mrs. Charlton, as hospitable as ever, told me that I must come to supper the following Sunday, and bring a friend with me, as I used to do when poor Dillon was alive. I gladly accepted her invitation, and asked Gunning to come with me. But he excused himself, explaining that he was related to the Charltons, but that, owing to some family quarrel, his parents were not on good terms with them. I then asked a lieutenant of the 7th Fusiliers, named Foley, who was only too pleased to go. He fell in love with Augusta at first sight, and he and I used to go every Sunday evening to supper in Victoria Park.

Foley, who was a nephew of Lord Foley, was a very nice

fellow indeed and a great friend of mine. He was very witty and amusing, and not infrequently exercised his wit at the expense of Gunning, who, though he rather fancied himself at repartee, and could more than hold his own against most people, invariably got the worst of it when he crossed swords with Foley.

While I was at Dover, a big fancy-dress ball took place at Folkestone, to which Robartes, of the 11th Hussars, and I went with the Charltons. It was a very smart affair indeed, a number of people coming down from London for it, and some of the costumes were very fine. One lady, the Hon. Mrs. Yorke, whose husband was an officer in the Guards, wore a Greek peasant girl's costume, which was much admired. Mrs. Yorke had, I think, the smallest feet for an Englishwoman that I have ever seen, which the white trousers she wore enabled her to display to advantage. Mrs. Charlton wore some magnificent lace, which a lady with whom I danced told me must be worth at least two or three hundred pounds. When I happened later in the evening to mention this to Mrs. Charlton, she exclaimed :—

" Two or three hundred ! The lace on my dress is worth nearer three thousand. It is of Charles II.'s time."

It was nearly four o'clock in the morning before we left the ball-room, having all enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Robartes and I were photographed with the girls a few days later at Dover, they in the fancy dresses they had worn at the ball, and we in our uniform.

When our examination for the rank of lieutenant took place, Foley and myself passed very well in the first class and had our commissions ante-dated two years ; Robartes, of the 11th Hussars, and Gunning only succeeded in getting a " second." The examination was a very stiff one, and a major of the 104th remarked that it ought almost to have qualified us for generals instead of lieutenants.

CHAPTER XXV

The Oppenheims—St. James's and Winchester—The Colonel and Beauclerk

SHORTLY after I had passed my lieutenant's examination, I was sent to Woolwich, where a detachment of my battalion was to do duty for the Horse Artillery. The room I was given, which belonged to an officer of the R.H.A., was a much better one than I had had in other barracks, and was furnished with some attempt at luxury. In the evening, I dined at the Royal Artillery mess, where their very fine string band played an excellent selection of music, under the direction of its Austrian bandmaster, Ritter von Zauerthal. I was often on guard at Woolwich, which I found very tiresome, as the guard was turned out at night as well as by day, and, as my turn to be on guard came round three times a week, it was pretty stiff work.

While I was at Woolwich, a very smart ball was given at the barracks, which was highly successful, the great variety of uniforms and the toilettes of the ladies combining to make an unusually pretty scene, and an excellent supper being provided. To this ball I invited my old Eton friend, Jim Doyne, who, seeing all the men in uniform, mistook an officer who had come in evening dress for a waiter, and asked him to fetch an ice for a lady. The officer, however, took the mistake in very good part, and did as he was asked, remarking as he handed the ice to the lady, whom he happened to know :—

"I am very pleased to make myself useful, and, as I have come in evening clothes instead of in uniform, I can quite understand your partner taking me for a waiter."

The Oppenheims

During my visit to Vienna, Herr Neuss had given me a letter of introduction to Frau Oppenheim, the wife of a wealthy wine-merchant in London, who, before her marriage, when she was known as Louise Epstein, had been an actress at the Burg Theatre, and had been considered the most beautiful woman in the Austrian capital. I called upon her and found her very charming, though few traces of the beauty which had captivated so many hearts, including, it was said, that of a British Ambassador, now remained. Her husband, an immensely stout man, invited me to dinner and gave me a most excellent one, *arrosé* with his choicest wines. In return, I invited the Oppenheims to lunch with me at Woolwich, and asked a lieutenant of my battalion named Featherstone to meet them. Featherstone, I am afraid, was somewhat disappointed with Madame's looks, as he had been expecting to see a much younger woman.

After lunch, which was served in a private room at the mess, Herr Oppenheim expressed a wish to see the 80-ton gun fired for the first time, but I told him that it was impossible, as he was a foreigner. However, he protested that he had lived so many years in England that he had almost come to look upon himself as an Englishman, and at length he persuaded me to take him. When the great gun was fired, the worthy wine-merchant was so alarmed that he staggered backwards, exclaiming: "*Ach, du lieber Gott!*" And had it not been for a man standing by, who supported him in his arms, and whom his weight nearly upset, he would have fallen down.

When I invited a friend to dine with me at the Artillery mess, as I frequently did, I was obliged to be there to receive him; otherwise, he would not be admitted. On my inquiring the reason for this rule, I was told that one evening a man presented himself at the mess, saying that he had been asked to dine by a certain officer, whose name he gave. The officer in question did not put in an appearance, and when dinner was announced, his supposed friend was invited to sit down to table, which he did. Presently, the attention of one of the mess-waiters was attracted by the singular

behaviour of this individual, who was calmly pocketing as many spoons and forks as he could lay his hands on, whenever he fancied that he was unobserved. The mess-waiter reported these proceedings to the mess-president, and the man was at once given in charge, when it was discovered that he was a well-known thief. The Artillery mess was a very large one, from two hundred to three hundred officers sitting down to table, many of whom brought guests with them. Consequently, they had to be very careful, as there was always so much silver lying about.

As it was summer, I frequently went up to London by steam-boat, which was a very pleasant way of making the journey. My companion on these river-trips was a lieutenant of my battalion, named Ernest Hovell Thurlow, an exceedingly nice fellow, who wore an eyeglass and appeared to take life in a very philosophical manner, as he never allowed himself to be put out by anything. He was a grandson of Lord Thurlow, and his mother had been a Miss Lethbridge. He was married, but his wife, a very pretty woman with wavy, golden hair, was staying in town for the season.

After we had been some months at Woolwich, our detachment received orders to relieve the Grenadier Guards at St. James's Palace. We detrained at Waterloo Station and marched to the Palace, in front of which the band of the Grenadiers was playing while the guard was being mounted. Our Colonel, who had come up to town expressly for this ceremony, and was in plain clothes, sent me to tell the Grenadiers' band to stop playing, at which the bandmaster, Dan Godfrey, appeared to be rather surprised. However, he obeyed the order, when the band of our battalion played in its turn, after which the guard was relieved.

I had a very comfortable room in St. James's Palace, where I slept while I was on guard there, and, with the other officers, was made an honorary member of the Guards' Club. I found the duties rather fatiguing, as the sentries to be visited were so far apart. The officers of the Guards always visited them in hansom-cabs, but Captain Tufton, who was

in command of our detachment, would not allow me this luxury, and I had to go on foot.

I invited Jim Doyne to dine with me one evening at the Palace. The dinner was excellent, and was provided free of cost to the officers, though they had to pay 15s. for each guest. The champagne was very good and the liqueurs as well, and a bottle of brandy was opened which was of the year of the Battle of Waterloo. Amongst the guests was a Lieutenant Childe-Pemberton, who was formerly in our regiment, but was then in the "Blues."

After I had been a short time at St. James's Palace, my battalion was ordered to the Tower. But the Colonel, who had a good deal of influence at the War Office, persuaded them to countermand this order and send it to Winchester instead, where the detachment from St. James's joined it.

I had very comfortable quarters at Winchester, and life there was very pleasant, as the country round was very pretty, and we were invited to all the best houses in the neighbourhood. One of the most pleasant houses to which I went was that of Lady Frederick. It was a charming old residence, standing in the midst of beautiful grounds, and Lady Frederick and her son were most kind and hospitable.

The depôt of the Rifle Brigade was also at Winchester, and the officers, some of whom were very nice fellows indeed, frequently dined at our mess. Amongst them was a Lieutenant F. Howard, whose acquaintance I had made on the troopship returning from India, and whom I was very pleased to meet again. He told me that he was now married and invited me to dine with him and his wife. I did so, and had a most pleasant evening, as both the Howards were very musical, Mrs. Howard having a very good voice, while her husband was quite an accomplished pianist.

Sir George Nares, the Arctic explorer, was living at Winchester at the time with his wife and daughters. I made their acquaintance at a dance, and was often invited to tea at their house, after which I used to play tennis or croquet with the two girls, both of whom were very good-looking, or go with them

for a country-walk. Sometimes when I called Sir George Nares would ask me to have a glass of madeira, from one of the remaining bottles of a case of that wine which had made the voyage with him. He did not show any traces of the privations which he had endured in the Arctic; but he was a very quiet man, who did not talk much and kept a good deal to himself. Not long after I came to Winchester, the family removed to a house near Surbiton, where they nvited me to visit them. While I was there, the elder daughter met with a very sad accident. She was running downstairs, when the heel of her shoe caught in a stair-rod and she fell on her back, injuring her spine so badly that she died six months later. She was only eighteen. Her younger sister married a missionary some years later, and went out to South Africa.

Several officers from the 2nd Battalion, with which I had served in India, were at the depôt, including Surgeon-Major Macnamara, Beauclerk, Lovett, and a captain named Brownrigg. Brownrigg was a fine-looking man, though with a tendency to *embonpoint*, and a very nice fellow as well, but he had an unfortunate weakness for liqueurs. He used to mix two or three together, and whenever anyone came to see him would invite them to have "a two-bottle trick" or "a three-bottle trick" with him. Brownrigg married not long afterwards and left the Service, but died suddenly, six months later. Probably, the two and three bottle tricks in which he was so fond of indulging had undermined his health.

It was rarely that the officers went up to town from Winchester, as the journey was rather too long, and there was plenty of amusement to be found in and around Winchester. The music at the cathedral had a great attraction for me, and I was never tired of listening to the magnificent playing of the organist, Dr. Arnold. I took lessons in composition from Dr. Arnold, which interested me very much, although Howard declared that he could not understand anyone wishing to be initiated into the mysteries of harmony and counterpoint; which, he said, was a kind of higher mathe-

matics and destroyed the illusion which music produces on the senses.

The Colonel was his own absolute master at Winchester, as there was no general there to look after him, and gave himself and his battalion a rest, the parades being few and far between and the guards easy. Except for pottering about the mess-room and his work at the orderly-room of a morning our chief had little to do, and, from want of some better occupation, made himself more than usually objectionable to such of the officers as he did not happen to like. Beauclerk, who had been at the depôt for some time, was transferred to our battalion, at which I was very pleased, as he was a very nice fellow and a perfect gentleman, though a little inclined to be conceited. Unfortunately, the Colonel at once took a dislike to Beauclerk, owing to some jesting remark which the latter let fall while playing billiards with him, which he considered was wanting in respect, though any ordinary person would have seen nothing offensive in it. Next day, the chief appointed him to Robinson's company, well knowing that Beauclerk would never tolerate the manner in which that eccentric personage was in the habit of treating his subalterns, whom he seldom condescended to address except to find fault with them, which he did in not the politest of language. Sure enough, one fine day, Beauclerk complained to the Colonel of the language which " Rabelais " had used towards him, and when the Colonel refused to listen to him, sent in his papers, which was, of course, just what our amiable chief wanted him to do. He was a great loss to the regiment, and his retirement was much regretted.

CHAPTER XXVI

Paris Again—Eccentricities of Captain "Rabelais"—A Fire in Barracks—A Trying Inspection

MY next winter leave I spent in Paris with my parents, who now occupied an *appartement* at No. 65, Rue de Morny, Champs-Elysées, and, as the winter season in the French capital was in full swing, had a very gay time of it. Among the balls to which I went was one given by Mrs. Hungerford, the mother of the well-known Mrs. Mackay, which was a very grand affair indeed, and at which dancing was kept up until nearly five in the morning. I met Mrs. Mackay shortly afterwards, when calling on Mrs. Hungerford. She spoke Spanish quite fluently, and was at this time very intimate with Isabella, the ex-Queen of Spain, to whose house she was often invited. She was, as usual, beautifully dressed, and in the most perfect taste. Another ball I attended was given by Mrs. Keogh, an Irish lady, where I danced the cotillon with a very lovely young Russian girl, a cousin of the Empress of Russia, who, together with her sister, was made a great deal of at that time in Paris society. I also went to a *bal-masqué* at the Opéra with an American friend named Willing. There was a great crowd there, all the women being, of course, masked and in fancy costumes. I went into Baron Alphonse de Rothschild's box to pay my respects to Madame Adelsdorfer, a great friend of Lady Holland, with whom she stayed when in London, and she invited me to accompany her on the following evening to the "Italiens," where we heard Albani sing in *La Sonnambula*. I was delighted with Albani's voice and also with her acting.

Another evening, I went to see Salvini in *La Morte civile*, by Giacometti. Mlle. Masini, a young girl, played the part of the daughter, whom Salvini tries to kiss when he dies. She offers up a prayer for him on her knees, which so affected the audience that nearly the whole house was in tears. I saw Salvini on two other occasions : in *Il Gladiatore*, when I sat next to a very pretty girl, who pointed out to me a middle-aged man with a grey beard, whom, she told me, was Alphonse Daudet, the celebrated novelist, and again in *Othello*, when Mlle. Checchi Bozzo played Desdemona. She and Salvini acted magnificently and delighted everyone. Mlle. Checchi Bozzo died suddenly two days after I had seen her in *Othello ;* she was only twenty-two, and her death caused a great sensation in Paris.

Amongst other plays which I saw were Madame de Girardin's *la Joie fait Peur*, Alfred de Musset's *Il ne faut jurer de rien*, and Augier's *Philiberte*, at the Théâtre-Français, in all of which the acting was admirable, and a very amusing piece called *la Boule*, by Meilhac and Halévy, at the Théâtre-du Palais-Royal.

One Sunday afternoon I went to Pasdeloup's concert, where they played the *Septuor* of Beethoven beautifully. The greatest attraction there was Sivori, who performed a violin solo in the most wonderful manner. Sivori was Paganini's best pupil, and Lord Berkeley used to say that he preferred Sivori to any violinist he had ever heard, as he always played with so much feeling, and eschewed those complicated pieces which resemble gymnastic exercises for the fingers, and serve no better purpose than to enable the violinist to display his execution.

At the Grand Opéra I heard *l'Africaine*, of Meyerbeer, which was marvellously well-staged. Madame Krauss sang the title-part. She was an Austrian, from Vienna, but sang at the Paris Opéra for years, and was quite famous there. I also heard *Robert le Diable*—or rather part of it, for my father, who was with me, could not sit it out. So we adjourned to Thorpe's, where we met Tom Hohler, whom I have mentioned earlier in this volume, and remained talking to him

for some time. Tom Hohler was now married to Henrietta, Duchess of Newcastle, and they lived in the Avenue d'Antin.

While in Paris, I visited a great many old friends, including Eugénie de Lavalle and Gabrielle Tercin, with whom I went one evening to the Scala and supped with them afterwards at a neighbouring restaurant. Another evening, I went with the former to the Folies Dramatiques to see *les Cloches de Cornéville*, in which Juliette Girard acted and sang remarkably well and was very graceful. I also renewed my acquaintance with Mrs. Michell and her daughter, whom I had not seen since I was at Marienbad, and whom I came across one day while walking on the Boulevards, and with the Vicomte Arthur d'Assailly, whom I had met in India. The Vicomte lived in the Rue Las Cases, and was a member of the Jockey Club, but he preferred les Mirlitons, he told me, as they gave many evening entertainments, and he was passionately fond of music.

When my leave was up, I rejoined my battalion at Aldershot, to which it had been transferred from Winchester. It had originally been ordered to the Tower of London, but the Colonel, as on a previous occasion, had used his influence at the War Office to get this order countermanded, to the great disgust of most of the officers. However, our chief rarely condescended to consult the wishes of anyone but himself in such matters.

On my arrival at Aldershot, I was summoned to the orderly-room by the Colonel, who told me that I had somewhat exceeded my leave, to which I merely replied :—

" Indeed, sir ! "

The other officers present, amused at this laconic answer, burst out laughing, at which the Colonel looked very black indeed. His temper, I soon learned, had not improved since the battalion had removed to Aldershot, as he found things there very far from what he had expected. He was not nearly so much his own master as he had been at Winchester ; the constant parades irritated him, and he lived in perfect dread of the field-days, as he was constantly being

reprimanded by the Brigadier-General in command, for not knowing his work. These reprimands he endeavoured to pass off on to the majors and captains, telling them that they did not attend sufficiently to their duties; but everyone knew with whom the fault lay.

Much to the Colonel's annoyance, both Allen and Smith had now got their companies. Thanks to the former's fidelity to his Folkestone beauty, he succeeded in getting rid of him, telling him that it would be simply impossible for him to remain in the battalion after making such a *mésalliance*. But he had no excuse for getting rid of Smith, and so was obliged to put up with him, though he lost no opportunity of showing his dislike; and it was remarked that when offenders from Smith's company were brought before him, they were always more severely punished than those from other companies. Smith, however, took it all very philosophically, observing that, as the Colonel could not remain in command for ever, he did not intend to gratify him by leaving the battalion.

Neither could our chief succeed in ridding himself of Robinson, whose eccentricities caused him great annoyance. Since the arrival of the battalion at Aldershot, "Rabelais" had taken to sitting out of doors on warm days, arrayed in a flaming red dressing-gown, with feet and legs quite bare save for a pair of slippers, much to the disgust of some ladies, who had frequently to pass by his quarters. The matter was reported to the Colonel, who exclaimed angrily :—

"Confound that Robinson! What can I do with such a creature? He is a disgrace to my battalion!"

Nevertheless, he did not dare to interfere with him personally, but deputed the adjutant to remonstrate with him. "Rabelais," however, received that officer with such a volley of oaths that he beat a precipitate retreat.

Whenever Robinson wrote to me or anyone, he did so on note-paper in the corner of which was a picture of the devil in bright red, with black wings, seated upon a swing, and the same device adorned the envelope. Like Ludwig of Bavaria, he would only speak to some people from behind a screen in

his sitting-room. His sergeants, his subalterns and even the adjutant, he would receive in this way, unless one of them happened to come on some important business, when he would occasionally condescend to reveal himself. His unfortunate subalterns, if they were not to his liking, positively trembled before him, and generally ended, like Beauclerk, by sending in their papers.

One of his subalterns, whom I recollect " Rabelais " treated particularly badly, was a very nice fellow named Crawley, who had lately joined. Crawley, however, put up with it, though when the battalion was ordered to South Africa on active service, he exchanged into the Coldstream Guards with an officer who was killed in the first engagement. In after years, Crawley commanded a battalion of the Coldstreams, and died of wounds received in the Boer War.

There was a good deal of society in and around Aldershot, and the officers of my battalion were invited out a great deal, but our duties soon grew so heavy that we were obliged to decline nearly all the invitations we received. Colonel Wellesley, the governor of the military prison, and his wife used to give very pleasant garden-parties, at which, as we had not far to go, we were generally able to be present. The Colonel, who was then an old man, was an uncle of the Duke of Wellington, and Mrs. Wellesley was a most charming woman. They had several daughters, who were very good-looking girls, and an only son, Cecil Wellesley, a little boy about eleven years old.

A General Smythe, a retired officer of the Artillery, who lived with his wife and daughter in a large house at Aldershot, with extensive grounds attached to it, also used to give garden-parties, which were always well attended. The Smythes were very hospitable people, and everything was admirably arranged, including the refreshment department, of which the champagne-cup was a feature. Their daughter was a remarkably fine tennis-player, and could, as a rule, beat any officer who opposed her. She played in a short skirt reaching just below the knee, and wore a collar and

tie and a man's cap—a costume which suited her very well, as she had a good figure and beautifully-shaped legs, but was, in those days, considered a rather bold one for a woman to adopt. Miss Smythe was not only a fine tennis-player, but a most accomplished musician. When quite a young girl, she had studied singing and composition at Dresden, under the direction of Madame Schumann, who declared that she had never had a pupil with so wonderful an ear for music, as she could sing the scales without a piano in every possible key, without the slightest fault. She was also an excellent horsewoman and a very bold one, and Holled-Smith, who used often to go for rides with her, told me that she would put her horse at jumps that made him even think twice before he ventured upon them, although he followed the hounds regularly when his duties permitted. Some people thought that he and Miss Smythe would make a match of it, as they were so much together, but they remained merely friends, and Holled-Smith eventually married another lady.

One night, I was awakened by Cotton, who told me that the fire-bugle had sounded. Pulling our great-coats over our night-shirts, we ran towards the place where the fire had broken out, and found that it was in the stables, which were soon almost gutted. Two of Allfrey's hunters were burned to death, for though we endeavoured to save the unfortunate animals, it was quite impossible. Indeed, we had all our work cut out to prevent the fire from spreading to the adjacent buildings, but, with the aid of some men with the fire-hose, we succeeded in doing this.

During Ascot week Bagot drove our coach from Aldershot to Ascot and back, while I sat on the box-seat and occasionally took a turn with the ribbons. Bagot was a first-rate whip and the best in the battalion, though Allfrey and Cotton were by no means to be despised. We lunched at the Green-jackets' tent, which was for the members of both Rifle regiments, where I entertained my father and Sir George Wombwell and his party. Among the party was the Hon. Mrs. Crichton, whom I had met at Dover, and I was pleased

at seeing again Savile Lumley, afterwards Lord Savile, who had been at Eton with me.

Among the Line regiments stationed at Aldershot was one commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Deane, brother-in-law of Lord Falmouth, who frequently used to dine at our mess, as a guest of our chief. Lord Falmouth owned some of the best racehorses in England, and had won both the Derby and St. Leger. But he disliked betting, and Colonel Deane told us that the only bet he had ever had in his life was one of sixpence with his housekeeper. He lost, and, in payment of the bet, gave her the sixpence set in brilliants for a brooch.

There were several cavalry regiments at Aldershot, including the 8th Hussars and the 16th and 17th Lancers. The 16th Lancers had a circus, composed of officers and men, which used to give performances which were highly successful; in fact, it was almost as good as a professional circus. Taaffe, whom I had met on my way out to India, was with the 16th at Aldershot, and we used frequently to dine at one another's messes.

When in town, I constantly met old Eton friends and acquaintances, chiefly officers in the Guards. The Hon. Alfred Egerton, who was at that time a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, was a particular friend of mine and I saw a good deal of him. Egerton told me that his colonel, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, had refused to allow his battalion to comply with a senseless order during the manœuvres at Aldershot on a day of almost tropical heat. Other commanding officers, however, had not the courage to follow his example, with the result that a great number of men got sunstroke. In those days, the Aldershot manœuvres took place in the height of summer, instead of, as now, in the autumn. Several battalions of the Guards and the "Blues" were sent to Aldershot for the manœuvres, and amongst the Eton friends whom I met was Lord Edward Somerset, who had exchanged from the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers into the "Blues," where he was very popular.

The day the troops were inspected by the Duke of Cambridge rain fell in torrents. The troops had to assemble

on parade in the early morning in full uniform without overcoats, and to wait, standing at ease, for fully two hours in the midst of the most drenching rain until the Duke arrived. Many men suffered afterwards from the effects of that deluge. I was one of them, as shortly afterwards, I was laid up with a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which has affected my heart ever since.

CHAPTER XXVII

Madrid and Cordova—Seville—General von Goeben and the Bullfight —A View from the Alhambra—I rejoin my Regiment

I SPENT my winter leave in Paris, where I suffered more or less all the time from rheumatism of the heart, for which I took a good many Turkish baths, without, however, obtaining much relief. My doctor told me that it would be unwise to return to Aldershot when my leave was up, and advised me to spend the rest of the winter in Spain. Accordingly, I went before a medical board in London, one of the members of which was Surgeon-Major Clarke, of the Royal Horse Artillery, whom I had known in India, and was granted three months' sick leave. I returned to Paris with my father, who had accompanied me to London, and Lord Henry Paget (afterwards Marquis of Anglesey), and on the following evening left the Gare d'Orléans for Madrid.

After two nights and a day in the train, I reached Madrid, which, as it was carnival time, was very gay. I took a room at the Hôtel de Paris, and after breakfast called on Doña Queñones de Léon, who lived in a huge house like a palace, and who received me in a drawing-room, in the centre of which a small fountain was playing. In the evening, I visited the Opera, but was not very favourably impressed by the performance. The following day, through the good offices of the Marquis de San Carlos, I was able to visit the Royal Stables and the Armeria, with which I was quite delighted. Afterwards I walked in the Prado, which was crowded with carriages, all the occupants of which were masked. Some of the carriages were drawn by mules, and

a few by donkeys. In the evening, I dined with the Marquis de San Carlos, when I met Doña Queñones de Léon and two daughters of Queen Christina and a daughter of the Marquis. The next day I visited the Museum, and then went again to the Prado, where I saw the King and princesses in an open carriage. The crush was so great that one could hardly move. After dinner, I visited Señora Queñones de Léon, with whom I found the Marquis de San Carlos and his sons, and, at their request, played some airs on the zither.

From Madrid I went to Cordova, where I stayed at the Hôtel Suiza. Cordova is an interesting town, containing, as it does, so much Moorish architecture. Some of the streets are so narrow that there is barely room for two people to walk abreast, and it is infested by hordes of beggars, mostly children in an almost nude condition. The smallness of their hands and feet betray their Moorish origin.

After spending a couple of days at Cordova and visiting the Cathedral, with its pillars of porphyry, I took the train for Seville, where I put up at the Hôtel des Quatre Nations. At dinner that evening I sat next to a young man who, I afterwards learned, was a son of the President of Brazil. As I intended to remain for some time at Seville, I looked out for a *casa de huespedes* (boarding-house), which I found in the Plaza Nueva. The Plaza Nueva is the finest square in Seville, and contains a great number of orange-trees, which at night and early morning throw out the most delicious fragrance imaginable. My rooms overlooked the Plaza, and at times the perfume of the orange-blossoms, which the Spaniards call "*azahár*," was so overpowering that one felt almost intoxicated.

The *casa de huespedes* was kept by three young girls—sisters—of the name of De Larriva, who told me that they would teach me Spanish. The youngest, who was called Manuela, was a very pretty brunette of seventeen, with jet-black hair, beautiful white teeth, and those peculiar black eyes which are rarely seen except in the South. She it was who gave me the most instruction, for, though her two sisters spoke French fairly well, while Manuela spoke no

language but her own, she was by far the prettiest of the trio, and I not unnaturally preferred being taught by her. She began by telling me the names of the parts of the face, and gradually taught me to pay all kinds of compliments. By her advice, I took some lessons, besides, from a professional teacher of the language.

Life at this *casa de huespedes* was very pleasant, apart from the food, which, to an English palate, was detestable, for every dish was prepared with olive-oil, and even the poached eggs tasted of it. The butter was imported from Holland and the milk condensed. I lived chiefly on oranges, for I found nearly everything else unpleasant to the taste. We used to sit down twenty-five to dinner, as a number of Artillery officers from the garrison were in the habit of dining there.

Among my fellow-guests was an Englishman of seventy, a Mr. Heaviside, who had come to Seville on purpose to learn to read "Don Quixote" in the original old Spanish. Manuela used to tease him, by encouraging him to speak Spanish, of which he knew very little. I often went with him to a café of an evening to hear the *bandhurria* played with the piano, and occasionally I went for a walk with the sisters De Larriva in the fine gardens of the Paseo, where there were many tropical plants growing out in the open air, and lemon and orange trees perfumed the atmosphere deliciously.

An officer whom I knew, Surgeon-Major Orton, happened to be spending his leave at Seville, and with him I went to visit the Museum, with its lovely pictures by Murillo, and the Alcazar, with which we were delighted, the walls being covered with beautiful designs in the style of the Alhambra. I also visited the Giralda, the view from which is very fine, the Carridad, where there were many pictures by Murillo and exquisite wood-carvings by Rollas, and the cathedral, which is one of the largest in the world.

During the winter the *patio*, or courtyard, of the houses in Seville is but little used, but when spring comes, people spend a great part of their time there. When Spaniards

get together they invariably dance with castanet accompaniments. Sometimes they dance the Seguidillas, the Sevillana, or the Fandango, which is very pretty to watch, as both men and women dance with so much *élan*. This is very much the custom, even in aristocratic houses, the looker-on applauding and exclaiming: "*Ollé, graziosa, muy bien, ollé, ollé!*" when one of the girls attempts some unusual feat.

One evening I went with some of the people at the boarding-house to the Calle Trajano to see the dancing there. An exceedingly pretty little girl, of ten or eleven, though she appeared much older, with black hair, dressed like a Spanish woman, with a number of curls round the face, danced with a man dancer the "*torrero y la Malagueña.*" In which dance she displayed all the marvellous art of a *première danseuse*, dancing on her points and executing the most difficult *entrechats*, *battements* and *pas de chat*, which would have done credit to a dancer double her age. Then, suddenly, she darted across the room, with her handkerchief in her hand, and before I had time to realize what had happened she had thrown the handkerchief into my lap and rushed away again. Somewhat embarrassed, I inquired of those sitting near me what I was supposed to do, and was told that I was expected to put some money into it, and that the little *danseuse* would come and fetch it. After the performance, I spoke to the little girl, who told me that her name was Salud, and asked me to come and see her. I went the following day, when she danced for me and gave me her photograph. Afterwards, I often went to the Calle Trajano of an evening, where I sometimes danced with the Spanish girls, and on one occasion danced a polka-mazurka with Salud.

During Holy Week and the "Feria," which followed it, Seville was crowded with visitors, and the prices at the hôtels and *casas de huespedes* were all increased. Among the visitors who came to my boarding-house was General von Goeben, who commanded a division of the German Army in the Franco-German War of 1870, and after whom the notorious battleship of Dardanelles fame

was named, and the Marquis de Rampa, an immensely wealthy Spanish nobleman, and his daughter. I sat next to the daughter, who was quite a young girl, at table, and was obliged to make what play I could with my Spanish, as she spoke no other language.

The processions which took place day and night during Holy Week were very imposing. Images of the Virgin Mary figured in all of them. The trains of the dresses, which were of immense length and generally of blue or violet velvet, must have cost thousands of pounds, as they were most exquisitely embroidered with gold and silver lace, diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls. They were carried by young girls. On Palm Sunday, the people who took part in the procession were dressed in black, with their faces covered, and palm-branches in their hands. On Holy Thursday, I went to the Cathedral to see the Archbishop of Seville wash the feet of the poor. There was a tremendous crush, and Baron von Münchhausen, a Bavarian nobleman, who was with me, had his gold watch stolen.

The "Feria" was a very pretty sight. All the principal families in Seville took part in it, each having a separate tent, in which they entertained their friends and sold various objects, somewhat after the fashion of our charity bazaars. In some of these tents the saleswomen were young girls, gorgeously dressed in red and yellow satin embroidered with white lace and wearing white lace mantillas. To most of the tents you had to receive an invitation before you were allowed to enter, when you were offered chocolate or coffee, and, in those belonging to rich families, champagne and other wines, the buffets being laid out with a great display of silver plate and flowers. In the evening, the different families visited each other's tents, and the dancing of Fandangos, Boleros and Seguidillas was kept up until past midnight.

The Carrerras de Caballos (Horse Show) was held in another part of the grounds. Here I met Lord Torphichen, of the Rifle Brigade, who had come from Gibraltar, where his battalion was stationed. He was very surprised to see me, as few British officers ever visited Seville.

General von Goeben and the Bull-fight

One of the chief attractions of the "Feria" was the bull-fight, to which all the ladies of Seville went, wearing white mantillas and their choicest jewels. I went with Baron von Münchhausen and General von Goeben. But the latter took his departure very early, observing that, though he had seen a great deal of bloodshed during the Franco-German War, he felt quite faint and could not possibly stand any more of such a disgusting spectacle. On my return to the boarding-house, Manuela inquired if I had not been delighted with the bull-fight, saying that it was the grandest sight in Spain and that nothing gave her so much pleasure. I told her that I thought it very cruel to the unfortunate horses, when she rejoined that "they were old screws and no longer of any use." I remarked that that did not prevent them suffering, upon which she said that hunting was equally cruel, and that it was a matter of prejudice and nothing else.

"Besides," added she, "racing is cruel on the horses, some people say."

After that I saw that it was useless to pursue the argument further.

During the "Feria," the ladies of Seville dressed in colours, but at other times most women and girls wore black. There were some very pretty women in Seville, but the beauties were generally to be found among the lower classes, most of whom have Moorish blood in their veins, which gives them a darker complexion, but also smaller features and very tiny hands and feet. Théophile Gautier observes that there is nothing more charming than the foot of an Andalusian woman, which makes even that of a Frenchwoman appear large.

During my stay at Seville, I paid a visit to Cadiz. The approach to Cadiz is perfectly lovely and has often been compared to the approach to Constantinople. Seen from a distance, the town appears to be built of the most exquisitely white marble; while the sea, which seems to surround it, is of a beautiful sapphire, which rivals in loveliness the heavens above, though, as it was early morning, the colour of the sky

was more like that of the turquoise. This illusion is destroyed, however, when one enters Cadiz, as many of the houses are very far from being of the snowy whiteness which distance had lent to them.

At Cadiz, where I put up at the Hôtel des Quatre Nations, I came across a Mr. Rueff, whom I had met at Cordova, and in his company explored the town and visited several of the churches, where Mr. Rueff was much interested in the wood-carving, some of which was of exquisite workmanship. The day before returning to Seville, I went with Mr. Rueff by rail to Jerez, where we visited the wine cellars of Señor Misa, who supplied my own and most of the best regiments in England with wine. Señor Misa invited us to taste some of his best wines, including one which was bottled in the year of the Battle of Waterloo. He told us that it was sold at £3 the bottle, but it never left the country.

Mr. Rueff accompanied me back to Seville, and together we visited the Fondacion, where the cannons are made, and the Casa de Pilatus, the supposed house of Pontius Pilate. A few days later, I paid a visit to Granada, where the red hills and grey rocks and the elm trees with their massive foliage formed an agreeable contrast to the flat and barren country around Seville. On entering the Alhambra, I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of two English ladies, one of whom was married to a Portuguese nobleman and lived in the Alhambra. These ladies very kindly volunteered to show me all over the Alhambra and explain everything to me, an offer which I gladly accepted. The Alhambra reminded me to some extent of the Alcazar at Seville, as it is built in the same style of Moorish architecture, though on a much larger and grander scale. The Court of Lions and the adjacent rooms are exquisitely constructed, and the marvellous decoration of the walls, with their blending of colours and intricate designs, impart a magnificence to the "*tout ensemble*" almost impossible to describe.

One of the most exquisite views I can remember, I had when the sun was setting from one of the windows of the Alhambra, from which I could see the mountains of the

Sierra Nevada, with their summits covered in snow. The colours which the sun's declining rays imparted to the clouds were of all the various shades of the opal, making some of the tiny clouds appear like roses in the heavens, and the heavens themselves as though on fire. Then gradually the colours became more subdued, and every shade melted away, from the deepest red to the most delicate violet, leaving here and there a bunch of roses, which resembled in their pale *nuance* the Souvenir à la Malmaison or Blanche Laffitte. This was the effect of the after-glow.

The next day, the two ladies took me to see the Cartuja and the Cathedral, and on the following afternoon I went with them for a drive into the country, during which I had a splendid view of the Sierra Nevada. After dinner, I went again to the Alhambra to take leave of my kind friends, and heard the nightingales sing as I had never heard before or since in my life.

Early next morning I left Granada for Seville. At a lonely spot beyond Antequeria the train came to a stop, owing to the line being blocked by a broken-down engine, and we were told that it might be some time before we should be able to proceed. Many of the passengers appeared greatly alarmed, and, on inquiring the reason, I was informed that this part of the country was infested by brigands, who might at any moment come down upon us. However, we saw nothing of these gentry, and at the end of a couple of hours the engine which barred our way was got off the rails, and we continued our journey.

Towards the end of April, the weather became intolerably hot at Seville, and I reluctantly decided to bring my stay there to a close. I accordingly bade farewell to Manuela and my other friends at the *casa de huespedes* and took the train for Madrid, where I again put up at the Hôtel de Paris. I stayed for some days at Madrid, visited two or three of the principal theatres and dined with Doña Queñones de Léon, the Marquis de San Carlos, and other people whom I knew. I also went several times to the Museum, where I made the acquaintance of a Señorita Hélène de España, a wonderfully

pretty girl of seventeen, who was engaged in copying a painting by Van Dyck. This Señorita Hélène de España was a blonde with blue eyes and fair hair, a type of beauty not often met with in Spain, but it appeared that she was of English descent on her mother's side, though she could not speak English. She seemed to be a young lady of a rather romantic temperament, for, after a very short acquaintance, she told me that I might serenade her by night beneath her window. But I did not avail myself of this permission, which I often regretted since not having done.

Before leaving Madrid, I spent a day at Toledo, where, under the wing of a guide, I visited the Cathedral of San Juan de los Reyes, the Jewish synagogue, and the royal manufactory of steel weapons. This manufactory is one of the best in Europe, and the way in which the upper part of the blades of the swords and daggers made here is inlaid in gold and silver gives them a very costly as well as a very charming appearance. Some of the weapons were for sale, and I purchased a very fine dagger, beautifully inlaid with gold arabesque designs. These daggers are of so fine a steel that they will easily pierce a silver coin without breaking. Toledo is one of the oldest towns in Spain, and the last place in which the Jews were allowed to reside before they were banished from Spain. This accounts for its inhabitants having a Jewish cast of countenance.

I arrived in Paris on my birthday, May 5th. The Exhibition had now begun, and I visited it on several occasions with my father and other friends. I was much interested in the prize zithers sent by Anton Kiendl of Vienna, which were truly beautiful instruments, and very delighted with the playing of a Hungarian gipsy band in the Austro-Hungarian section of the Exhibition. At the Grand Opéra I heard *l'Africaine* for the second time, and also went to the Théâtre de la Renaissance to see *le Petit Duc*, in which Mlle. Granier and Emil Meyer sang, and to the "Français," where I saw Got, Coquelin and Mlles. Reichemberg, Agar and Croizette in *les Fourchambault*. I attended a race-meeting at Longchamps with my father, where we met the Hon. Albert Bing-

ham and Howard Vyse, who returned with us to Paris, and in the evening we went to Musard's Concert, at which the Prince of Wales was present. Altogether, I had a very pleasant time, but my three months' sick leave was now on the point of expiring, and I was obliged to return to England to rejoin my regiment.

CHAPTER XXVIII

I meet Byron Again—I endeavour to Exchange—Basil Montgomery —My Illness—Why I was not Placed on Half-pay

MY Colonel appeared anything but pleased at my return. He had, it seems, been hopeful that my application for sick leave was but a preliminary step to my resigning my commission, when he had intended to replace me by a friend of his from the 4th Battalion ; and was, therefore, naturally disappointed at my reappearance upon the scene.

À propos of colonels and the way in which they treated officers to whom they happened to have taken a dislike, there was, just about this time, a great scandal in another battalion of my regiment.

Among the subalterns of this battalion was a certain Lieutenant Gilbert, who was very popular with his brother-officers; but his Colonel, who was a terrible martinet, persecuted him to a shameful degree and lost no opportunity of making his life a burden to him. One day, during a parade in which this officer was right guide of his company, the Colonel bullied him in a way which disgusted everyone. Suddenly, after being sworn at in the most disgraceful manner, the poor young fellow, his powers of self-control exhausted, threw down his sword. The Colonel at once ordered the Adjutant to place him under arrest, and he was subsequently tried by court-martial, found guilty of insubordination on parade and cashiered. At the same time, the Colonel was told that he must retire from the Service at once. It was said that, had Gilbert not thrown down his sword, matters would have turned out very differently, for the Colonel had behaved so outrageously that he would have been

cashiered himself, that is to say, if anyone had had the courage to bring his conduct to the notice of his superiors; and, as the battalion was on the point of mutiny, this would probably have been done.

The 2nd Battalion, 10th Regiment, to the command of which my friend Byron had recently succeeded, had just arrived at Aldershot, and I was naturally delighted to see him again. He invited me to dine at the 10th's mess, where I spent a most pleasant evening. During dinner, Byron said :—

" You were very foolish to leave us. If you had stayed, as you may remember I advised you to do, you would have had me for your C.O., and would have had a very easy time of it, and have been able to do as you pleased."

He added that, in his opinion, there was no comparison between the two Rifle regiments, so far as the social position of officers serving in them was concerned, and that, from what he had heard, as his brother was a major in my regiment, but in a different battalion (He later commanded the 2nd Battalion), I was not only in the inferior regiment, but in its worst battalion, commanded by a chief about whom few people seemed to have a good word to say.

All this was only too true, and I could only reply that, had I been able to see a little into the future, I would certainly have remained with the 10th Regiment. It was unfortunate, too, my not being able to remain with the 2nd Battalion of the Rifles in India, as I liked them all very much.

In May, the German Crown Prince, who was on a visit to England, came down to Aldershot to inspect the troops. We could well have dispensed with the honour he did us, as it was a pouring wet day and bitterly cold, and by the time we got back to camp we were drenched to the skin. This experience, as may be supposed, did not do me any good, although I felt no ill effects at the time.

I was in town a good deal during the season, and went several times to the Opera, where I heard Patti in *Il Barbiere de Seviglia*, *Don Giovanni*, *Aïda* and *Semiramide*, Albani in *Atala*, the Spanish tenor Gayarré in *Lucrezia Borgia* and

Jean de Reszke in *les Huguenots*. Early in July, my father came over to England, and I went with him to the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's, where we lunched on Tom Hohler's drag. Jim Doyne was in town, and I saw a good deal of him, and we often lunched and dined together. In fact, on my visits to London I generally contrived to have a very good time ; but at Aldershot things were not so pleasant, and matters came to a head on the day my battalion was inspected by Brigadier-General Anderson.

The inspection passed off pretty satisfactorily. Each officer in succession was called up by the Brigadier and told to put his men through certain movements. The Brigadier found fault with two of the officers, and complained about them to the Colonel, who, however, assured him that on ordinary occasions their work was quite satisfactory. I was now in command of Allen's company, and when my turn came, I had no difficulty in performing all the requisite movements, and was complimented by the Brigadier, who then turned to the Colonel and remarked :—

"I can find no fault with this officer ; he knows his work better than some of the others."

"I don't know how it is, Sir," replied the Chief, with difficulty concealing his annoyance, "but to-day he seems smarter than usual."

The Colonel, it appeared, had made a very bad report on me to the General, which would have been sent to the War Office if the latter had confirmed it ; but this the Brigadier told him he was quite unable to do. The Colonel then said that it was in looking after my company that I was deficient, to which his superior replied that he would see into the matter and send for us both in a day or two.

I had written to General Sir John Douglas, K.C.B., who commanded the Forces in Scotland, and had married a daughter of Earl Cathcart, complaining of my Chief's treatment of me ; and Sir John had written to Brigadier-General Anderson about me. It was owing to this that the latter watched me so carefully, in order to see if I were really so ignorant of my work as my Chief had represented, and,

having satisfied himself to the contrary, he had decided to investigate my case further.

However, the Colonel, having got rid of Beauclerk and Allen, had now made up his mind to get rid of me also. Accordingly, he sent Major Northey to advise me to exchange into another battalion, as he was determined that I should not remain in his. The Major said that it was no good my trying to resist so obstinate a man as the Chief, and named an officer whom the Colonel was anxious to have in his battalion, who would probably be willing to exchange with me.

"You know what he is when he has once taken a dislike to anyone," he added. "Remember Beauclerk's case. If you will take my advice, you will communicate with the officer I have mentioned at once."

I said that I would do as Major Northey advised, and wrote to the officer in question, who replied that, as he was short of money, he would only exchange in consideration of my paying him the sum of £300. He pointed out that his battalion was remaining in England, while mine would shortly be going on foreign service, and perhaps even on active service.

I may mention that some time before this I had been told by my cousin, Emily Cathcart, that I had a very good chance of being chosen as private secretary to the Duke of Argyll, who was then Governor of Canada; but eventually a relative of his was offered the post.

The Colonel, in the belief that I was about to exchange, now became quite amiable towards me. At times he would send Wilkinson, the Adjutant, to ascertain how matters were progressing, and I was not a little amused by the way in which Wilkinson, who did not wish me to suspect the object of his visit, would lead up to the subject.

The eccentricities of our Chief at this time caused the whole battalion great annoyance. It was an unusually hot summer, and he used to inspect us of a morning wearing mufti and holding a huge white umbrella over his head, a precaution which he explained by saying that he had had a touch of

sun whilst serving in India. If this were really the case, it probably accounted for his constant outbursts of temper. At these inspections, he was accustomed to display the most exasperating solicitude about the men's uniform, inspecting each man separately, and fingering every button to ascertain whether it were loose or not. This sort of thing, which could, of course, have been very well undertaken by the company commanders in barracks, instead of by the C.O. on parade, under a broiling sun, used sometimes to occupy hours, and was naturally very trying indeed to everyone.

One morning, towards the end of July, I was playing at single-stick with Holled-Smith, when I received rather a severe hit on the side, which made me feel so ill that I went to bed and sent for our surgeon, who told me that my liver, from which I had suffered so much in India, was affected. He made me remain in bed for several days, at the end of which I was well enough to return to duty.

A day or two later, I was told by the Adjutant that I had to go with him to Brigadier-General Anderson, and that the Colonel would be there. The General asked me several questions on military matters, all of which I answered correctly, and then requested the Colonel to tell him in what he found fault with me.

"I find that he does not pay sufficient attention to his duty," answered my Chief.

"But," observed the General, "you said first of all that he does not know his work, which I find not to be the case. Now you say that he does not pay sufficient attention to his duty; but I have inspected his company, and I do not find it in any way less well looked after than the other companies in your battalion. I really cannot agree with you in your opinion, and must make notes upon the report you have forwarded to me."

The General then dismissed us, and I returned to my quarters, very relieved at the result of the interview.

The other officers were naturally very anxious to know what had happened, and, when I told them, all advised me to remain in the battalion, and not to exchange,

saying that the Chief had shown himself to be in the wrong, and that the General, who was a first-rate officer, must have seen at once that it was nothing but spite on his part, for which he would no doubt severely reprimand him. Captain de Robeck, whose advice was nearly always worth following, said to me :—

"If you exchange, it will cost you £300, and I don't think it is worth it. I should brave it out, were I in your place."

The other officers told me the same, and declared that it would show great weakness on my part if I left the battalion.

As events turned out, I had no option in the matter, since my father, to whom I had written asking for the £300 I required to purchase my exchange, could not see his way just then to let me have the money, as he had been so robbed by a lawyer, a trustee. And so I had to "brave it out," *bon gré, mal gré*, and to derive what consolation I might from the reflection that, after what had happened, I should probably have an easier time of it, and should no longer have to endure all the extra parades which the Chief had been in the habit of inflicting upon me.

Vain illusion ! So far from being allowed a rest, I found that I had, if possible, more to do than ever, the Adjutant having apparently received orders from the Chief to give me all the extra work he could possibly find for me to do. And, even without these extra parades, the work in the hottest weeks of an exceptionally hot summer would have been quite heavy enough. Thorne, an old Etonian, an excellent young man, one of the nicest lieutenants in the regiment, advised me to ask for a Court of Inquiry, which he felt sure the General would approve of, and would very likely ask for himself, without my applying for one.

One night, Basil Montgomery, who had been in the 2nd Battalion with me in India, dined at our mess. He told me that he was on the point of going out to India again, as private secretary to his brother-in-law, the Duke of Buckingham, who was Governor of Madras. He added that he disliked India, and would prefer to be a crossing-sweeper in England

than a prince out there, but that he was obliged to accept the post that had been offered him. However, he only remained about six months in India, as he did not hit it off with the Duke, who was a very difficult person indeed to get on with.

Towards the end of the season (through my cousin, Miss Anne Cathcart), I was asked by Herr Schultz, from whom the Princess of Wales was then taking lessons on the zither, to play at a concert which was to be given shortly at Marlborough House. I willingly consented and went up to town several times to practise for the concert, which, unhappily, I was to be prevented from taking part in.

For some time I had again been suffering from rheumatism, which affected my heart. I consulted Sir William Jenner, who warned me not to exert myself too much. But this advice I was unable to follow, as though the regimental surgeon made an application to the Chief for me to be excused some of the parades, it was at once refused.

One intensely hot day, we were kept on parade for a long while with nothing but our forage-caps to protect us from the scorching sun. Suddenly, I experienced the most excruciating pains in the head, and felt as if everything about me was turning round. This giddiness soon passed, but on coming off parade I felt very unwell. However, as I was orderly officer of the day, I performed everything that was required of me.

That evening at mess, where I was acting as vice-president, I suddenly turned to the officer on my left, one of the senior lieutenants, Thorne, and said :—

" I have lost the use of my right hand and foot ! "

Thorne poured me out some brandy and told me to drink it off, but on trying afterwards to rise from my seat, I fell down. Thorne and another officer assisted me to my quarters, where, remembering that I had to turn out the guard, I tried to buckle on my sword, only to fall again. They then put me to bed, and sent for Surgeon Comerford, who at once declared that I was suffering from sunstroke. My father was telegraphed for, and, on his arrival, asked Surgeon-Major McCormack to visit me. The latter took so serious a view of the case, saying that I had but a few hours to live, that my

father lost no time in calling in a London specialist, who said that my heart was in a bad way and that I must have had a sunstroke on parade. When I grew a little better, my father wished to take me to Paris, but the London doctor advised my not being moved for several weeks.

The Colonel, who was perhaps experiencing some twinges of remorse for the manner in which he had treated me, came to visit me and was very kind, sending me fruit and game. He had, however, previously dispatched Gunning to ascertain if I intended to resign my commission, as, in the event of my being placed on half-pay, the Colonel said the battalion might have a year or two to wait for my place to be filled up, and we were very short of officers. Besides this, Gunning was anxious himself to obtain my step in promotion, though he did not say so on this occasion.

I had several visitors while I was confined to my quarters, apart from my brother-officers. One day, Mrs. William Adair and her daughter came to see me, and were very surprised at finding me so ill, as only a few days before I had walked over from Aldershot to spend the day at their house at Whiteways End, a distance of six miles. Mrs. Adair, who was a grand-daughter of the Duke of Roxburghe, was considered one of the most beautiful women in England. Her daughter, who was then sixteen, was also extremely pretty, though of a very different type of beauty from her mother, being very fair. Mrs. Wellesley sent her little son "Cissy" to cheer me up several times, in which task he was very successful, as he was always most pleasant company.

It was some weeks before I was able to leave Aldershot, as I had almost entirely lost the use of my right arm and leg. The Colonel wanted me to be examined there by a Medical Board, consisting of Surgeon-Major McCormack and Surgeon Comerford, and, though several officers in my regiment advised me to have the Board held in London, he got his way in the matter. No one was supposed to know the result of the Board until it had been approved of by the War Office.

So soon as I was well enough to stand the journey, I went up to London, accompanied by my father and my soldier-

servant, Spearing. On the advice of Dr. Russell-Reynolds, my father took me to Paris to consult Professor Charcot and Dr. Brown-Séquard, who at first held out some hopes of my recovery. The War Office had granted me three months' leave, and, when it expired, as I had not recovered the use of my limbs, they refused to place me on half-pay, and on the 1st of January 1879, I was obliged to resign my commission. The reason they gave was that the Medical Board at Aldershot had stated that my illness was not caused in and by the Service.

The Earl of Berkeley, who wrote my letter of resignation from Paris for me, as I was unable to do so myself, said in this :—

"*In conformity with the instructions I received from the War Office, I have forwarded my resignation to the officer in command of my battalion. I had ventured to hope that a certificate I forwarded to the Colonel of the regiment from one of the most eminent consulting physicians in Paris, stating that my illness was the result of sunstroke, might have pleaded my cause with H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief. I have another certificate which I have not under the circumstances taken the liberty of forwarding to you, but I would gladly do so, if I thought my case might be pleaded with H.R.H.*"

A further letter, also written for me by Lord Berkeley, was sent to my Colonel :—

"*Although I have the opinion of the most eminent physicians that my unfortunate illness was the result of sunstroke sustained when on duty, I yield to the decision of the Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief, and hereby tender my resignation of H.M. Service.*"

General Sir John Douglas, then commanding the Forces in Scotland, wrote to me :

"*I have found out, through General Taylor* (79*th Highlanders*), *at the War Office, that it is through your Colonel's influence that they have refused to place you on half-pay, and it is quite impossible to overcome this influence.*"

A year or two afterwards, I happened to meet Surgeon Comerford in London, when I reproached him for not mentioning my sunstroke at the Medical Board at Aldershot. He assured me that he was prepared to swear on the Bible that he had done so, adding that my Colonel could not have forwarded his report correctly to the War Office, or else I should have been placed on half-pay. He had fully expected that I should have been, and was surprised that such was not the case.

I may here mention that there were only two medical officers on the Board: Surgeon-Major McCormack and Surgeon Comerford. The former had only seen me once before in his life, so I presume the report must have been written by Surgeon Comerford; but, as I have never seen the report, I cannot be quite certain.

Captain Howard Vyse, late of the "Blues," said to me in Paris, when I showed him a letter which I had received from the War Office:—

"Thank God! such a thing could not happen with the Household troops. The officers would not allow it either. To lose one's health in the Service, and then to receive no compensation whatever! I never heard of such a case; it is simply disgraceful!"

In recent years—in 1909—several officers who had served with me, including my Colonel, the late General Sir W. Leigh-Pemberton, forwarded letters to the War Office, stating that they remembered my sunstroke at Aldershot as being the cause of my paralysis,* and I forwarded medical certificates to prove that my paralysis was the result of sunstroke while on duty there. The reply received by General Sir H. Geary, K.C.B., was that the Army Council had made an inquiry, and that "no evidence can be traced to show that he sustained a sunstroke while on duty at Aldershot in August, 1878. In any case, it would seem practically im-

* The names of these officers were: The late Lieut.-General Sir W. Leigh-Pemberton, K.C.B.; Major-General Sir Charles Holled-Smith, K.C.M.G.; Colonel Ernest Hovell Thurlow; Major C. H. B. Thorne, J.P.; Lieut. Horace Neville; Colonel Alfred Clarke, M.D., and Major C. de Robeck.

possible to prove that his present disability was the outcome of illness contracted in and by the Service more than thirty years ago. Not only the absence of confirmatory records, but the whole procedure at the time is out of keeping with the theory that his resignation was due to illness caused by military duty."

Sir William Gull, under whose treatment I was for some years, in the early eighties, told me that my paralysis was caused by embolism, owing to the sunstroke at Aldershot in 1878, adding that he had a very bad opinion of Army doctors in general, who were constantly making dreadful mistakes, and indeed, were no better than the doctors mentioned by Lesage in *Gil Blas*.

In 1918, Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, who was formerly in the 1st Battalion of my old regiment, had great hopes of obtaining a pension or retired pay for me from the War Office, but so far his most kind efforts on my behalf have been fruitless. It would appear that philosophy is not at all studied at the War Office, for they persist in maintaining that it is possible for the same thing to be and not to be, which is contrary to the ideas of the most abstruse philosophers. With regard to the Ministry of Pensions (whose Secretary is Sir Matthew Nathan), above its portals ought to be written "Lasciate ogni Speranza." It is to be hoped that with Mr. Winston Churchill, the author of "Savrola," as Secretary of State for War, some ideas of justice may be imparted to both of them. I hope so, not only for my own sake, but for that of the whole Army.

THE END

INDEX

Aberdour, Lord, 108.
Adair, Mrs. William, 269.
Adelaide, Queen, 5 (*note*).
Adelsdorfer, Baroness, 146.
Adelsdorfer, Madame, 244.
Airey, Lord, 222.
Albani, 116, 244, 263.
Aldershot, 246.
Alfrey, Lieutenant, 223.
Algar, Major, 191.
Alhambra, The, Granada, 258.
Alexander, C. R., 66, 81.
Alison, General Sir A., 181.
Allen, Lieutenant, 223, 234, 247.
Anderson, Brigadier-General, 264, 266.
Andrä, Professor Dr., 124, 128.
Andrews, Mrs., 218.
Anglesey, Marquis of, 148.
Annesley, Lieutenant-Colonel, 176.
Armytage, Lieutenant, 205, 207.
Arnold, Dr., 242.
Arthy, Captain, 34.
Ashburnham, Major, 191.
Astor, Lord, 90.
Auerbach, Berthold, 129.
Aylmer, Percy, 93.

Babington, Sub-Lieutenant, 183.
Bagot, Colonel Sir Josceline, 101.
Bagot, Adjutant A. G., 227, 247.
Baird, George, 93.
Baldock, Colonel, 82.
Balfour, Charles, 81.
Balfour, Miss Hilda, 81.
Baring, Viscount, 182, 242.
Barnard, Lord, 98.
Batchelor, Veterinary-Surgeon, 205, 208, 213.
Bean, Capt. and Mrs., 133.
Beauclerk, Lieutenant, 186.
Beauclerk, Miss, 143.
Beaumont, Sub-Lieutenant, 206.
Beck, Lieutenant, 236.
Belgrave, Viscount, 76.
Bell's Life substitute for Bible, 47.
Bennett, Viscount, 235.
Bentheim, The Princes, 127.
Benyon, Captain, 206.
Berkeley, Earl of, 165.
Berkeley, Lord, 245.
Berkeley, Captain Lennox, 57, 59, 112, 113, 147, 157.
Bernhardt, Sarah, 229.
Bernstorff, Count, 126.
Bethell, Lieutenant, 169.
Bingham, Hon. Albert, 161, 260.
Binz, Professor Dr., 123.
Black Forest Adventures, 22.
Blane, M., 9.
Blewitt, Major, 176.
Blocqueville, Marquise de, 158.
Blount, Edward, 110.
Bois-Hébert, Marquis de, 161, 164;

Index

Boland, Major, 110.
Bonn, 128.
Boulogne, 37.
Bozzo, Mademoiselle Checchi, 245.
Bromley, Capt., 38.
Brown-Sequard, Dr., 270.
Browning, Oscar, 74.
Brownrigg, Capt., 242.
Burgh, Capt. Hubert de, 161.
Byron, Capt. John, 172, 179, 268.

Cambridge, Duke of, 250.
Campden, Viscount, 215.
Campobello, Signor, 156.
Candle, The diminishing, 209.
Cantelupe, Lord, 148.
Caracciolo, Duchesse de, 148.
Card playing, 176.
Carpenter, Captain, 225.
Cartwright, General, 180.
Cathcart, Lady Georgina, 83.
Cathcart, Hon. Emily, 83, 84, 265.
Cavendish-Bentinck, Arthur, 93.
Cercle des Patineurs, 57.
Chantilly, 163.
Charcot, Professor, 270.
Charleville, Lord, 51.
Charltons, The, 173, 179, 236.
Chatham Barracks, 175.
Childe-Pemberton, Lieutenant, 241.
"Christopher Inn," 86.
Christy Minstrels at Chatham, 227.
Churchill, Lady, 85.
Churchill, Lord Randolph, 46.
Clanmorris, Lord, 161.
Clarke, Sydenham, 191, 212.
Clarke, Surgeon-Major, 250.
Cockshott, Mr., 73.
Collins, Major, 225.
Combermere, Viscount, 235.
Comerford, Surgeon, 268.
Cotton, Lieutenant C. S., 222, 234, 249.
Cramer, Captain, 223.
Craven, Fulwar J. C., 68, 82, 93.
Crawford, Colonel, 148.
Crighton, Hon. Mrs., 249.
Crofton, Lieutenant, 235.
Crompton, Captain, 214, 215.
Czartoryski, Princess, 140.
Czerwinska, Countess, 137.

d'Abrantès, Duchesse, 157.
Dalton, Rev. W., 73.
Dannecker's statue, 14.
Daram, Mademoiselle, 152.
Darwin's theory disproved, 131.
d'Assailly, Vicomte Arthur, 146, 213, 246.
d'Attainville, M. de Lasquier, 137.
D'Aubigny, Comte, 37.
Daudet, Alphonse, 245.
d'Aumale, Duc, 163.
Deane, Lieutenant-Colonel, 250.
de Houghton, 178.
Delaunay, 182.
Delbrück, Hans, 135.
Desart, Countess of, 6.
Desclée, Aimée, 179.
Dickenson, Lieutenant Fiennes, 192.
Dillon, Lord, 116.
Dillon, Sub-Lieutenant A., 173, 179, 181, 225.
Disraeli, 55.
Dorrien, Captain Frederick, 4, 27, 113.
Douglas, General Sir John, 31, 264.
Douglas, Captain Niel, 86, 264.
Douglas, Charles, 88.
Doyne, Lady Frances, 105.
Doyne, James, 66, 74, 77, 79, 80, 81, 88, 93, 101, 103, 109, 136, 238, 241.
Doyne, Mrs., 104.
Doyne, Mr. Mervyn, 105.
Drexel Brothers, 17.
"Dry bobs," 88.
Duff, Folliot, 150.
Dunn, Captain, 169.
Durnford, Rev., 73.
Dusanty, 147.

Index

Earning a living, 233.
Edwards-Moss, 100.
Egerton, Hon. Alfred, 250.
Ehnn, Fräulein, 231.
Elwes, Captain, 37.
Erroll, Countess of, 84.
Eschenheimer Thor, The, 13.
Eton, Happy days at, 65 *et seq.*
Etonian *cachet*, 63.
Eugene, 199, 208.

Falmouth, Lord, 250.
Faverney, Comtesse de, 157.
Featherstone, Lieutenant, 239.
Ferrières, Château de, 162.
Finch, Hon. Charles, 83.
Finch-Hatton, Rev. William, 47.
Finch-Hatton, Greville, 42, 48.
Finis, Miss, 225.
Fire burning for two hundred years, 98.
Firing the eighty-ton gun, 239.
FitzWilliam, Earl, 106.
FitzWilliam, Charles, 107.
FitzWilliam, Hon. John, 77.
FitzWilliam, Hon. Thomas, 107.
Foley, Lieutenant, 236.
Football " colours," 88.
Four millionaires, 16.
Francisco-Martin, M. de, 151.
Franco-German War, 110.
Frankfurt-on-the-Main, 1, 12.
Frederick, Lady, 241.
French girls and English girls, 140.

Gambetta, 166.
Gayarré, 263.
Geary, General Sir H., 271
German Crown Prince, 263.
German girls, 133.
Gilbert, Lieutenant, 262.
Girard, Juliette, 246.
Glen, Archibald, 178.
Godfrey, Dan, 240.
Goeben, General von, 255.
Goethe, 15.
Goldschmid, 10, 15.
Goldsmid, Mrs., 143.
Goltz, von der, 132.
Gordon, Miss, 112.
Græme, Colonel, 236.
Grammont, Duchesse de, 143.
Grandmaison, Marquis de, 160.
Grant, General, 166.
Graves, Hon. Mrs., 143.
Greenock, Viscount, 42.
Grenfell, Lord, 272.
Greuze's paintings, 60.
Gridley, Harry, 80, 87.
Gridley, Reginald, 98.
Griebel, Herr, 92.
Grosvenor, Earl, 76.
Guilbert, Marquise Brian de Bois, 156, 157.
Gull, Sir William, 272.
Gunning, Sub-Lieutenant Robert, 223, 237.

Hale, Mr., 73.
Harris, Lord, 82.
Hart, Lieutenant, 205.
Hartopp, Sir Charles E. C., 117.
Havre, Baron van, 165.
Hawtrey, Mr. Stephen, 73.
Headley, Lord, 117.
Healy, Mrs., 116.
Heaviside, Mr., 254.
Hélène de España, Señorita, 259.
Henley Regatta, 94.
Herbert, Hon. Sidney, 82.
Hobart, Captain, 205.
Hochberg, Dr. Ritter von, 218.
Hodgson, Charles Rice, 77.
Hohler, Tom, 38, 245.
Holled-Smith, Lieutenant, 223.
Homburg, 4.
Home-Purves, Colonel, 49.
Hope, Lieutenant, 210.
Hope-Johnstone, Lieutenant P 233.
Hornby, Dr., 87, 100.
Horrocks, Capt., 126.

Horrocks, Miss Edith, 134.
Houghton, de, 178.
Howard, Lieut. F., 241.
Hozier, J. H. C., 99.
Hudson, Major, 177.
Hudson, Mrs., 11.
Hungerford, Mrs., 244.
Hunter, Captain, 236.
Hunter's, Mr., school, 42 *et seq.*
Hutchinson, Sir Edward, 7.
Hutchinson, General Coote, 7.

Ind, Mrs., 29.
Innes-Ker, Lord Mark, 86.
Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, 244.
Isabelle, 141.

James, Rev. C. C., 63.
Jenner, Sir William, 269.
Joynes, Rev., 73.

Kennedy, Lord Alexander, 84.
Keogh, Mrs., 244.
Kernave, Madame Alice, 164.
Killarney, 104.
Kilmaine, Vicomte Frederic de, 136.
Kineton School, 28, 42.
King (Leopold) of Belgians, 32.
King William I. of Prussia, 1, 3, 7.
Kinglake, William, 88.
Kinglake, Sophia, 112.
Kinloch, Captain A., 187–8.
Kinloch, Mrs., 187, 205.
Kirchhofer's, Herr, School, 18.
Kisilieff, Madame, 11.
Klenck, Freiherr von, 218.
Knightley, Rev. Henry, 50.
Knox, Lieutenant-Colonel, 170.
Krauss, Madame, 245.

Labitzky, Auguste, 219.
Labouchere, Henry, 30.
Lamoury (violinist), 110.
Lane, General Ronald, 159.
Lasalle, Ferdinand, and German women, 63.
Laval, Mademoiselle de, 141.
Lavalle, Eugénie de, 246.
Lawn tennis, Origin of, 192.
Lawrence, George, 37.
Leigh, Austin, 72.
Leigh-Pemberton, Lieutenant-Colonel W., 222, 271.
Leinster, Duke of, 109.
Leleu, Madame, 143.
Leopold II. and his hairdresser, 32.
Lesseps, M. de, 184.
Lewinsky, 230.
Leyton's at Windsor, 92.
Liegnitz, Princess, 7.
Linda, Bertha, 231.
Lister-Kaye, Cecil, 82, 98.
Lister-Kaye, John, 82, 95, 98.
Little, Lieutenant, 210.
Lloyd, Lieutenant, 178.
Lockwood, Sir Frank, 124.
Lonsdale, Earl of, 49.
"Lord's," 96.
Lovell, Lieutenant, 170–172.
Lovett, Hubert, 192, 194, 199, 203, 210, 212, 242.
Lowther, Captain Francis, 166.
Lumley, Saville, 250.
Luxmore, Mr., 67.
Lyons, Lord, 60.

McCall, Colonel, 163.
McClintock-Bunbury, 100.
McCormack, Surgeon-Major, 268.
MacDonnell, Dr., 105.
Macnamara, Surgeon-Major, 194, 210, 242.
Magruder, Willing Lee, 12.
Makart, 231.
Malet, Sir Edward, 117.
Malortie, Baron de, 144.
Maltby, Lieutenant, 169.
Mandeville, Lord, 77, 98.
Manners, Henry F. B., 99.
Marsham, Sub-Lieutenant, 208.

Masini, Mademoiselle, 245.
Massey, Lieutenant-Colonel, 206.
Materna, Frau, 231.
Ménier, 138.
Metternich, Princess von, 117.
Meux, Lady Louisa, 156.
Milbanke, Frederick, 28.
Misa, Señor, 258.
Mitchell, R. A. H., 74.
Moltke, Count von, 131.
Montgomery, Colonel H. P., 190.
Montgomery, Basil, 183, 267.
Moore, Colonel Montgomery, 188, 202.
Morny, Duc de, 7.
Münchhausen, Baron von, 256.
Murray, Lady Caroline, 5, 40.
Murray, Lieutenant-General Hon. George, 55.
Murree and Ischl compared, 201.
Musard's concerts, 58.

Nares, Sir George, 241.
Naylor-Leylands, 161.
Neii, Baron von, 12.
Neuss, Herr, 229, 230.
New hats for old, 158.
Newcastle, Duke of, 38.
Newcastle, Duchess of, 246.
Newenham, Mr. ("Sporting Parson"), 47, 49.
Newlands, Lord, 99.
Northey, Major, 224, 265.

Oden Wald, The, 18.
Olga, Grand Duchess, and Ludwig II., 30.
Onslow, Earl of, 82.
Oppenheim, Frau, 239.
Orloff, Princess, 31.
Orton, Surgeon-Major, 254.
Ostend, 28, 31.
Oyster, The, 193.

Paganini, 157.
Paget, Lord Henry, 37, 148, 252,
Paradhenia, Garden of, 185.
Paris, 116.
Parnell, Hon. V. A., 99.
Parnell, Miss Fanny, 153.
Parry, Sir, Hubert 82.
Paschinger, 232.
Patti, Adelina, 54, 58, 263.
Pauli, Captain, 191.
Peabody Georges, 134.
Pembroke and Montgomery, Earl of, 82.
Peñafiel, Marchioness de, 151.
"Penny Readings," 172.
Perponcher, Count, 8.
Peterborough's, Bishop of, "tip," 107.
Phipps, Hon. Harriet, 84.
Phipps, Lieutenant Albert, 196, 210, 211.
Pietri, Madame, 140.
Piétris, The, 161.
Plater, Countess Broel, 138.
Plessen, Baron von, 135.
Portman, Hon. E. W. B., 79.
Prince Consort and Duchess of Sutherland, 56.
Prussia, King of, 1, 3, 7, 17.

Queñones de Léon, Doña, 250.

Radziwill, Prince Jean, 137.
Ralli, Augustus, 93.
Rampa, Marquis de, 256.
Rathdonnell, Lord, 100.
Raynard, Mr. (astronomer), 123
Reeves, Sims, 116.
Reid, Lieutenant, 216.
Reszke, Jean de, 264.
Reuss, Prince, 126.
Rey, Marquis de, 158.
Reynardson, Aubrey Birch, 48
Ricardo, Horace, 100.
Riddell, Captain, 29.
Ridley, C. N., 96.
Ridley, H. M., 95.
Riggs, Mrs. Joe, 39.

Ritter, 231.
Robartes (11th Hussars), 237.
Robeck, Captain de, 226.
Robinson, Captain, 223, 243, 247.
Ronalds, Mrs., 3, 17.
Rossmore, Lord, 86.
Rothschild, Baron F. de, 14.
Rothschild, Baroness I. E. de, 217.
Rothschild, Alphonse de, 162.
Rueff, Mr., 258.
Ruspoli, Princess, 39.
Russell, Sub-Lieutenant, 206.
Russell-Reynolds, Dr., 270.
Russian Court secrets, 138.
Rutland, Duke of, 99.

Saba, Madame, 152.
St. James's Palace, 240.
Sainte Hilaire, Madame, 164.
Salis Schwabe, Miss, 123.
Salud, 255.
Salvini, 244.
San Carlos, Marquis de, 252.
Sanford, Sub-Lieutenant, 193.
Savile, Captain, 236.
Saville, Archbishop of, 256.
Saxe-Weimar, Prince Edward of, 250.
Schiller, 14.
Schneider, Hortense, 56.
Schultz, Herr, 268.
Schwender's Dancing Hall, 231.
Shorncliffe, Quarters at, 168.
Sighicelli, 165.
Simon, Jules, 111.
Sivori, 245.
Slade, Cecil, 140.
Slade, Harry, 38.
Smythe, General, 248.
"Sock"-shops, 87, 88.
Somerset, Lord Edward, 73, 92, 250.
Southey, Lieutenant Richard, 168.
Spa, 33.
Stafford, Lady Grace, 103.
Stafford, Marquis of, 90.
Stormont, Viscountess, 40.
Strauss, Johann, 231.
Sully, Mounet, 229.
Sunstroke, 268.

Taaffe, Sub-Lieutenant, 183, 250.
Taffanel, 165.
Taille des Essarts, Comtesse de la, 158.
Taintegnies, Baron de, 28, 30.
Tarver, Mr. Henry, 76.
Taylor, Charles, 47
Temple ("Mug"), 66.
Terein, Gabrielle, 246.
Thackeray, 5.
Thackeray, St. John, 74.
The Alhambra, Granada, 258.
The diminishing candle, 209.
"The Oyster," 193.
Thorne, Lieutenant, 267.
Thornton, C. I., 89.
Thurlow, Lieutenant E. Hovell, 240.
Torphichen, Lord, 256.
Trafalgar, Lord, 77.
Trianon, le Petit, 163.
Tufnell, Captain, 225.
Tufton, Captain, 240.
Tugwell, Mr., 162.

Vane, Henry de Vere, 98.
Vane-Tempest, Hon. Henry, 97.
Vaughan, Arthur Powis, 194.
Vay, Baron de, 165.
Versailles, 163.
Victoria, Queen, 83, 85.
Vyse, Howard, 129, 155, 261, 271.

Wagner, 231.
Walden, Lord Howard de, 27.
Walden, Lady Howard de, 27.
Waldteufel (composer), 159.
Walker, H. B., 90.
Warre, Rev. Edmund, 73.
Warre-Malet, Sir A., 51.
Warre-Malet, Miss Mabel, 51.

Index

Warre-Malet, Mrs., 51, 53.
Warren, Miss Minnie, 153.
Waterlot, Mademoiselle, 154.
Wayte, Mr., 70, 71.
Wellesley, Colonel, 248.
Westminster, Duke of, 77.
Wilkinson, Lieutenant E. O. H. 223.
Williamson, C. D. Robertson, 78.
Willing, Misses Lee, 12.
Wilma, Tournay, 231.
Winchester, 241.
Windsor Fair, 86.
Winkelmann, 231.
Winsloe, Mrs., 35.
Wolter, Charlotte, 230.
Wombwell, Sir George, 249.
Wood, Sub-Lieutenant, 208.
Woodforde, Mrs. Charles, 112.
Würtemberg, King and Queen of, 30.
Wylie, Lieutenant, 226.

York, Duke of, 56.
Yorke, Hon. Mrs., 237.

Zauerthal, Ritter von, 238.
Zither, The, Lessons on, 165.
Zither performances, 172, 227.

PRINTED AT
THE CHAPEL RIVER PRESS,
KINGSTON, SURREY.